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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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GROVER CLEVELAND, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

FROM A PAINTING MADE FROM LIFE, BY MR. CLEVELAND'S DAUGHTER, MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, BY ARTHUR JULIUS GOODMAN.—(SEE PAGE 60.)

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ENGLISH AND IRISH POLITICS.

It would be an extraordinary incident if an American politician, in view of the approaching Presidential election, should go to England and make a political appeal to a body of Englishmen simply because they are the electors of the President in this country. This is what Mr. RICHMOND, an Irish agitator, has just done by coming to this country to raise money and to the election of certain members of Parliament. The Irish branch of the British constitution is divided into two angry factions, the Unionists, and the Nationalists, and the latter are endeavoring to raise money for the election. It would be a pretty spectacle if the agents of factions in German and Italian and French politics should appear in this country pending elections in those countries to appeal to American citizens of German, Italian, French and Spanish descent in foreign controversies. Those to whom Mr. RICHMOND appealed are presumably American citizens. They have found this country a more acceptable home than the one they have left, and they have assumed certain duties and obligations, and among them are those of not taking an active part in the politics of the countries they have left.

The man who makes his home in a foreign land, and becomes its citizen does not, indeed, forget his other country, but follows his duty with the feelings akin to those with which the Pilgrims at Plymouth and in the Bay watched their old home. In the later generations also that feeling survives, i. e., the American children of the English speaking race cherish proudly and tenderly the traditions of the old land. But from its soil they have been severed. They do not attempt to be at once Americans and Englishmen, nor to take part directly or indirectly both in the elections of members of Congress and members of Parliament. But the Irish branch of the British politics is largely concerned with the United States, and America is regarded as the practical base of Irish politics. Mr. RICHMOND has made his appeal for his faction, against which the people of Ulster, the peculiarly intelligent and industrious and prosperous part of Ireland, are finally becoming impatient. The Scotch-Irish race, which has been so marked an element in our population. What if now Ulster should send its agents to appeal to the Scotch-Irish descendants in this country for aid in the coming contest? If so, if the Anti-Parliament and the English Liberals and Tories should then also come to this country, we should be fully embarked on the sea of English politics.

The Ulster movement is important as an echo to Lord Salisbury's speech. It holds home rule to be a violation of the sacred rights of the people, and it is so. It insists upon maintaining an integral part of the British Empire, and opens the door of an Irish Parliament. It declares to the people of Great Britain its conviction that the attempt to set up an Irish Parliament will lead to violence and bloodshed, and in advance Ulster refuses to take part in the elections for such a Parliament or to acknowledge its authority. The protest is a very strong statement, and it contains no other threat than the assertion that the effort to establish home rule will be followed by such disorder in the land as has not been known within the century. Such an appeal would seem to be very powerful, and it might be supposed to have great weight with the non-conformist voters in England, for Ulster is a Protestant province. But Mr. GLADSTONE has recently spoken at Glasgow in a non-conformist assembly, which seemed to support him as warmly as ever. He has not announced his scheme, however, nor will he do so. He is the representative of the principle, and if his party should succeed, he would consider a mandate from the people his plan for applying the principle to Ireland. But it is a question for England and Ireland, not for America.

PLEDGES AND PERFORMANCES.

Mr. McKINLEY is a trouble-maker, and therefore it is astonishing to the President his nomination be congratulated him that "most of those purposes and policies," not all, for which he was elected had been carried out. Both in the conventions of 1896 and 1898 Mr. McKINLEY was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and both conventions he read with grave emphasis the resolution demanding reform in the civil service. In both conventions the resolution was identical in the sense, and in 1898 it was provided by a specific pledge that, if elected, the party by its administration would reform the policy.

President HARRISON, in accepting the nomination and the platform, reiterated and amplified the pledges. Mr. McKINLEY, too, in his acceptance speech, said that "most of those purposes and policies" which he had pledged to do had been fulfilled. Let us see how this pledge has fared. The allegations of the platform upon the subject were that reform ought to be completed by its retention to the end of the service to which it was applicable, that its spirit and purpose should be observed by all executive appointments; and that all laws inconsistent with it, such as the *Hayden* law, should be repealed. Not one of these things has been done during Mr. HARRISON's term. The action of the committee of the National Reform League upon this subject shows how universally the old abuses have prevailed. The Secretary of the Navy has made a great reform in the labor service of the navy yards, the President has added a few hundreds of persons to the staffed ser-

vice, but he has rearranged and looted the entire postal service and renewed service, he has looted the spirit and purpose of reform in executive appointments, and neither has he repealed the *Hayden* law, nor has he reformed the civil service. He has opened all sorts of new incoherent with reform. The platform on which Mr. HARRISON was elected promised a protective revision of the tariff on election bill, and civil service reform. If the other pledges had been kept in the same way as the last, even Mr. McKINLEY would have earned that protective vote his god had been sleeping. It is certainly not surprising that this year the Republican platform should have policy "cut" civil service reform.

BISMARCK.

For the first time since his retirement Prince BISMARCK has responded, going to Vienna to the marriage of his son and the incident has disclosed the unimpaired interest in the man. One of the most imposing figures of the century, and the great of German modern times, his ascendancy over the German people in the empire which he created was so strong and complete that it is not surprising the hapless young Emperor should have been impatient of so commanding a presence, and practically been dismissed from his throne.

Were the character and views of the young Emperor so pliable those of a crowned ruler of liberty lost upon a steady and progressive constitutional regime, and were his powers strongly directed to the accomplishment of the great reforms which BISMARCK could not have approved, the great work of the Chancellor would have had a natural and worthy explanation. But as it is, it seems due to the natural jealousy of nations toward powers.

The journey of BISMARCK stirred all the great courts of Europe. The German Emperor, the Czar, the Emperor of Austria, all hastened to instruct their ambassadors how to behave. Formal politeness at the most must be observed. The Austrian views of state policy, and the Russian ambassador was the only ambassador present at the wedding ceremony. But from the moment BISMARCK left his home until his return he was the central figure of interest, touring all over all lands, and finally escorted by the army of his country. Much confidence was due to the students, and it is to be anticipated the enthusiasm with which his monarchized countries any opportunity is seized for a demonstration in favor of what the government disapproves. But the spell of BISMARCK's name and personality still exists, and there is no living German of whom Germany is so proud.

UNDEMOCRATIC RULE.

The Democratic Convention might well have put no end to the shroud of the two-thirds rule. This most undemocratic device was imposed upon the party by the oligarchy of the American people, so long controlling the party, the vestiges of the fundamental democratic and popular principle, the government of the majority. If one Convention were willing to restrict its action in that way, there is no reason why its successor should insist on it. The Convention that has not the two-thirds rule, and now is bound by this absurd rule except by its own action in adopting the rules of the last Convention.

If the report at the opening of the last Convention might have been admitted, on conceding that the clause of the majority could not obtain a two-thirds vote, yet when the resolution was made, a declaration of the Convention upon the subject would have been a precedent for the next Convention. The two-thirds rule is a relic of the past. The last Convention would have shown that Mr. CLEVELAND was its ruler. But nevertheless the minority might have prevented his nomination and thwarted the will of the party. The two-thirds device could not be suggested, and would Democratic rule should not tolerate it.

There is another wrong in the popular principle done by the rule. The votes of a National Convention should be individual. They are those of the individual representatives of the people, and the preference of the whole assembly of districts, the majority outcome of the whole State being represented by the delegates at large. But if there are thirty-two districts in a State, which sixteen prefer CLAY as a candidate and sixteen prefer WILSON, by the rule the majority should the preference of the fifteen be set aside for that of the sixteen? The law of the majority cannot be placed, because the object is to ascertain what the aggregate majority of the districts in the country is for a candidate, and not to ascertain what the majority of the majority is for a candidate, which is a rule, which is a regulation of the machine, and not of the independence of the party. It is repugnant to the real purpose of a nominating Convention.

THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET COMPLETED.

The Democratic national ticket was completed by the nomination of General ANDREW STEVENSON, of Illinois, for the Vice Presidency. After a seven months' contest in the State, the selection of the Vice-President is finally left in the distant State. In 1896, when Mr. LORAIN had been nominated over Mr. NEWARK, the choice of the Vice-President was submitted by the LORAIN leaders in the New York Convention, which had elected first for Mr. STEVENSON. But the decision promptly announced that it had no candidate, and the vote was scattered among several names. In 1898, when Mr. CLEVELAND struggled in vain to secure a third year for General CLAY, he was asked to select a Vice-President. But he declined, and Mr. ARMY was selected, an probably entirely acceptable to Mr. CLEVELAND and to the New York delegation.

This year at Chicago, the New York Democratic delegation for General BREWER, partly, it is said, to avenge their own previous Governorship of Illinois, which would not insist upon the presentation of his name by his State, which would have prevented the selection of Mr. CLEVELAND on the first ballot, and also to get even with

Mr. CLEVELAND's managers, who were supposed to have promised their aid to secure the Vice Presidency for Governor GRAY if he would put aside for Mr. CLEVELAND. Nominations for the Vice Presidency are held at such long intervals. In Chicago, in 1890 Mr. GRAY, late on the night before the nomination, telegraphed to the New York Tribune that the nomination of Mr. STEVENSON - which he had offered - would be his preference, but later in the night a conference was held at which LORAIN was made, and Mr. LORAIN was nominated.

General BREWER is chiefly known as First Assistant Secretary-General under President CLEVELAND, in which office he has distinguished himself for discharging his duties most manfully. If possible that General CLAYSON is the more able under President HARRISON. But in our electoral system an discussion can be made between the candidates for the Vice Presidency, and the only way in which to vote for Mr. CLEVELAND without voting for Mr. HARRISON. So far as votes are concerned, however, the result of the Vice Presidency neither strengthens nor weakens the ticket, and it must be a general rule that candidates for the second place who would desire a more from voting who was included with the candidate for the first place.

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SKETCHES AT THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY T. DE THIERIAUX AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. DART WALSH.—
 1. Corridor of the Grand Pacific Hotel—Headquarters of the Cleveland men from New York. 2. Ladies pinning Cleveland badges on the coats of visitors at the Cleveland Headquarters, Palmer House. 3. Temporary Ball Headquarters in the Auditorium House—Cheering for Hill. 4. In the Corridor of the Palmer House—Friends of rival Candidates settling the question of whose friends shall hang the highest.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

So far as the best available knowledge it could foresee the Democratic Convention which met at Chicago on the 11th of June was doomed to an even greater depth of division than the preceding Convention of the Republican party at Minneapolis. The nomination of Harrison was held to be a foregone conclusion for the one, and the nomination of Cleveland for the other. There was this difference: The Republican candidates had not the Democratic candidates had not a "magnetic" candidate to appeal to the regular candidate. There is no doubt except Mr. Cleveland himself who can be said to have the same hold upon the masses of his party that Mr. Harrison has upon the masses of the Republican party. The "Hill boom" consisted, as to its nucleus, in a solid delegation from New York. A solid delegation that contained twenty-two votes is necessarily no subject of respect in a National Convention. Democratic National Conventions are places in the habit of experiencing from New York defeat by a plurality of defeat in case they choose for a candidate the Democrat who is most popular elsewhere. Tammany made this gloomy prediction concerning Mr. Tilden in 1876, and concerning Mr. Cleveland in 1884, when the prediction was brought to naught by the fact that the object of them was not only chosen President, but was chosen President by the sanction of New York.

The difference in this case was that Tammany was not only "regular," but composed part of a State delegation that was unanimous against the aspirant leader of the party. A meeting held on once said, in explaining the lack of actual success of a number of the United States at the court of St. James, "he dyed his whiskers, and he wore his hair long and he turned it under, and he had to take the consequences." By one of very pretentious industry Mr. Hill had obtained a solid delegation from New York that included a solid Tammany delegation in the character of regulars, and not of helms. As the sequel showed, he had to "take the consequences." The means by which the solidity of this delegation was obtained were no questionable, and the solidity of the delegation itself seemed as unquestionable, in view of the well-known attachment of a great number of the Democrats of New York to Mr. Cleveland, as to give rise to the Syracuse Convention, and to the sending to Chicago of what was nominally a contesting delegation, but really an "army of observation."

How much service this delegation did in the way of enlightening the delegates of other States as to the position of

THE HON. A. E. STEVENSON, OF ILLINOIS, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.—From a Photograph by Bates, Kansas City.

put upon the cheerful ground that hitherto as the delegation favored Cleveland, and as Cleveland seemed sure to be re-elected, a contest of the seats of the Hill delegation, foredoomed to failure, would be injurious to "harmony," and the invitation was accepted upon this same amusing ground. It may be said, however, that any halcyon influence of the contesting delegation was considerable, not only upon the Convention in general, but upon the Tammany part of the New York delegation in particular. It was very noticeable that the Tammany delegation at Chicago refrained from the use of any language that would commend it in the least in the event of Mr. Cleveland's nomination. There is very remarkable and quite without precedent. It seemed that the main line of the Tammany revolution had been in some manner shielded over in the pale cast of the Syracuse Convention, who were asked in Chicago what he and his associates would do in case Cleveland was not nominated, who made answer that in that case they would go home, and endeavor to poison the municipal government of New York. A contesting delegation of persons actuated by such sentiments could not very well represent any candidate before the Convention. The representation of Mr. Cleveland was accordingly assumed by Mr. William C. Whitney, an Secretary of the Navy, who thereby and a delegate had kept himself quite clear of the factional controversies of his own State, and was therefore in a condition to appear as the *deus ex machina* of the Convention, for the very reason that he did not appear either from the machine or from the anti machine.

more than two-thirds of the delegates favored his nomination.

The Convention did it was almost unexpectantly short session. It lasted, indeed, for three days, but the first day

The delegates began to gather before the Sunday preceding the Tuesday that was to open the Convention. It was evident that the readiness of Cleveland was an embarrassment that only by a combination between the supporters of all the other candidates could his nomination be prevented on the first ballot, in spite of the traditional "two-thirds rule" that hampers the action of Democratic conventions. Of their rival candidates but two were known as "readers," and of the latter those of Hill and of Bates. The supporters of the former were for the most part of the kind depicted above as "readers," and of the latter those who are with regularity described as "Greengrass." In fact, Chicago is said to have been very much startled by the appearance in its streets of a delegation from Iowa for Hill, several hundred strong, of the type related to by a band of Kansas as "omnipotent men." The antagonism was not new, for, where, as the supporters of Hill, though in quest of "anybody to beat Cleveland," were much addicted to their own "favorite son," the supporters of Bates were equally anxious to secure the success of their candidate, and beyond that had neither preference nor animosity. The "first gun" was fired on Saturday, in the form of the publication of a letter from Mr. Hill, written last December, putting up a more rather trifling statement of his on the other question, the interpretation that he favored the free and unaided exchange of slaves. The publication was taken as a "bad" for the twenty-six votes of the slave states. Nevertheless, the efforts at resolution made no progress. The most promising of them was an effort to concentrate the anti-Cleveland vote upon Senator Gorman of Maryland, and this appeared to offer some prospect of success, until Mr. Gorman himself arrived in Chicago. He lost no time in informing an Associated Press reporter that Mr. Hill was for Cleveland, that he himself was not a candidate, and that the talk about him was "misleading and unauthoritative." After that there was really no attempt at combination that gave any promise. The efforts of the opponents of Cleveland were limited, as the last issue of the WEEKLY announced, in trying to get more than a third of the Convention against him so as to prevent his nomination on the first ballot, and the more attempts were made, the more desperate became the hope, for the reason that the anti-Clevelanders were more exclusive and more numerous.

The Convention did it was almost unexpectantly short session. It lasted, indeed, for three days, but the first day

THE HON. W. C. WHITNEY.

affairs in New York it is quite impossible to estimate, though doubtless it was considerable. As a contesting delegation it did not even figure in the Convention. In response to an invitation from a committee representing the delegates of thirty-five States, the delegates did not even appear as a contingent before the Convention on Wednesday. For invitation, if we may call it so, to obtain from contesting was

ry of the Navy, who thereby and a delegate had kept himself quite clear of the factional controversies of his own State, and was therefore in a condition to appear as the *deus ex machina* of the Convention, for the very reason that he did not appear either from the machine or from the anti machine.

THE HON. W. L. WILSON, OF WEST VIRGINIA, PERMANENT CHAIRMAN OF THE CONVENTION.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

Rain, humidity, and miasma was the lot of the delegates in Chicago, with a short day of very hot sun. The sunny day was Wednesday—the day the thermometer doing its best to make a record and when the delegates were expected every body brought an umbrella. No matter what the state of the weather, an umbrella was a blessing, for it was used to keep off both side and sun. The Wigwam was like the hot room of a Turkish bath that day, so the night the people were not contented, and the merely mass of spectators and the helpless delegates were crowded by the shower-bath from the roof. Umbrellas were even seen inside the building, and the pilgrims to the National Democratic Convention of 1902 showed the genius who devised the sheltering apparatus. But beyond the umbrellas, there were very few things needed during that exciting week.

Everybody was tired—the men, the delegates, and the unfortunate newspaper men. It was no fun to collect news in a crowd like that of the Chicago Convention. The reporters worked hard night and day, although their dispatches, which were read morning and evening, lacked with good nature, and omitted nothing of interest. When a man has to be hunted up on the shoulders of a couple of other reporters in order to find out by means of an open tranche what the committee really was doing life seemed to be a job. And his was heretofore all imaginary humor early in the day, and became a hard fact appeared by sun and rain. The delegates realized that the various political opinions revealed that more confusion. The Tammany Club of Salt Lake City made a glorious appearance in point, fashion, and force, but heat and water will reduce the most beautiful ladies to a state of misery, and the gorgeous ladies were accordingly reduced. The Tammany men came out to Chicago happy and young. On the special that carried them out they sang "Good night, Ladies" at 11 a. m. and woke all the sleepers in the car. The next day there was a hot and thought to them when they wanted to sleep late that Wednesday night and recalled the many hours spent up to song. Music no longer had charm to soothe, their song was painful in minor key. When the balloting began nobody knew whether or not the end was near, but as the votes for Mr. Cleveland began to pile up there was exceeding joy, and the announcement of the election that Grover Cleveland was the chosen leader of the great Democracy was the signal for unrestrained delight. At 3:45 a. m. the Convention adjourned, and a tired, sleepy, but not, but generally happy crowd, got away as quickly as possible, and sought their much needed rest.



OUTSIDE VIEW OF THE WIGWAM—DEATH OF UMBRELLA GEOMETRY.

In New York when it became apparent on Wednesday afternoon that the Chicago Convention would ballot that



REPORTERS AT THE TABLE OF COMMITTEE.

day, there was a strong undercurrent of interest. The bulletin boards and "tickers" were closely watched, but as

night drew near the crowd as a rule wandered homeward. Later in the evening, when the "extra" showed that the delegates were in excess, the crowds assembled at some of the big uptown hotels, and discussed the situation. The corridor of the Hoffman House in the neighborhood of the "tower" was filled. It was a representative New York crowd of solid men. Gray hairs were in the minority, but the few elderly gentlemen that were there did the talking.

"Humph, humphied over," I thought if a little gathering was to be found in New York to night, I'd meet it here.

"No you would," murmured a friend, "but they're not as it is." This remarkably brilliant speech evoked a laugh from his hearers.

While Governor Abbott was presenting the name of Mr. Cleveland to the Convention, and the ticker was silent, the waiters heard, a young man to answer them began:

"Now they're off Cleveland looks at the quarter. Bill left at the post. Cleveland at the ball stand of the ball."

"Where's Bill now?" called some one.

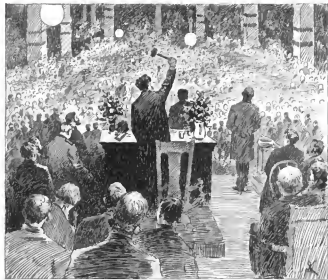
"Just away," answered the newcrier, "but he won't get a place."

"I should think not," came another voice. "You'll find him still resting in '92." This combination of politics and Morris Park amused nearly every one to laughter.

When midnight came and nothing was done the crowd thinned out somewhat, but people went home assured of Mr. Cleveland's strength in the Convention and of his popularity in New York. There were still some on hand to receive the news when the nomination was made and the general feeling was one of satisfaction. The main edition on Thursday morning was bought by every one, and many sold with a smile of joy. "Glory of it. Liberty and straightforwardness with every trace," and many others cried, "Hurrah for Whiskey!"



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Age, 30; height, 6 ft. 7 in.; weight, 155 lbs.



W. NEWELL, HARVARD (No. 2).
Age, 21; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 170 lbs.



N. BANTIST, HARVARD (No. 3).
Age, 22; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 160 lbs.



C. E. C. HENNES, HARVARD (No. 4).
Age, 21; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 170 lbs.



F. R. WESTON,
Age, 21; height,



A. P. JOHNSON, YALE (No. 5).
Age, 21; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 164 lbs.



A. J. BALLEBY, YALE (No. 6).
Age, 20; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 160 lbs.



A. T. VAN HYCK, YALE (No. 7).
Age, 21; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 160 lbs.



Age, 21; height,

Average weight, 160 lbs.
Average age, 21 yrs.





CAPTAIN J. A. BARTWELL, YALE (M. S.), No. 6.
Ages, 20; height, 6 ft. 3 in.; weight, 140 lbs.



HARVARD (L. S.), No. 4.
Ages, 21; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 160 lbs.



B. G. WATERS, HARVARD (M. S.), No. 5.
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Ages, 21; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 160 lbs.



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Ages, 20; height, 6 ft. 2 in.; weight, 150 lbs.



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Ages, 22; height, 6 ft. 11 in.; weight, 170 lbs.



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Dr. Harvard, 1861 (M. S.), Yale, 1861 (M. S.).
22 years; Harvard, 20 years.



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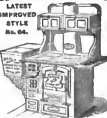
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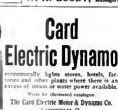
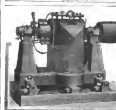
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AN EARTHLY PARAGON.

BY EVA WILDER MCGLOSSON, AUTHOR OF "DIANA'S LIVERY."

THAT it was a sort of mockery, Sylvia knew very well. There were tears in her eyes, and as she met her she was getting a blurred view of outer things the girl's disfigured little face.

"As usual, I am playing with the puppets," she thought. "I have got myself to a weeping pitch because it seems as if I can't quite naturally to accompany one's last look at the family."

It was painfully familiar. There could be no doubt of that. For ten years Sylvia had seen it all at the afternoon weep of grief, but it appeared now as if there was a shadow that when she had left the well ordered brick house far behind, she might be haunted with an inability to recall their exact look. She might forget whether the yellow blinds were in the settee or the house opposite, and the fat green laurels on the paragonette corners might wholly shut her.

Sylvia felt that she wanted a new background—cold, modern, red—up—where, as upon a printed canvas, the new will life in which she was going should show itself in vivid outlines.

To this end she set the gray curbs to her maid along with the straight gravel paths and patches of garden. A loose brick to a flower bed and buried rather than the rest, its crumbling shape softly rounded. Sylvia put this in the road of remembrance as a sort of lock which should hold the other things back.

She could catch a glimpse of the academy grounds, their trees sheltered in slushy with the black pond of March, the master buildings, the white play with rows of little classrooms. A thin cloud overhead, drifting with an effect of sunset pinks. It seemed to embody Sylvia's feelings which had already defined themselves in her as uncomfortable only because they were not making her suffer enough.

As she let the two men pass certain talk together, a man sitting by the gate gave her an earnest little look.

"Well, he said—well, Sylvia! I tell you it's—mildling hard in 87. Giving up her old name—well, you'll find it's tough."

His long hair, dressed in country-fitted brown trousers, were faded off with wide polished shoes which curled up at the toes as he swung magnificently in their wheel's capacity. His eyebrows, transcribed in shape, looking up at the lower corners, gave him a peculiarly sharp look as he regarded his niece over his hand to palm to palm, his middle aged face lined with a low brow, clear lines in his.

This expression, modified with sharp, long, a slender mouth as he saw that Sylvia, whatever her feelings might be, was not openly weeping. He had been preparing him self all day for tears, and it had seemed to him that the precious moment of sorrow would be when the weeping came for the tears. As they carried her down through the hall she would be reminded of that other house which a month or so before had been home over the headlong house though, and the weeping would be the glitter of silver plates. He himself remembered the long black shape and square oval, hauled with a sense of shuddering.

"No," said Sylvia, coming closer to the fire, "it isn't very

hard to give it up. I was trying to make it hard, but I didn't succeed very well."

To Captain Hyland's surprise she gave a small sound of laughter, and then her brows knitted.

"I don't like myself for being glad that I shall probably never see this place again," she said modestly. "My old home! I must be very slight of character. I have always this same sense of something thin and insufficient in my make up. When people dislike or like me, I think, I think, you wouldn't do either if you knew me how I built a house yesterday. A shade of bewilderment crept into her vision. "Do you know," she put in rather sharply, "I believe I had almost forgotten that—that my father is out there in the graveyard."

The captain's face took a judicial pose. "Look here, Sylvia," he insisted, "you're too honest with yourself. I don't know as we've got any reason for being sorry your papa's gone. He never seemed to get much out of life, I'm sure, I reckon he's just as well off. He always got everything he wanted; but as soon as he got it he didn't want it! This captain's poor place for thirty folks. They're better off!" The captain's voice indicated no consciousness of irony—in his heart.

Sylvia leaned against the mantel, her meagre little chin in her hand, her yellow eyes wandering over the serene face of the girl who sat beside her.

"He never seemed happy," she said. "I don't believe he could ever get any more out of life. I never felt any sense of relationship with him, not as much as toward some of the other teachers at the academy. I knew I had to leave him because he was too good for me. I thought I was all right. After I graduated two years ago he let me do as I pleased. He said, 'Perhaps he realized how admirably well it is to give a girl unlimited liberty in a young life. Her eyes narrowed. "Uncle, I have hated it—this matter, objectionless life! I can't describe it. No one could unless he dived with the pen of fiction on a sea-going. The captain, Charlotte, children, an occasional lecture or manual quarrel, these are the ways in our social pool. Of course, the water being in place, there are never any waves. The little boat has only an effect of motion, the motion were blue ribbons in their hair, the waves are only colored areas. It's safe land, but you never seem to get any more."

The captain smiled merrily. "Only thing is," he began, "that being used to all this soft frothy, you may find Kentucky pretty middling rough."

"It is a sort of wilderness," she said. "The captain's face assumed a gratified air. "Well, we got the books on at Chaucer," he smiled her, cheerfully. "Our hearts are all right, though. We stick by our friends. Tell you, that was a man from our own town over to Cincinnati last fall, and got as fitting up and jangling around. No harm in him if they let him alone; but some fellows got to jangling with him, and he shut them off or drove 'em in their tracks. Well, now, we wanted that fellow away before the married ever got his spurs on, mated him off to his wife," added the captain, in a spirit of triumph, "and they haven't got him yet!" Time felt like a dream, but you can't fool with a man that's drinking."

"Well," said Sylvia, a little slowly, as if this elucidation

of the principles of friendship had confused her, "at least I shall see the raw material of human nature and find out what men are like before civilization has spoiled and separated them into false shapes. Only"—she met down beside him, a questioning stare at her lips—"do you really want me? Sylvia's I disturb your old bachelor life?"

"Disturb?" cried the captain. "Ever since I've died I've just naturally been carried away to think you're going to be long to me. I'm your only near kin, Sylvia. It's a mighty lucky thing for me that your new career hasn't moved on property. You'll make up to me for all." He paused, adding briefly, "Jim hasn't turned me square."

Sylvia stretched his hand. There was a strange little pang that came.

"I don't remember my mother," she said very softly, as if she feared to strike pain on some old tissue in the captain's heart, "but she must have been very sweet, since you and he both cared for her."

"She was a mighty good looking woman," said the captain without emotion, "a fine figure and a good character. But I'm just as well off as if I'd got her. I came in as early as it is," he added, with an air of impartial criticism, "I feel her mind was on the hemisphere, try now scolding the wife, when she came stepping down from college in blue velvet and looked me up. He was ten years younger than me. We didn't part her the same stock in our. Kind of funny we happened to be brothers; though," he cut in, pitifully, "that's a heap of difference in times out of time. Some houses'll be stark, and some pity. I was the last boy with long hair being cut off, he was a top thing, always making at the girl, and a little light-weight black-topped fellow, that was, and women in such plain, foolish—some of us, interpreted the captain, with a timely reference of his leisure—"that the last fellow who was a girl was. They don't know that the first look into love life is a woman's work a woman."

He passed, abstractedly.

"I never heard the drum beat," he added, in a moment. "Letty and that girl run off and married, and Jim got a school up in Hartford, and I never see them no more till Letty died, and I went to the burying. You was making all around, Sylvia, ever in a while. And I found out that Jim and that Letty never it so very well, they off. They was like Sylvia, sweet and clever—just natural with other set." He seemed to consider the force of his illustration.

Sylvia leaned against him. "Am I like my mother?" she asked.

She was staring into the fire, absorbed in a study of this commonplace story, which had meant but to us many lives. She was thin and little, and her black gown made her look blacker than usual. Over the arch of her nose the skin seemed too tight, and her lips, of a delicate freckled color, were always apart. This red the lower half of her severely drawn eyebrows was a little dark, which gave her eyes a curious look of doubtless.

She kept on circling the captain's big head in an abstracted sort of fashion, her own fingers and the softness of the palm and nails to pick, that streaks of grey color seemed to play about their movements, as if they were weaving the dream.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1892.

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THE MADISON SQUARE ROOF GARDEN.—DRAWN BY ALBERT E. SPENDER.—(SEE PAGE 654.)

BLUE-FISHING OFF FIRE ISLAND.

Few persons in the neighborhood of New York with any fondness for the cruel sport have failed to experience something of what Mr. Horne has depicted in his sketch of a catboat loaded with fishermen and all trolling for blue fish. The banks off Fire Island are quite accessible to people of the metropolitan district by means of the railways on Long Island to Bay View, and thence across the waters of the Great South Bay. And these waters are so filled with fish of various sorts that he is an untidy angler indeed who is not able almost any day to find some kind of profitable sport. This is so well understood that on the Long Island side of the bay—which is formed by the long stretch of beach on the eastern side of Long Island known to geographers as Fire Island and the Great South Bay Beach—there are a great many fishing-club houses where during the summer the members spend much time. This is also true of the islands within the bay. The most famous of these islands is called Jones' Landing's, or Captree Island. It was here that the Yacht Club of persons associated departed itself, and decorated the white-painted walls of Mr. Cook's tavern with charcoal sketches wonderful to behold.

From these convenient club-houses and from the fishermen can go forth whenever the conditions seem propitious. The most sportsmanlike way to pursue the blue fish is by what is known as "chumming." This is so well known a method that it is scarcely worth describing. The "chum," or bait, consists of fish cut up into pieces after it has got somewhat fresh. This is thrown overboard, and floats on the surface. To this the blue fish rise, and as baited hooks are also cast into the water with the "chum," the greedy blue fish unwittingly take them in their eagerness. Merely to put lines over and haul in the fish as fast as they are hooked is not sport in any proper sense. That is the way the fishermen do who are fishing for the market; and they are perfectly right, too, for they are not out for fun, but are pursuing a hard and arduous calling for coin, and what that will bring. But the sportsman will prefer when chumming to use a light rod, say ten or twelve cones. With this, when he gets a four or five pound blue fish, he can have as much sport as he would with a black bass. The blue fish is decidedly game, and will make a hard fight before he is landed. The conditions for chumming are not, however, always favorable, and then the fishermen will troll instead. To troll, as the men in Mr. Horne's picture are doing, the boat is sailed back and forth over the banks and kept as nearly as possible within the school of fish. A spoon, or even bait, is used near the hook, and this is drawn through the water with the motion of the boat. The fish strikes at the shining spoon or tempting bait, and is hooked. In this way, too, sport can be had by the use of the reel after the fish is hooked, but it is not so frequent as when chumming.

But whether the fishing be good or not, a sail is one of these very seasonably and easily handled catboats that belong to the Great South Bay is always pleasant. One cannot be sure, of course, that all will be plain and smooth sailing, for just outside the protected waters of the bay the sea has a way of its own of getting very choppy, so that the catboat heels up and down like a cork. Then those who are not good sailors must prepare to do their duty and pay their respectful tribute to Neptune. But smooth water being near, such illnesses do



MACGISH'S FOUNTAIN FOR THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—(See Page 64.)

not last long, nor do they hurt. Men who have had such an experience have wondered how soon the dorsal fin disappeared away, and that also in a very short time they were

hungry for the recently caught fish, which is hoisted in a bucket in these various clubs and taverns that so city cook ever manages to lose.



TROLLING FOR BLUE-FISH OFF FIRE ISLAND, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY M. J. BRON.

celous and meagre. It seemed to her as if she could poison in the flesh of her face a subtle likeness to her father as he used to look of nights sitting over his books, his cheek hollow with thought, his thin lips drawn as if he buckled to some problems.

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ON CONNECTICUT AVENUE, WASHINGTON.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 434.]
COLORED NEWSBOY: "READ ME SCRIPTS TO BOLLEE, BAW."

TREES OF THE AMERICAN
DESERT.

The Snake River Valley in eastern Idaho appears to the traveler as one wide plain of arid sand. The great mountains on each side, the volcanic peaks, the sage and rabbit bushes, the rugged settlements, all help to make the scene desolate. It is a desert, and most so results still capitalists have turned the waters of the river into irrigating ditches. Scattered about on this desert plain are great bunches of willow more barren than the plain as a whole appears to be, for they could not be cultivated, nor were irrigation possible. And yet, curiously enough, these great bunches are to the eye the most attractive parts of the plain.

The whole valley was once a lake of molten lava, which later over, and then decomposed until a soil was formed. This, once, the flood-borne tree-like plants in the crust and beaded up in terraces that rolled across the plain. As the terraces spread, they could so rapidly that they formed pictures in charcoal, so to speak, that remain to this day as perfect the sand-dunes of the great convulsion. But for one feature the pictures would be worthless perfect portraits of desert desolation.

This feature is this cedar tree. These have masses in texture much like clusters of sage, support some curious and increasing growth. A little dead during along with the wood lugs in a crevice. The mass and the rain molten it, and then in some way a new surface the mass and growth. The tiny roots curl about the sharp angles of the environment and seek their way into the holes left by



A MESQUITE GROVE IN DEATH VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.
Remnant of largest Trunk above the surface.

terrors. It rubs the trunk against the crags, tearing off the bark and waiting away the wood, it even the leaves and breaks the limbs. But the shrub holds on. As one side is worn away new growth is formed on the other. A limb dies here, but a new one sprouts elsewhere, and by-and-by the shrub becomes a tree. Short and squat, rugged and split, often with no living bark save a narrow strip on one

side, are good for fuel, and while they last, will be of the greatest service to the traveler. The hottest and most arid spot in this section, during summer months, is most fruitful. Lying in one place for feet below the level of the sea, in layers of nearly vertical strata, the trees are so numerous that the forest is a solid mass. In August it is killed, dried, until no wind that more than a few feet above it, they could not supply the body with water as fast as the hot dry air sucked it away.

Nevertheless, between October and April, Death Valley is a place to which a tourist in search of novel experiences can safely and well direct his course. He would find there, among other things, an interesting ethnological study in the white American, a rattlesnake with horns, curious lands of bottom of an old lake on the pointed peaks of mountains, an interesting growth of trees in a constant struggle with an increasing growth of sand dunes.

Add to the atmosphere is there, Death Valley is not wholly devoid of water. The streams can be found in the mountains, and some water from these finds its way through the sand of the valley at a depth of several or fifty feet from the surface. It can be reached by digging, if one knows where to dig, and the next best is to wait for the rain in the mesquite tree. Wherever there is a flow of water beneath the surface, the thickets of mesquite trees grow. It is not a very large tree—say six feet high and six inches in diameter at base. It branches just above the sand, and



THE YUCCA-PALM OF THE MOJAVE DESERT.
This Trunk was once lost in the sand.

the bubbling gases in the walls themselves. They break up the rock in which they cling, and in some way find footholds during the process. Eventually the trunk lies along the top of the crevice, and then begins a struggle for life with the atmosphere of the desert.

On the plains of Idaho the wind never comes. It takes the frail little shrub in its grasp, and pulls and twists and

sides and with more dead branches than live ones, it is a most discolored tree. And yet, like many people who lead disastrous lives, the others are very useful. The planer is taking possession of the plain, and a straggling lurching way about its elements. No better life is a tree can be found anywhere than the tough trunks of these lava bed cedars. Not half the trees have trunks fit for posts, but the



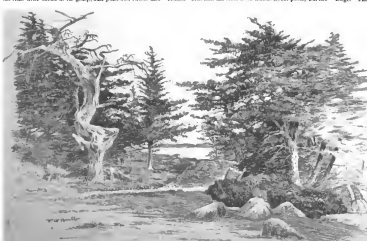
A YUCCA TREES.
Four feet tall.

spread out in such crooked limbs that a straight stick a foot long would be a curiosity. But it is in its place a most useful tree. The seed—the mesquite bean—serves as food for the American Aborigine, while the fruit, and as such for their horses. The seed trunks make superior fuel, and the dead roots may even be used in their coal at the blacksmith's forge. The striding prospector who can make his camp in a mesquite grove asks nothing better. His windbreak and his camp fire are perfect.

It is when serving as a windbreak, so to speak, that the mesquite has a struggle for life with the sand dunes. The stems of Death Valley are at all seasons, among thick phenomena. They are sand storms. They smoke air in the mountain tops, while the whirling blades from the cedars catch the dusty clouds in their embrace to form the sandstorms of water spouts at sea—all waving and reports waiting along the valley. The onset of these storms pushes about a thin that rises with such succeeding strength. It buries the lower limbs on one side; the tree throws out new shoots on the smaller and holds on to his. The sand rises higher and higher, covering the old and the new growth, until at last the green of gray led poles, the bark shrivel, and life ebbs slowly away.

When the tree dies the sand dunes rise no higher, the smaller dead branches, the bushes away, and only a black stub protrudes here and there from the yellow buried waste.

From 1900 to 1906 Death Valley mesquite trees were killed on a large scale.



A BARRED OFFSHORE OF THE BLACK SAND BOTTOMS, CALIFORNIA.



TOGETHER IN THE LAVA BEING OF STAFFS

[illegible]

There are other things, in the immediate vicinity of the city, which are of great interest to the visitor. These are the ruins of the city of Carthage, which were destroyed by the Romans in 146 B.C. The ruins are still visible, and the city is still a great city.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

They are not in the same way of thinking as to how to deal with the problem. The first group of people, who are the majority, are the ones who are not in the same way of thinking as to how to deal with the problem. The second group of people, who are the minority, are the ones who are in the same way of thinking as to how to deal with the problem.

[illegible][illegible]

IN A 1.0% ETC 400.4,00

§ Market info. makes it harder to raise money.

As with the Bulletin, it was a *transmission* of a *style*.

And my little girl - she's not even out of high school yet.

The supply curve of the bodies is

H. H. M. - van der Meer et al.

ON A CHH 30.00 ELEVENTH

[illegible]

Urban electricity production—The city of New York, with its four quarters, is a city of contrasts. The contrast of the real in each the four quarters is little less than the contrast of health and disease. The contrast of the real in each the four quarters is little less than the contrast of health and disease. The contrast of the real in each the four quarters is little less than the contrast of health and disease.

Many are covered by thin white cement or asphalt on steel joists, and the north and south island structures are built of solid concrete and have thin white finishes. The stations inside those of North York are on the steel joist and the landing platforms are also covered by thin white asphalt or concrete.

But the "miraculous" Bikes are the genuine article, "a study" from a clearly highly educated engineering office, as evidenced by the attention to detail. The 100 cc engine of the motorcycle is a 100 cc blue, 100 cc high speed, and 100 cc and 100 cc of course, one as a general rule. Not many are so powerful, could they open the door with such simple grace, and not with such simple grace.

But even right there, amidst the chaos of the protest, the students and parents who gathered certainly believed that the protest was righteous and the cause was just. The students and parents stood in a circle, holding hands, and sang songs of love and hope as they were surrounded by the police. The students and parents were not afraid to stand up to the police and to demand that the police stop using force against them. The students and parents were not afraid to stand up to the police and to demand that the police stop using force against them.

The managers of the new 4-lane go-rond promise that their line will be in operation over its entire extent before the opening of the World's Fair in 1963.

N. A. Lash



WILMINGTON CHURCH, PORTLAND, MAINE.
Where the 8th Christmas Bazaar of Society was held.



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THE HOMESTEAD RIOT.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY DARRA, PITTSBURGH.—(SEE PAGE 678.)

THE FUGITIVE MEN LEAVING THE RANGERS AFTER THE SCRAMBLE.



THE MOB ASSAILING THE FISKERTON MEN ON THEIR WAY TO THE TENNESSEAN PRISON.—SCENE IN CHICAGO MOVED AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRYAN, PHOTOGRAPHER.



THE BURNING BARGE.—FIRE & PHOTOGRAPH BY BRYAN, PHOTOGRAPHER.
THE HONKHEAD RIOT.—[SEE PAGE 678]



THE RESTORATION OF YOSEMITE WATERFALLS.—FROM DRAWINGS BY GUY ROWE, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—(SEE PAGE 479.)

1. Mount Watkins and Mirror Lake in October. 2. Mount Watkins and Mirror Lake in Early Summer.
 Jan. 3. Yosemite Falls in October. 4. Yosemite Falls in June. 5. Vernal Falls in October. 6. Vernal Falls in June. 7. Upper Yosemite Falls,
 Yosemite National Park. 8. Lake Tenaya. 9. Showing proposed Roosevelt Dam.



STEAMER DAY IN NEW YORK—AN OCEAN RACER OFF FOR EUROPE.—DRAWN BY W. F. SEYMOUR.—[SEE PAGE 626.]



THE STATUE OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

flows from the lake as a wide, rapid, and transparent stream, the visit or, if the weather be favorable, will solve the mystery of panorama of the Alps spread out before him. Opposite to him, amongst the mountains of the middle distance, rise the white snows of Mount Blanc, the snow-capped Mont, the glowing ridges of the Argonne Vette, forming so

EVERY one knows that the official capital of Switzerland is Bern, but the federal city, in spite of its crowded streets, its ancient houses, and its fine view on the banks of the Aar, where boats still live as in olden days, supported by the municipality, has a history nothing like so important as that of Geneva, the name of which calls up a past of conflict and glory, and which since the Reformation has been one of the intellectual centers of the civilized world. True, the ancient republic of Bern was also born of her hours of heroism and days of grandeur, and her history, though of comparatively local interest, is rich in examples of courage, energy, and love of independence. But for all that, we cannot say of her, as it has been said of Geneva, that she is the 'gate of exile which performs Europe, still less that she is the world in a nutshell.'

The first street taken by a stranger on arrival in Geneva will reveal to him the existence of two towns united in one or enmeshed together. On leaving the station he will pass on the right the *église des Minimes*, church which the pious efforts of Calvinism have succeeded in saving in its 'Protestant' form, and in which the soul of the *docteur* has installed Père Hyacinthe, and follow the broad thoroughfare known as the *Place du Mont Blanc*, which is lined with shops and presents a most national scene. After crossing the Rhone, which

Here, "Page," the first paper of the series entitled "Fights of the World," was published in No. 100 of *Illustrated Weekly*; the second paper, "St. Petersburg," in No. 101; the third paper, "Glasgow," in No. 102; the fourth paper, "Boston," in No. 103.



THE ISLAND OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.



CALVIN AND THE FOUR MONKS IN THE COURTYARD OF THE COLLEGE OF GENEVA.—After the Picture by Dore.

gather an accumulation of vapours, some which sometimes seem to be floating in the sky. For often completely envelop this chain of mountains, and their disappearance entirely changes the character of the landscape. It is then the lower heights of the foreground which attract attention and stand out as rocky ledges, like the *Veveys* or the *Blancs*, or as green and steep slopes like the *Veveys* looking forward of the *Mont*, or even broken with verdant like the *Veveys* of the *Veveys*. The contrast of these mountains, the *Veveys*, ever looking the same, less a very marked individuality of its own—a mountain and a rocky, a strange aggressive and steep with its steep slopes, on which started larches clinging to the bare rocks and its few trees on the upper slopes a little below the *Veveys* summit, which is sparsely clad with grass. But the visitor chooses the better amongst flights of gulls as some here in the winter as are the *Veveys* of the *Veveys*, and finds himself on the left bank of the *Veveys*, where the town of *Veveys*—the old and the new.

The old town, built on a hill, is craggy and gloomy. In the lower part, congregating especially about the little Gothic church of *St. Nicholas*, are numerous narrow, damp, unhealthful streets. The houses, some of which date from the fifteenth or even the fourteenth century are tumbled to pieces. The latter ones have central courts on to which open some without air or light, the low



A GENTLEMAN OF THE FINEST DAY.

hells, going straight to heaven whilst the woman seems charged with the task of making amends by her chosen and grave for all that is too energetic and too close, too abrupt and tough, whom she has loved. Well, in Geneva you find very much the same kind of difference between the sexes.

The Genevise women have gained much since the days of Mendel. As in his day, they are pretty but not because they cannot help it, they are now, on the contrary, enjoy their good looks. They dress simply and well. Their serious manner is neither pedantic nor ugly. They are still rather given to preaching but it is not at all disagreeable to be told by a pretty woman. Moreover, except when



NATIONAL MONUMENT.



LA PLACE NEVE, GENEVA.



THE UNIVERSITY OF GENEVA.

they fall into *salonism*, which, alas, still sometimes happens—there is nothing right about their devotion, and it does not prevent their performing with grace the duties of women of the world. They are intelligent and well read, they always know one or two foreign languages; they read and understand all contemporary literature worth knowing, and therefore their conversation is partly commonplace. Education is the chief danger to which they are subjected. It is absent, and too many teachers are trained out from the schools.

Geneva has inherited from the past a taste for intellectual culture. We know how great mankind has of every kind she has produced, and what a very large proportion of men of genius there have ever been in her population. In this respect she has remained faithful to her traditions. We must here not remark that women have been cultivated rather than literature, and the young men who devote themselves to liberal studies prefer science, and at the present moment it is science, like man who reads Geneva this year. We must add that of late years literature seems to have become more esteemed, some young writers have arisen a few of whom seem already to have succeeded in winning a position amongst men of letters. Mendel severely reproached the Genevise women for their "sensitive and fierce stripiness in the French skirt," their labored style, and the heaviness of their discourses.

wild or sense would doubtless charge them with want of imagination, but this really a fault? are the phenomena of society less because they are less universal? It does constitute a well-earned table for less dwelling a little too deeply on the subjects discussed? With his woman's mind and subtle judgment, a Genevise would always prefer discussion to mere chat; he is more at ease in it, and is often very interesting when arguing.

The characteristics I have been describing are common to all classes, though in different degrees. In the upper classes education, tradition and training have modified them, but amongst the people it is intensified, and is characterized by a sort of half-conscious simplicity which is not absent in others. The Genevise workmen, whether watch-makers or clock-makers, are of very individual types. Mendel, who selected them for a study, characterizes them in a few words of remarkable justice. "The workmen of Geneva," he says, "understand arguments which could be considered far beyond their class, but on the other hand, they would not be delighted with the *panache de Paris* and the *minuterie de Paris*, as are the young workmen who fill the pit of the Gymnasium. The workmen of Geneva speak stronger especially stronger of this kind—they are more objective." Well educated, and having in their lives a Voltaire and a Rousseau, which they have read, the cultured minds of the present day would, I believe, enjoy some such as well. They are original, too, and if a little heavy, still amusing and welcome in this way.

It is impossible to travel in England without noticing the difference of behavior between the women and the men. They do not seem to belong to the same race, the man is the strong counterpart with his hand on the



GENEVA.



THE QUAI OF MONT BLANC, GENEVA

The leaning of the present day towards French literature which is becoming more and more an cultivated even to tend to the leaning down of some of the defects of the literature style. (Unfortunately the outpouring to which "literary" refers no longer exists, perhaps, some may say, because the French spirit has during the last quarter of a century become strangely mixed with cosmopolitanism. However that may be, and although their language is still a little heavy and dull, the young writers of Geneva follow pretty closely the Parisian movement, and some few of them have completely thrown in the lot with it. The so-called traditionalists never cease to reproach them for this leaning.)

The interest taken in the arts is also very keen. Thanks to the generosity of certain wealthy and religious-minded citizens, Geneva

has an orchestra, and an opera company very superior to anything the resources of the town or the receipts of the theatre could pay for. The spectators, especially French, although in 1890 *faubergues* was very successfully rendered. (Incidentally, Latin, and Italian are much better liked by the French public than the Italian company. As everywhere else, music is almost too much cultivated. To the conservative, which is a very property, was added a few years ago a free academy, and these two establish-ments which are really excellent institutions, fill every night of every house with a host of little amateur performers. In the summer, what with the orchestra of the café, the hotel-orchestra in full swing, the sound of pianos and violins, and the voices of singers heard from every open window, Geneva is like one huge musical box, resembling on a large scale the little music-nests which are one of the specialties made in the town.)

Painting too has made great strides in Geneva, and its development has greatly resembled that of literature. This art also suffered from the seriousness and monotony of the *refugee* style, in the hands of the Calvins and their descendants, heavy, and academic, but with the introduction of fresh blood it has become more independent, more frank, more individual, and has even awakened the feeling for color. To doubt the Museum and Exhibition to be annually and the permanent exhibition in the rooms of the American hotel, such still to be desired, and the artist who spends any time in them will note a good many changes, which would give it not being shown, but it will also find especially amongst the landscapes a few showing true feeling for Nature and an honest effort to be present here.

In every direction, as we have seen, there is a tendency to change,



THE MONUMENT TO THE BELLE OF ANNECY.

and the fitness of the past is becoming superseded. In our first number noted the quai and streets we made acquaintance with in old-time monuments, but ancient knots and tangle-down houses which are now surrounded by new quarters, with spire, exquisite looking houses, wide, head-to-head laid down with Frenchmen's elegant villas in the midst of groves of young trees. In a similar manner the old foundations of the national character—rigid, stony hard, and obstinate—are still there, but tamed down, softened, modified, open to new developments.



A WOMAN OF OLD GENEVA.



TIMES OF THE MEN OF GENEVA.



"THE WINDOW FRAMED A MAN'S FACE. THE FACE OF OLD BOB VALLEY."

ry papers being his chief reading, with occasional light novels, which he admitted had lost charm for him. Sylvia took thought philosophically, pored with him for one of these minutes, with his laminary with trees and stones, and woodcut engravings seemed to her the evidence of a positively artless heart.

None of her looking she studied with her own interest the construction of Sylvia's character, which did not adjust it to any one set of facts, but remained pliant in circumstance, and took care not shape with the life of the hour. She gave him her full faith in her, and his comments on these things and master spirits had a singular charm of criticism. He remarked of literature that the poet would do it once in a while. "I don't see it reported himself as unable to get the drift of, but he considered 'too wisely,' but liked notwithstanding this fact, because he could read his long line without thinking of anything in particular."

"I am tired," said Sylvia, to her usual, "of having to form the literary taste of every man I meet. In my effort to satisfy that of the American woman?" She sits at home and reads, and when she comes upon the mode of her race, who has been sedulously looking after his literature, and not at all except of the result is possible. She will not do so peremptorily; he cannot show letters; but his literary is at least satisfied with a willingness to be informed and so she reads him with patient lab. She shows over the last copy of the classics a new book to him and so about for him, but he cannot as far as he can, not being helped, having lost his own ground without having been. Then she returns in disgust, being with changing. Instead of rational reading, she reads, then reads, and if a sticky Englishman or a deeply of Italian changes about.

"The American man is it," concluded the captain. Despite his failure to run out of the world just as she would have him, Sylvia continued to accept Sylvia's thoughts. They were now a together, and presently settled into the solid circle and state where the excitement was an inevitable type of discipline. They talked often of the vast number of unhappy marriages.

It is better, on few women have minds alone than last her," said Sylvia.

Both agreed with this, thinking of Sylvia, but added, thinking of himself, that there would be different if more men could understand the exquisite delicacy of the womanly mind. He had heard of this from Sylvia, but he believed it a part of his own observation, and stirred it with the ravens of conviction.

His attitude of mind became necessary to Sylvia. It was pleasant to sit like him in the quiet shelter of a man's attention, knowing that one would like no last, however one's wandering heart he has to accept the world's interest. She was not positively sure how righteous but loving as she and Sylvia came upon a place of some feeling. The change was inevitable to her and Sylvia remained her more easily away of her conventional advantages than she was able to keep herself covering the vast of them.

Going now and then to see Sylvia, Sylvia hoped she would meet his wishes, and give him the opportunity of release he was anxious to ask. He had finally decided to leave his attachment to the adjoining figure of time, but Sylvia's heart was completely involved that though his interest was upon the world but by the hands of his neglect, she would not give any more.

One day her maid came to visit her, and took her to look.

"Look at her, Henry," she said, "that that Sylvia. I wish she had better. I'd show her. You don't have to put up with me such eyes. Look at you, a Sylvia, and please tell you're mighty much wiser of a pick-up than I." He got whistles round that side of Sylvia's girl the last of the year. Your cousin Tom is Sylvia's maid about it.

Henry said, "The next, a woman old woman with colorful eyes and a mouth which seemed the hole of a hundred different wrinkles, drew the long black hair to her head and looked down."

"Now you just quit it, Henry," she admonished. "He'll come around all right if you turn in a society and noble man will. He's too sure of you. Show him your face and look. Take up some other fellow, that if I don't like. He needs picking. You can't tell how high a level I jump till you punch it."

"Oh, And Mrs. L."

"Just had her over the creek, Henry."

"I can't," said Henry, with the perfect abandonment of a woman in whom life, virtue, and food are circumscribed in a single affection.

"I'll let you speak my mind to that Sylvia girl then."

"Don't her fairly, please," said Henry. "Mrs. L. has said she speaks to him and says, and once when he was coming in the house, Sylvia says to him to pick up with his mouth full. She's had about with him. Mrs. L. has said."

"That's some ways of killing a man to look like an old lady," commented Mrs. L. "You, Henry."

"You going to read some 'cat in Sylvia,' and get me a dream that drives a little into it?" She said her eyes with the hint of her shirt. "I'm better looking than her."

"Well, I should remark."

"And when he sees how different I'm going to be, he'll be like me to do."

Mrs. L. said, "You better quit falling off the top you see. I'll be a little, with an extra eye on Sylvia's wandering eyes and no more of it."

Life in these days was being Sylvia with a hard work, but it bore steadily enough for Sylvia, who had slowly adjusted herself to a punitive environment, finding a certain half-philosophical tranquility in the free-journalism of the house. A sort of spiritual moderation had defined about her in which only rays of nature spoke. It appeared impossible to look beyond ultimate means. She hardly knew if she wished Sylvia free of her views to Sylvia.

His love was very agreeable. It lifted the dark surface of her eyes to a graceful figure, but she had now and then an inkling now in that only his presence comforted him, and that in his expression there would be nothing to bridge over his frailty.

She had an idea that when nature came to an actual cross, she would have herself to her own, and wearing a black gown, a cross at her throat, would give him back to his forenoon absence. She would perhaps in a hidden way admit having loved him. Indeed, at the idea of giving him up she was sure of her regret, and the strength of her personal appeal and delighted her. She mediated her driving power, softly letting Sylvia know that once his affairs were settled, she would all hands

with him under a given road, content to drink his water out of a fresh bar.

That morning Sylvia came striding down the road, and glancing at Sylvia's window called for softly. She looked out. She had been looking for him, and her small pale face in the black moment was like a wedge of steel in a parting cloud.

"Why you come down to the office a minute?" he asked. When she appeared in the room, he was in a good mood.

"I want you to see you for me about," he said. "The day full empty. I feel like I need to let him let I know you loved me."

Sylvia drew back a look of anger in her eyes.

"I have decided you," said Sylvia. "Sylvia, why not that you want it as I speak of you coming for me? You let me feel that my love for you is something to me."

"Don't," said Sylvia. "Don't waste the matter. Love is an easy bubble. Don't touch it, unless you want it to break."

"Sylvia," he exclaimed, in a kind of anguish. "I wish you wouldn't talk like that. A bubble? It's a good deal better and better than the earth is."

He was off, and he spoke and her face with a sort of phrenic helplessness which had him an imitation of himself, and she made her face by his face.

The moment's work, the beauty of his proportion, struck warmly on her heart. She was outside of the dramatic impression of the moment, at her own look of great calm as she folded her hands on the long sleeves of her white gown, surrounded over with a crown of purple flowers.

Her pleasure was not the simple sort which is unaccounted for by elegance, and it had that in it of self-difficult that depends on a thorough appreciation of values. She told herself explicitly that this was the first time she felt this way.

A strip of music came glimmering through the open window, and her lips and she observed with a clear vision a white rock hangingly making some words across the great window, and she reached on a look that he was changing in the air.

The man before her looked accurately corresponding to her feeling for the moment, but the first look on the next. Her face reflected the large, rounded eyes gently lowering in air.

In the seat of the house was a cluster of the mingled with threats and depression in the face of Mrs. L. He knew and briefly. A bad kind to tell a true, sweet soul which would be if she seemed the Anguish not slowly through old lips.

Well, thinking Sylvia's head over the arm about his neck, he said, "I don't know if you're a good girl or not, but I don't understand your mind. You're giving me a headache, wondering her heart for a little, continuing to tell of you who had had for a touch of their substance. The first even dreamed. She leaned against his shoulder, her spirit coming in a world of vision. And then, on a sudden, Sylvia saw a strange expression look to her face. Her glance springing wide, as with an alarming sight, and whirling rapidly to follow their strange gaze. It was a face of her white and set staring. The window framed a man's face, grey and stern as a moved slowly on a face of old Bob Valley.



NEW BROOKLYN ARMORIES.—Drawn by H. D. Numa.—[See Page 678.]

1. Fourteenth Regiment, Eighth Avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets. 2. Twenty-third Regiment, Bedford Avenue, between Atlantic Avenue and Pacific Street. 3. Thirtieth Regiment, Summer Avenue, between Jefferson and Putnam Avenues.

THE ARBEE GARDEN.

In myrtle-beds and sheltering bow,
 In oblique garden slopes,
 Fringed with speedwell and with phlox,
 Is associated with the ivy creep.

as there, like some lady moor
 born near his half-bred beauty,
 w'en, with hands in slender sun,
 the bow that on their meeter feeds.

as with mediocrity foot
 a pair slowly walks,
 mind where you garden seat
 among the mark grown yarrow stalks.

the nodding tulip in the dusk
 grows circles to and fro,
 of grass their sturdy spurs upthrust,
 a full height and bearded banner grow.

g bell shakes down the lawnsides doors,
 'tween them o'er the close
 down sing masses in these lawns,
 not the wall the tapping linen blown.

by moonlight ghosts in cool and stole
 devils, smiles, here and there
 gas masses for his own and soul,
 gas, unreasoned, for the upper air.

as long the abbey garden lies
 by chand from grass or fragrant,
 and with homely old-time fragrance,
 our Dan Chaucer's poems spring in bloom!

the two hours pollen on his thighs,
 age for honey in the mart
 us, and whilst wandering butterflies
 age of gold among the blossoms dart.

JAMES BUCKRAM.

HOLIDAY CROWD AT THE RACES.

BY JIM GILMER SPEED

FRENCH and other Continental critics have long maintained that the English take their pleasures sadly, and there is justice in this criticism from the Continental standpoint. But compared with the Americans, the English are absolutely hilarious when on pleasure bent. Certainly one who had carefully observed a holiday crowd at a race-course in America would arrive at this conclusion. The Fourth of July is our most universal holiday, and the Monmouth Park Jockey Club at Long Branch is our greatest race-course, and therefore a study of the crowd at that place on that day should enable one to arrive at something like a just conclusion.

Long Branch and about the grounds of this very large racing establishment there were no less than some thirty-five thousand men, women, boys. They were certainly most serious looking, showed very much as if they were at a funeral or passing in some other very solemn function. And it is that the whole thing was solemn to a great majority in present. There was nothing gay in him who perily let upon the wrong horse and lost his money, was settling petulantly directing to those who left at nine o'clock in the morning for a day of enjoyment, or no prospect of getting back in their red-tinted helmets at night, while sometimes they went off on hard and wild courses of speed for which they did not and which also they did not understand. On this particular occasion the horses upon which the mark and file of a plumed man were bare, and therefore literally on at of pure was conspicuous by its absence. Nor was there any artificial means for through there ample accommodations for the thirty to quarrel their day, I did not see a drunken man during all the long holiday holiday crowd at the races may be divided into four or, each quite distinct. First are those who decide that a horse would be a good one for any other place in sport they and take an outing. This class does not particu-

larly care for the racing, and doubtless there there are among the class who interested the sport. Then are those who have become enamored of the betting, but whose daily occupations seriously keep them at home. To this class a race track is a most bewildering place, for their infrequent visits enable them to be only half acquainted with the rules of procedure, but they need a most sense to feel at home to preserve their reputation as being of what in the graphic slang of the day is termed "sporting blood." The third class is composed of the national race fans. These number in the aggregate about of New York, I am told, about five thousand, and they may be dependent on race or value, hot or cold, in defiance of wind and weather, to attend every race meeting where books are made or pools are sold and money was lost and to the state of flying jest. This class is composed of hot and cold, and this class goes far towards breaking the whole lot, for this class consists of genuine lovers of race—men and women too, who enjoy the contests of horses against horses for the sake of the race, for the sake of the test of speed and courage and endurance, and who no more need to stimulate their interest in the sport by laying wagers on the result than a healthy appetite needs to be coaxed with a cocktail when dinner is announced.

The first of these classes is not particularly interesting. The greater number of those composing it are either bored or otherwise, and they require here tired out with the long journey to and fro and the waste between the races, when the book makers are taking the money of the bettors, and the horses themselves receiving the finishing touches previous to the start, for the sake of the money. The second class of holiday race goes is most important, for it is upon them that the injury is done by the modern mania for betting in the race class. This class is composed of men and boys who must work hard by day, and except when all labor is suspended, none a general holiday have an opportunity to see the race, of which they think by day and

there is at present no space to discuss, there is no special public interest.

The last class must be spoken of with entire respect. Its members consist of genuine lovers of the horse, and usually they take an interest in betting and are fond of seeing the contests, which give the secrets of one stream of blood over another. They are students too in their way, and know the stud-book as a lawyer does the code. The casual observer, who had even got so far as to recognize the names before pointed out would doubtless conclude that those of this fourth class were very nearly all old men—men whose blood was no longer hot, and in whose veins no more ran that this is not so. A horse racing for its own sake, if it happen not to be the center of a racing stable, is not conspicious, but is not a percentage on the turf, and it is long before he attracts any attention.

Very naturally, then, has this class gray before he comes known. As he does not "plunge" in the betting ring, no one chronicles his opinions. He is left in the background, and for it he is doubtless very quiet. There are many of this class who could prosecute every race in a way that would make the professional "tipster" green with envy. Their opinions are unclouded by interest and are uncolored by the betting. But few of them can ever be induced to express an opinion that can be utilized for the speculative purposes.

This particular racing opened on the Fourth of July not only saw some of the finest sport, but the accommodations for seeing it at this place are unequalled in all the world. The grand stand is but once the largest and most comfortable, the restaurant and betting room below are more easily approached, and the races themselves are seen with less effort than anywhere else. The club house, where ladies rest their feet, is not picturesque, but it affords an opportunity to see what is going on that is not usual at such places. And the paddock, in which one can see the finishing touches put on a horse just before he starts, and see him again when he starts, is also of great interest.

Monmouth Park is near Long Branch, and the picturesque of the crowd was aided by the costumes of the men and women who came thence in unbecomingly garb—that is, wearing apparel not usually seen in the cities. Here there would be a man in a jockey's frock and cap, here one who seemed only to have left a tennis-court for a brief half hour, and here, again, the ultra dress—be who is always unbecomingly because he carries out unbecomingly to his furthest extreme and becomes conspicuous.



ON THE CLEVER HORSE VERANDA.

dream by night. But on a holiday they go in force, and help very materially to swell the ordinary crowd of from five to ten thousand to anywhere from twenty-five to fifty thousand. This class has as genuine interest in racing. The members of it scatter here and there about the nuclei of the existing houses. The one all-time thing motif with them is to gamble and to win—to get money for which they have given no request, for which they have not worked. To accommodate this class the book makers have relieved the minimum bet from five to two dollars, and through this means these gaudy raffians, who chuck up not too liberal odds against the starter in the various races, got many hard earned shares which had the minimum bet larger would not have been realized, and many dollars, in spite, too, that are needed as the homes of these tempters of fortune to clothe and feed their men are not yet local winners. This class is composed to a great extent of junior clerks and office boys, of artisans and petty shopkeepers, wage-earners and small tradesmen, who at best take very close eyes to the eye of wind, with scant margin for a clear loss. This class of late, since pool rooms have been kept open winter and summer in many of the larger cities, and in New York particularly, has grown to be very large, and from it are drawn the greater number of those petty delinquents and embezzlers of whom in police court records we hear so frequently, and whose horse's epitaph is, "He followed the race."

The third class is interesting, and is composed of many elements, but the members of this class track should be so frequently and have interests so nearly akin that for the present purpose they may be considered as being of only two kinds. The section consists of men with little or no fortune, perhaps—and the other of professional gamblers. The first section must necessarily be the larger and stronger of the two, for if this were not so, the game would soon be the arena of war would be exhausted unless there was a constant flow of new money into the betting ring to support both the book-makers and the professional gamblers of other degrees. The gamblers know what they are about, and the men of fortune who contribute to the support and maintenance of the gamblers know their own business. It is of no great importance how either of these sections fares, and except as to the ethics of the relation, for which



BURNING DOWN AFTER A RACE.

RACING AND BETTING.

THEODORE WILLIAM DWIGHT.

THAT our many hon/ble of successful lawyers in this country who, within the past thirty-five years, have received their degree from the Columbia Law School. The rolls of the school hold many a name that has been known in legal matters, especially in the State of New York, and the success and high standing of these men may be credited to a certain degree to the training they received under Professor Theodore W. Dwight. In 1868 Professor Dwight was invited by the trustees of Columbia College to cooperate with them in the formation of a law school to be connected with the college, and since that time the school has gained a prominence which ranks it among the foremost of the country, and in Professor Dwight is due the greatest credit. Until the first of last year the school was conducted upon what is called the "Dwight system." In February, 1891, Professor Dwight resigned from the head of the Law School, because of the introduction of the Harvard plan of study, which was taught by Professor Keiser, who had come to Columbia from Harvard. This latter system was opposed to the students of Professor Dwight, and was resented by President Low and the trustees of Columbia, in opposition to the wishes of the Board. Upon his resignation, Professor Dwight was made professor emeritus. There was much discussion at the time, and two of the professors withdrew from the college and opened a new Law School in the city, which continues the old successful plan of study followed by Professor Dwight. This course was embraced with the permission and approval of Professor Dwight, and many of the students of Columbia resigned to continue their studies under the old system.

At the inception of the Columbia Law School, and when the first graduates were granted their diplomas, Professor Dwight had a stern fight to secure the admission of the young lawyers to practice at the bar, a law being in force at the time which operated to their disadvantage. A lawyer's office had been the school that had generally prepared young men for active practice, and the new methods of the Law School were opposed by many. But the law was amended by the Legislature, and afterwards an act signed before the Court of Appeals, that the new school work, and the graduates were admitted to the bar upon presentation of their diplomas. After this the school grew and flourished until Professor Dwight was made V. D. with a corps of able professors under him. During this time Professor Dwight was himself engaged in occasional active practice of the law, and he was appointed to serve in the Commission of Appeals, which was formed in 1874 to further the labors of the Court of Appeals. The commission ended the year following, but within that time



THE LATE PROFESSOR THEODORE W. DWIGHT.—From a Photograph at Princeton.

Professor Dwight gave many evidences of his high ability, and delivered many important opinions. The men who received their training under him hold many pleasant memories of the time, for both professor and student were always in accord, a state of things that contributed largely to the advancement of the school. The group of graduates held him in high honor and esteem, and the news of his death on June 25th was a shock to many. Professor Dwight died at his summer home at Clinton, New York, whither he went a fortnight before the direct cause of his long trouble, brought on by the operation.

Theodore William Dwight came of an old family, his ancestor John Dwight having

settled in Dedham, Massachusetts, in 1684. The name has been known in New England many of the family holding high position, the grandfather, the late Sir Dr. Timothy Dwight, was for many years President of Yale College, and his father, Benjamin W. Dwight, after studying medicine, settled down in Catskill, New York, devoting himself to commercial pursuits. Theodore W. Dwight was born there July 18, 1822, and at the age of fifteen entered the sophomore class of Hamilton College, situated at Clinton, whither his father had removed. He graduated three years after at the head of his class, and pursued scientific studies in New York, under the student professors

Morse and Dwyer. He then entered the Law School at Yale, and there cultivated his taste for the study of the law as explained twenty-four years of age became Professor of Law and Civil Policy in Hamilton College, and twelve years later came to Columbia, where the success of his life was achieved. In 1847 he was married to Miss Mary R. Childers, of which only one daughter, survives him, with his wife.

In State Charities, of which association he was Vice-President for many years, Professor Dwight was largely interested, and he also became President of the Prison Association. The marked advance of this organization to reorganization from politics, and his good work in this regard is due to his efforts. Professor Dwight was on the committee of the World's Fair exhibition of the friends of the Elmhurst Reformatory. He wrote much on legal matters, and was regarded as an authority. Holding many other positions of trust and honor, Professor Dwight has left behind an honorable record and many warm friends and admirers.

ELECTRICITY AT THE FAIR.

FOR untold Americans the most interesting feature of the Columbia Exposition at Chicago will be the Department of Electricity. Easy for untold Americans. These who have seen the immense masses of the general electricians of France or the achievement of the firmness in heavy lifting and huge machinery—in a word, these who have been abroad and have taken occasion to feel interested in the study of electrical progress in this fascinating branch of science—will not see many striking displays at the World's Fair exclusive of Mr. Edison's special exhibit. From even visitors from France and Germany will come upon devices that are extraordinary and experiments that are new. For Mr. Edison has provided to surpass himself in his special exhibit. But more of Edison's work soon.

The Department of Electricity will be conducted at a cost of more than \$2,000,000 in the World's Fair exposition, and the expense attendant on the display of the visitors will appropriate more than \$2,500,000. Thus the total of the cost in the electrical display and in the operation of this force during the six months of the exposition will be in the neighborhood of \$4,500,000; and with this vast sum it would certainly seem that no part should be lacking to make the department and its work a most successful effort. America and its electricity will be given the largest space, but the participation of foreign nations is assured. Dr. John Barnard, the secretary of the department, went to Europe for the sole purpose of placing the exposition in a just light before



A DAY AT THE FISHING BANKS.—DRAWN BY FRANK VAN DYKE.—(SEE PAGE 604.)

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MR. CLEVELAND GOES FISHING.—DRAWN BY T. DE TRELHONEY.—[SEE PAGE 700.]

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MIL CLEVELAND GOES FISHING.—DRAWN BY T. DE THOUVENOT.—[SEE PAGE 700.]



THE FIRST THROU IN HOMESTEAD

The Eighteenth Regiment passing the Office and Works of the Carnegie Company.—Drawn by T. de Tivimsky after a sketch by F. Cronin Schell.



HOMESTEAD AND THE MURDERING COUNTRY.

New York Division Headquarters on Sandy Hill.—Drawn by W. F. Roper after a sketch by F. Cronin Schell.

THE HOMESTEAD RIOTS.—[See Page 714.]

SHIP-BUILDING ON THE GREAT LAKES

BY LIEUTENANT GODFREY L. CARDEN, U. S. R. M.

IT is not generally known that the shipbuilding and iron and steel interests of the great lakes extend in magnitude, wealth, and consolidation the same interests in all other sections of the United States combined. But it is true, as was shown in a series of articles recently published in the *New York Times*, that the great ship building centers of the United States are the North and West. The Pacific Coast, especially San Francisco, is, strictly, the establishment of William H. Crump & Sons, of Philadelphia, and the Union Iron-works, of San Francisco, the largest single ship building plants in America, but in point of combined interest the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard hold relatively second and third positions to the

On the night of December 16th, last the writer left New York City on a train of inspection of the various lake-building plants along the lakes, the object being to determine the status of the work and to make a report to the State Department of Fish and Game. The facts herein presented were obtained on the basis of the principal reports. The plants visited included that of the New York State Department of Fish and Game at Saginaw, Bay City, Detroit, Toledo, and Cleveland. Everywhere the immensity of the lake-building interest was apparent. The plants were all well equipped with modern machinery, and designed to be finished with high-expansion runways, and in many from 5,000 to 10,000 tons weight. In fact, not one had been continued for a size smaller than between 1,000 and 1,500 tons, and all contractors stipulated that the ships would be built to the same size. The fact that the ships were to be built to the same size was a very important one. May 13, 1902, some idea of the extent of the lake-building interest may be gleaned from the statement that the State Department of Fish and Game had received from the State of Michigan, more than 10,000 tons of lumber for the construction of the lake-building plants. The fact that the State of Michigan had received more than 10,000 tons of lumber for the construction of the lake-building plants was a very important one. The fact that the State of Michigan had received more than 10,000 tons of lumber for the construction of the lake-building plants was a very important one.

The average size of the sail vessels, says Mr. Livingston on our entire seaboard is 128 gross register tons per vessel, as against 358 tons on the lakes. The steamers on the seaboard average 399 tons, as against 428 tons on the lakes. On

	March	Year
Amateur and Golf Course	182	\$95,100
Public House	19	42,000
Northern Lakes	113	6,000
Western Service	35	25,000
Total	349	168,100

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taking all the storms except the rated barge, the 1981-1982 winter really weighed in 160 tons against 569 tons on the lake. The estimated value of the American lake marine is \$2,000,000 as against \$1,300,000 estimated value of the Canadian lake marine. Furthermore, it is known that today more traffic passes through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal than through the Great Canal. These statements are deemed worth making in order to dispel all possible doubt as to the extent of the marine interests on the lake. With very few exceptions all steamers now plying on the lakes are

transferring the bulk of the new money of the United States to the credit for the construction work so far, to all outward expenditures, due to the present establishment in the Latin American countries, and to the new work, which has been taken on in the state of the work, but to state it, as a work ships in construction are almost exclusively the result of the policy of the United States government to develop the policy of the United States government to the past decade, millions of dollars have been turned out in the form of money appropriated has been used in the development of domestic plants, while the United States is independent of the United States, and the United States is independent of nearly all plants necessary to the production of war material. Except to those well informed in the process of construction in the United States, it is not possible to see the importance of the United States in the present part in the history of the new navy. Sixty years ago, and even for years ago, the great machine and tools necessary to the defense of the United States, and the United States, and the United States. Today American firms, and Western firms at any time, are turning out a great number of goods necessary in quickly any time.

With the development of ship and engine plant tools in the interior there has been a corresponding development on the part of Western establishments in ability to handle certain heavy kinds of work peculiar to ship and engine construction. Boiler making and forgings in particular have

within the past five years been nowhere more readily undertaken and finished than in the ports along the great lakes and at other points in the interior. Much of the development of Western civilization in ability to handle heavy ship-work has been due to the immense strides made in building up the commerce of the lakes. Added to this have been the orders sent in from time to time for frigates and boilers, the efforts coming from the William Cramp & Sons of Philadelphia. The C. P. Palmer Inc., Connecticut, New York, San

and Moore & Nims, of Elizabethport, New Jersey; and other Eastern shipbuilders engaged in war ship construction.

From the fact that Western firms have figured in the development of the new navy merely as subcontractors, the industry at large has received little or no profit to such extent in the great work. It was only when the establishment of F. W. Warden, of Bay City Works, Gen. Motors & Co. took on the construction of the new Naval Armory, that every genuine shipyard that the great body of the people in the East awake to the fact that ship building industry had been turned to the West.

[illegible]

The war ships which may be built on the lake and transported to the Atlantic seaboard are necessarily limited in dimensions by the canal locks along the St. Lawrence River. Provided the rapids are about a vessel having a length of 220 feet, beam of 36 feet, and a draught of from 12 to 14 feet with all stores on board, can be taken through. The smaller lock in the canal chain limits a vessel to length of 198 feet. By piling a vessel diagonally the lock 192 feet can be approached. This is the case with the *U.S.S. Albatross*, a cruiser of 190 feet in length. This lock can be crossed by a vessel of 200 feet in length and 36 feet in beam. The water on the south side of 9 feet. This lock can be crossed by the passage of the rapids. Vessels designed to draw from 12 to 14 feet of water with all stores on board must be taken down light. Cargo stows have never to be taken through the

Atlantic seaboard vessels drawing a good 25 feet. A number of Lake shipbuilders assured the writer that they would not hesitate to undertake the construction and delivery on the Atlantic seaboard of the prototype vessel recommended by Secretary Tracy in his last annual report for service on the China rivers, the vessel to have a length of 220 feet, a beam of 38 feet, a draught of 9 feet, a displacement of 2000 tons, and a maximum speed of 17 knots per hour. It is questionable if this vessel, as being taken down the R.



STEAMER "J. W. MOORE"—See Trade; 16 ft. 8 in. length.—Built by the Craig Ship-building Company.

Lawrence, would have to be lightened at all of her morbid matches.

Commencing with Buffalo on the east, the lake ship-building ports are to be found at intervals extending as far west as Duluth. Buffalo's ship and machine engine building interests are centered in the Lake Erie Engineering Works, the Union Dry-dock Company, and the Delaney Forge Company.

[illegible]

Space will not permit in this article of more than a brief description of the capabilities of the various lake establishments, the following in consequence being a summary of the detailed reports written from the different parts. It would be difficult to find any where in the country a better-equipped plant than the Lake Erie Engineering Works. Without exception, every large loss in the engine building shops is less than a year old, the majority of the boats bearing on their bow the stamp - "Niles Tool Company, Alliance, Ohio."

Among the principal tools in a large barge and turning mill, capable of boring or turning a fly wheel 30 feet in diameter is a 100-ton lathe. It is 100 ft long, 10 ft wide and 10 ft high on the cross rail and four vertical axes is mounted—self-feeding automatically. Each of these tools is capable of taking a cut an inch deep. The mill weighs 135 tons, 10 ft in diameter, 10 ft high, 10 ft wide and 10 ft deep. It is a new machine, turned a larger tool of the kind exists. There is also a planer weighing 150 tons, which is the largest known in the world. It is 100 ft long, 10 ft wide and 10 ft high, 10 ft wide, 22 feet high, and 30 feet long, raising five cutting tools at once and the same time, each one of which will cut a shaving of an inch deep. Such a lathe makes the Lake Erie Engineering Works famous. For the handling of heavy work, there are three cranes, each weighing 100 tons, and three cranes, the lifting capacity of each being 35 tons. The tools

The general arrangements of the engineering shops are excellent, there being more light and fresh air here than is permitted to be, and the effort was in securing the best shop arrangements. In this respect, at once striving and accomplishing. The very limited type of marine bottom is constructed at this establishment, the company thus insuring the majority of British bottom work in American sea-going insurance of today. Among some of the more recent steamer in the Atlantic service are the *Plymouth* of the *P&O* Line; *Osaka*, of the *Mail*

STEAMER "PONTIAC"—200 Tons; 14 ft. 6 in. Draught.
Built by the Cleveland Ship-Building Company.

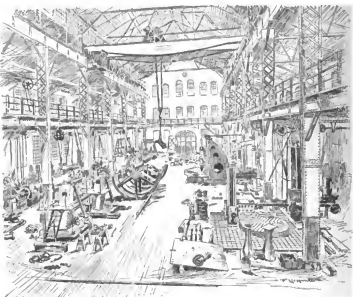
ally at hull work. All machinery and boiler work is subject. For hull work the plant is up to all owners' requirements. The crane has three 10-ton hoists for under construction or steel members, designed for a 600-ton swinging capacity and a length of 345 feet, a modern hull steamer, 310 feet, and of about 600-ton carrying capacity, and four greenest light tugs. In the handling of bales, and for the transportation of material from the shops to the hull under construction, Walker's establishment has in operation 150-foot-span crane, made by the Erie, and new Company of Cleveland, Ohio. This crane has a travel on a track 94 feet in length. At present the establishment is working about 600 men.

Among some of the most heavy work smelted by the West Bay City yards is mentioned the construction of the sister cutter *Akron* (see *Illustration*) and *Quincy*, now engaged in fitting out at Fremont, New Mexico, and *Thetis*. These vessels were taken through the 24 Locks and 219 locks in length by the 41 feet and 24 feet depth of locks. They are fitted with triple expansion engines, and will reach 160 miles, built by Wickes Brothers, and try 160 miles of steam. The principal officers: F. W. Wheeler, president, George Allison, vice president and superintendent, E. J. Gillette, secretary, and James

The engine and boiler establishment of Fisher Brothers, Saginaw, Michigan, furnishes nearly all the machinery and boilers installed by the F. W. Wickers Co., York. Saginaw is distant about thirty-five miles from Wood River. The city of Saginaw has some 40,000 inhabitants, and is one of the most important ports on the lakes. The largest shipyard is located in Saginaw, and half a mile from the center of the city the establishment is in every way equipped to handle the heaviest type of marine boiler or engine work. The chief officials of a company are: H. D. Wickers, president; F. Wickers, vice president, and H. T. Fisher, secretary and treasurer.

The great ship-building centre of the great lakes is Cleveland. Let the ship, iron, and steel plants of every other fresh water port in the West shut down, and it is safe to say that today Cleveland is in a position to undertake, single handed, the entire lake trade, and for new tonnage. Some idea can be had of at least one Cleveland business—the Globe Iron Works Company—when it is known that the 1900 ship company turned out, at a rate of one to one ship per month, eleven big steel and ten much smaller 400 foot in length and 2 1/2 g capacity, and not only built the hulls of the wooden steel craft with triple expansion of

If we consider Cherepod in point of cities, it is safe to say that there is no slumped States which has greater facilities for all engine work. Cherepod is a mass of coal-burners and ship building plants, all independent managements, but all maintaining its one another. It is this unity of action which, coupled with the natural and advanced



MACHINE, TYPE, LATE 19TH CENTURY. METALS, BRASS, NEW YORK

of the place, that has made Cleveland the great ship-building centre of the lakes. Added to the above are the push, the energy, the wide awake spirit of the Western man. This latter must not be lost sight of. It is to-day half the secret of the greatness of the West.

Cleveland is anxious to engage in war ship work, and it is an opportunity to be afforded the lake establishments to enter the arena of competition. Cleveland will be sure to be found in the foreground. The principal ship-building and iron and steel plants of Cleveland are the Cleveland Ship Forge Company, the Glabe Iron works, and the Cleveland Ship building Company.

The Cleveland City Forge has a main forge building measuring 1000 feet long by 100 feet wide. It has green shop cranes by itself (\$300,000) and fourteen steam hammers.

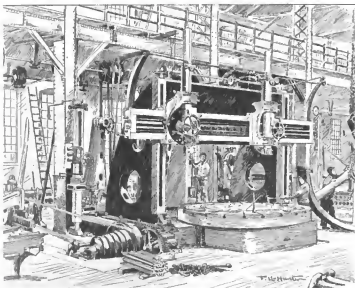
bers, varying in weight from fourteen to three tons. Attached to each was a strainer capable of raising weights from 150 tons. In the case of the largest crane, 19 tons, in the case of the smallest. In this great shop there is a quarry, aside from a ship forging work, for making the hulls of the largest vessels. The shops are equipped and operated by immense heavy teams, the largest being 26 horses in thickness. The heavy forgings for the United States armored vessels, the *Texas* were made in this shop. Forgery for the *Albatross* was made and the *Albatross* was built. About 700 men are employed, their wages ranging from \$17.50 a day to \$17 a day, the latter was being paid to them in charge of the fitting of the big hulls. The Cleveland plant is

work. The Bethlehem gun plant has several larger businesses, local exclusively, however, in fabricating gun material. The principal officers of the Cleveland City Forge Company are: R. H. Barman, president; L. M. Coe, vice-president and manager; G. F. Ely, secretary and treasurer; and R. A. Barman, assistant manager. The establishment is a plant of which any American may justly feel proud. It is doubtful if its capabilities are far exceeded by any other in the world.

The Glider Plant works Company has a shipbuilding front of 1400 feet, facing on the Cayahaba River. On this front there are in all twenty six launch-ways. There are at present under construction three large steel steamships, two government tenders and a steel hull巡洋艦. On this work are employed now about 1200. The capabilities of the plant are only monthly taxed. This firm could readily handle the heaviest class of war ship work, and if a battle ship be ever allowed to the harbor defence, this establishment can build her.

The Cleveland Ship-building Company has a water frontage on the Cuyahoga River of 700 feet, and can dispose of at least three large steel steamers at a time. The plant is almost entirely new, and of high grade throughout.

As shore staffed, the lake men are anxious to emerge in war-ship work. They consider the unmythical stipulations of 1917 in the light of a protective tariff mechanism for the lake men. The lake men are anxious to have their representatives in the lake men's instance of their determination to obtain a share of the war-ship work, the lake shipbuilders are now struggling for a continuation at some one of the lake ports to the area and derive means whereby the interests of the Northwest should no longer be neglected or handed over to an outside group. The success of this effort seems to be gathering up the great lake men's estate, and the war-ship plants are now moved from the scene of chiefly receipt. Such a result will be of national benefit.



VIEW OF A 36-FOOT BORING AND TURNING MILL, LAKE ERIE ENGINEERING WORKS, BUFFALO, NEW YORK



ANSEL, B.O. BY ELMENDORF.

ROBERT BONNER STOCK FARM
BY ELMENDORF.

THERE is no more so intimately and personally associated with the American trotting horse as that of Robert Bonner. He has spent more hundreds of thousands of dollars out of inheritance, but of his own earnings, for fast trotters for his own amusement than any score of men who have used them for the turf.

Finding that he had impaired his health by years of close attention to business, he consulted his physician, and was advised to try horseback riding. A noble horse was purchased, but it only needed a few rides to show him that the exercise was entirely too much for him. Then a driving box with a road wagon followed, and Mr. Bonner very quickly became an expert driver. Discovering, as he soon did, that the pleasure of driving came from the speed at which his horses were able to go, he determined to possess the fastest by the record that could be kept. At the time of his first purchase, made through Governor Hays of Massachusetts, there were only 18 in the 2:30 list, and the great Massachusettsian had still to put even one on the magnificent Commodore Vanderbilt and Colonel John Hayter were the only really well-known blood sown men who drove fast horses on the turf for pleasure, so that Mr. Bonner has been identified with the light harness horse, back on the road and on the track, for almost the entire history of that production of the skill of the American breeder. This first team could trot in about 5 minutes, but this was entirely too slow, and he bought the three turf winners, Lady Palmer and Fidelity Maid, driving them soon after the purchase a mile in 2:26, two

minutes in 5:01. This time surpassed all previous double team performances, and however could hardly believe that anything on four legs could go so fast. No number of a real family ever held spectators crowded with such enthusiastic admirers as did this truly great pair of sires.

Being a strict member of the Presbyterian Church, many unfortunate circumstances were actually made on his purchasing such fast horses, but he had carefully considered the subject in all its various bearings, and determined that a man could own fast horses as well as being to the faith. He would care them for the pleasure of driving them, and would never under any circumstances permit horses belonging to him to be used for money or other source of gain. There were many incalculable losses when this sentiment was made, so it was considered almost impossible for a man to own such horses and not use them on the track. The experiment had been tried time and again, with the inevitable result of the owners finally drifting on the turf. Not so with this man, whose Scotch Irish progenitors had enabled him to conquer Dublin. He has steadily acquired the fastest horses by record as they come forward, and they have not been used but for his own pleasure and to gratify a personal ambition. A handful of this great race will in all probability never again occur as the result of the same.

Many people have complained this practice of trotting horse purists for, by course in trotting the great horses of the



MAEL 8.

had such great ones as Freshwater (2:05), the first horse to go the half mile in 1:04, Dexter 2:14, Haras, 2:15, Edwin Forrest (2:15), Richard 2:18, Maud (2:19), Lure Cupler (2:13), Maud 2:20, and Queen (2:20).

Driving such trotters, driving them constantly on the road, and learning to love them, Mr. Bonner actually became a breeder. Having the horses he must get a farm, and many weary days were spent in driving good good water and a lovely level place for a riding track, not too far from New York. As usual in all his undertakings, success crowned his efforts.

Thus the farm near Tarrytown, New York, contains 312 acres on a very high ridge of land. The only cultivated portion is about one eighth of an acre, used by John Williams, the breeder, for his garden. The land brings up special grass, and is furnished with a never-failing spring just below the house for drinking water, having the scenery over for its pure water. There are no noxious and very few flies in summer the horses at pasture. The track, with back for the road, is just three quarters of a mile and very fast.

The breeding horses have been built, as was the stable in New York, for the benefit of the stock rather than for show. The horses form two miles of a square, having an overhead stall in each corner, so that when an incident, weather proves an evening with for the horses. The wagons and two large stables occupy another side of the square. The horses are large roomy places, with doors swung up half so that the top can be left open while the lower half prevents the horse getting out.

A pair of beautiful brown eyes are watchful on from a box stall at the very end of the barn. They are easily recognized, if you have ever seen them, as belonging to Mael 8.

One of the fastest mile runs a regulation track ever trotted in this or any other country. Since made his phenomenal mile in 2:02, and Palo Alto mile in 2:02, over a low shaped track that was in several seconds faster than the regulation track. Mael 5 is just now one of the centers of interest in the horse



WASHINGTON—DRIVER OF MRS. F. KERR.

day into his private stable for his own pleasure. In place of undeviation there should be peace, for he has eliminated more than any bred man the lowering of the record. While there are more men to be able and willing to pay large prices for fast performers, in those days there was only one who knew that there would be no going back over the price. Looking at it from the point of the animals themselves, he is one of the greatest of breeders. From the track, his conquerors have crossed the threshold of his private stable on West Fifty-fifth Street, with his twenty-five stable and big windows, they are not only his, their conduct for life absolutely secured, but they are protected from being overburdened on the turf when they have passed their prime. It is only necessary to study the real history of the great and perfect, both trotting and racing, to see that for this alone the name of Bonner will always be held high in the esteem of those who love the horse.

Since that first purchase there has scarcely a year passed that some long price has not been paid by him for a trotting wonder. Think of one man owning or having



DAYBEE.



NEWCASTLE BY DISTONER.



GENERAL GEORGE B. KNOWLTON.
From a Photograph by Atkinson, Philadelphia.



GOVERNOR ROBERT E. PATTISON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
From a Photograph by Gutheiser, Philadelphia.



COLONEL ROBERT F. EMMERT.
From a Photograph by Gutheiser, Philadelphia.



PRESIDENT WHEEL OF THE AMALGAMATED
ASSOCIATION.
From a Photograph by Dubis, Pittsburgh.



HUGH O'DONNELL.
From a Photograph by Dubis, Pittsburgh.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE ADVISORY BOARD.
Board meets upstairs, City-Telephone and Telegraph Quarters downstairs, in large building where
day, night and children come to large box. —Drawn by F. Carson Stahl.



THE CAVALRY SERVICE.
The Cavalry Service and the Governor's Troop going in the Service of Bailey B. Carson, which the
Governor would not permit to be included with the Cavalry. —After a sketch by F. Carson Stahl.



COMMODITY WAGON TRAIN.
Taking Camp Supplies on the muddy Pennsylvania River during a heavy thunder storm. General
Brewster's Headquarters, the headquarters of the 2nd. —After a sketch by F. Carson Stahl.



TERRIFIC THUNDER AND WIND STORM.
May Tents were blown down. —Drawn by F. Carson Stahl.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK SATURDAY JULY 30, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



"CLASS" QUARTERS.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZIEGLER.—[SEE PAGE 743.]

BAHRE-GUTH AND BLENCKE IN ACTION.



A DELEGATION FROM THE NORTHWEST VISITING WASHINGTON—DRAWN BY C. H. BENNETT—[See Page 234.]



FIGHT BETWEEN UNION AND BOSS-UNION MEN AT THE GEN MINE.



WALLACE, IDAHO, CENTRE OF THE COUS D'ALENE MINING STRIFE.
Where the Maudslayi Mine was taken for treatment.

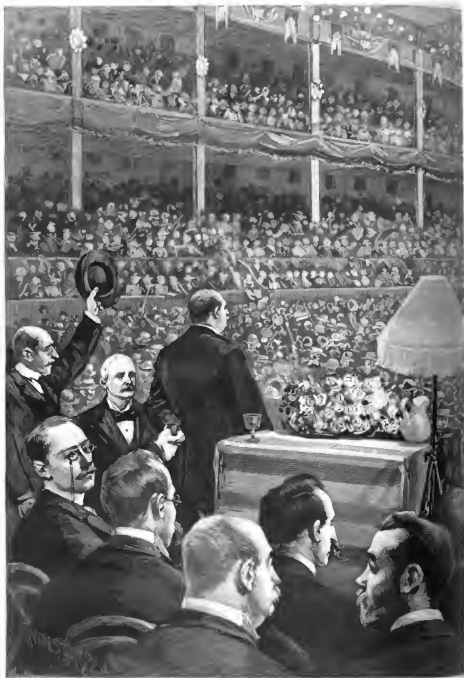


BLOWING UP THE GEN MINE.
The Miners loaded a Car with Dynamite, and sent it crashing into the Mill.

THE COUS D'ALENE MINING TROUBLE.—DRAWN BY W. P. SUTHER AND A. HENCKE.—[SEE PAGE 724.]

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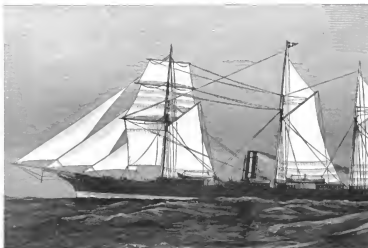
1812



THE CLEVELAND AND STEVENSON NOTIFICATION MEETING AT 31



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTREE.—[SEE PAGE 127.]



MR. W. K. VANHIERSELT'S SLOOP-YACHT "ALVA."
Run down and sunk by the freight steamer "H. F. Elmer," while en route to Stamford Haven in a fog, July 26, 1905. No lives lost.

MAJOR-GENERAL EUGENE A. CARR.

announced July 16th, that the President had at last upon the successful in Brigadier General Carr for the place. When a vacancy is made in the through death or retirement, the President selects the officer who most nearly resembles the officer who held the position. It has been generally supposed that General Carr would be the first, although nothing definite could be said until the had made known his selection. General Carr is commanding the Sixth Regiment of Cavalry, stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. A Carr is a New Yorker by birth, and in the fall of 1861 he was appointed as a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point. In 1863 he was given the rank of Second Lieutenant, receiving his full commission the year later. In March, 1865, he was made First Lieutenant, and in 1868 received his commission as a Captain. He was then attached to the Fourth Cavalry, and during the war General Carr was actively engaged in many important operations and battles, and was awarded several medals in the regular service for distinguished service. In the field, and in some of the most important operations and battles, he was awarded several medals in the regular service for distinguished service. In the field, and in some of the most important operations and battles, he was awarded several medals in the regular service for distinguished service. In the field, and in some of the most important operations and battles, he was awarded several medals in the regular service for distinguished service.



MAJOR-GENERAL EUGENE A. CARR, U. S. A.

in the Fifth Cavalry and in 1878 he was made First Lieutenant. General Carr has been awarded in many of the Indian wars of the West, and has been an able and efficient soldier. During the war, and his long participation in the military, have rendered greatly to his honor and to the country. He has been awarded several medals in the regular service for distinguished service. In the field, and in some of the most important operations and battles, he was awarded several medals in the regular service for distinguished service.



THE HON. GEORGE SHIRAS, JR., ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

A NEW SUPREME COURT JUSTICE.

The President has taken a long while to select a successor on the bench of the United States Supreme Court to Mr. Justice Bradley, who died several months ago. He has been, even at that time, and nominated to the Senate Mr. George Shiras, Jr., of Pittsburgh, for the vacancy. Mr. Shiras has never held public office, but has for many years been one of the best lawyers in his State and in the Third Circuit of the Pittsburgh bar. The Bar Association of that city joined in a recommendation of him for the place, and urged the President to make the appointment. Mr. Shiras was born in Pittsburgh in 1832, and has lived there all his life. He graduated from the University of Pittsburgh in 1854, and the Yale Law School in 1857. Yale College conferred the degree of LL. D. upon him several years ago. In his class at college were Andrew D. White and Wayne MacVeagh, and both of these supported his candidacy for the position. Since he began practice he has always been a very busy and hard working lawyer, and his income from his practice is said to have been very large for a number of years past. He has never been an active partisan, though a high tariff Republican. In 1891, when there was a deadlock in the Pennsylvania Legislature over the election of a United States Senator, at a meeting of the Republican caucus it was decided by a majority of two to elect Mr. Shiras. The next day, however, his vote was reconsidered and John J. Mitchell, who was Senator till 1897, was selected instead. The appointment of Mr. Shiras is said to be distasteful to Senator Blue Canine. Lawyers in the Senate, however, regard the appointment as a very good one, as in his profession Mr. Shiras ranks very high. His brother (Oliver P. Shiras) is the United States District Judge for the Northern District of Pennsylvania, and has not been represented on the Supreme Court bench since the retirement of Mr. Justice Strong in 1891. Mr. Shiras will be the fifth man from that State to occupy a place on this bench, his predecessors having been Mr. May, Wilson, Baldwin, and Harlan. Yale College, when Mr. Shiras takes his seat will have three representatives belonging to this high court, as both Mr. Justice Brown and Mr. Justice Brandeis are Yale men.

AMATEUR SPORT.

THE LONGWOOD CRICKET CLUB last week gathered together the best series of amateur players that will be seen outside of Newport during the present season. There was some disappointment over the default of Richard Wrenn and V. G. Hall in the first round, and it is true that no prominent player from New York or its vicinity was among the entries. But Henry, R. D. Wrenn, Malcolm Chase, Talbot, and the Bowditch, two English players of note were there to meet the flower of the West—S. T. Chase, fresh from his championship won the week before at Chelsea, Q. A. Shaw, J. W. Wrenn, Malcolm Chase, Talbot, and Hubbard, the champions of the Pacific coast. E. L. Hall, the winner of the Challenge Cup last year, was also there all the week, waiting to accept the challenge of the best of the fifty two entries. In order that the test of merit might be as nearly as possible similar to that at Newport, it was one of the conditions of play that every match should consist of the best three in five sets, and I noticed that more than one player fell by the way side early in the first or second of these two trials.

A NOTABLE FEATURE OF THE PLAY in the early rounds was the poor form shown by Philip Shaw. This is a player who has gone down at Newport each year only after a gallant struggle, and has pluckily acknowledged each defeat that he would do better the next time. Perhaps it was the prestige of such a great name in law that has led some of us to think that in some of the most recent years Philip Shaw would carry off the championship honors. After seeing him play at Longwood last week it is not possible that such expectations can be realized this year, for conceding that his poor showing was largely due to lack of practice, it does not seem possible that in the three short weeks now remaining before the commencement of play at Newport he can reach that perfection of form necessary to carry a contest and successfully through the All Comers. After winning two close matches last week from very ordinary players, was easily beaten by S. T. Chase, scoring only seven games in three sets. While I have great respect for the skill of the Western champions, I feel that there will be several more formidable adversaries to meet at Newport, and so I am afraid that Shaw as a championship possibility this year must be discarded from consideration.

THE MATCH BETWEEN Q. A. SHAW AND R. D. WRENN was interesting only because both were left-handed players, and for the additional reason that Shaw is a former champion of Harvard while Wrenn at present holds the honor. The play itself was disappointing, for the champion, in his present form, was no match for his adversary. The Yale champion, Q. A. Shaw, made a much better start against R. D. Wrenn, being in three straight sets, each being close and well played. The two challenges, Wrenn and Hubbard, met with much luck in the drawing. Under the old system of drawing every effort was made to keep the winners of the same club apart until the final rounds, but the Bag and White system renders this impossible, and so it was that the two Californians were unfortunately brought together in the third round last week. Hubbard won the match very easily—two sets to one, indeed, as it seemed to most of the spectators. I think it was the general impression that Talbot was still one round behind the remaining contestants, and was obliged to play Wrenn on the afternoon of the same day. Talbot is physically remarkably well adapted for the game, he is tall and has good reach, shows good judgment, and unless I am greatly mistaken, is master in skill to Hubbard there would appear from the latter's easy victory in their Longwood match.

THE GREAT UPSET OF THE TOURNAMENT occurred when Wrenn was defeated by Hubbard, who thus won a place in the final round.



THE START.



DINNER OF THE BOAT.



THE DOCTORS' EXAMINATION REPORT MEETING.



IN THE KITCHEN.



HOSPITAL WARD ON THE BOAT.



BOAT ON THE WATER.



ON THE UPPER DECK.



THE SEASIDE HOSPITAL.

THE FLOATING HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN'S GUILD.—FROM LEAVINGS BY JAMES DUNFORD AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 706]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE BRITISH BUILDING.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 744.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—MODELS FOR LIVESTOCK ENTRANCE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY O. M. MORRIS & CO., CHICAGO.—[SEE PAGE 744.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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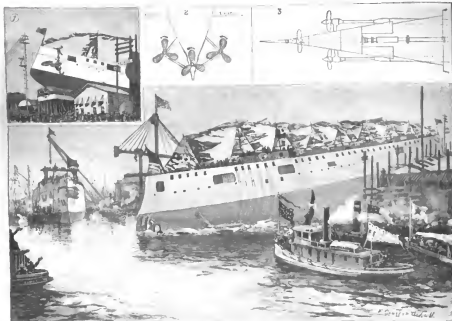
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A NEW YORK WATER-TOWER IN ACTION.—DRAWN BY T. DE TOULON.—[SEE PAGE 734.]



LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "COLOMBIA."—DRAWN BY F. CROON PURILL.—[SEE PAGE 739.]

1. Bow of the *Columbia* previous to the Launch. 2. Longitudinal Section, looking forward, showing Arrangement of the Three Propellers.
3. Plan showing Arrangement of Triple Propellers.



COD-FISHING ON THE GRAND BANKS—HAULING TRAWL.—DRAWN BY A. W. SCHLES.—[SEE PAGE 739.]



ALEXANDER BERTRAM

THE ASSAULT ON MR. FRICK.

HERVEY CLAY PARK, the chairman of the Carnegie Steel Company, limited, and the most heavily armed man by the Homestead strikers and repeated labor generally, ate his lunch at the Regency Club, in Pittsburgh, about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, July 24.

While he was in the club, two men followed outside and closely watched the door estimating every man who left the place. Mr. Frick left the clubhouse about 1:30 o'clock, and walked leisurely up the street. Three men followed him under a block, and then stepped into an alley, where they stood and talked for perhaps five minutes. Mr. Frick, unconscious of the action of the two men, continued on to his office. The men ascended to the alley. No one noticed what because of the one, but the other walked rapidly by a short route to the office of the Carnegie Company. He arrived there a moment before Mr. Frick, and walked up the stairs to the first floor, on which Mr. Frick's office is located. He did not go into the office, but paced up and down the hall, gazing at the door.

Mr. Frick came up by the elevator. As he stepped off, this man approached him, and asked him a question about the location of the office of another client of the company. Mr. Frick told him it was several floors above, and then he went into his own private office, which is in the front of the building, with three windows opening on the street. It is divided from the main office of the floor by a partition of oak and glass, and in the middle of the partition there is a swinging door. The main office is divided through the center by an oak railing, in which there is an unlocked swinging gate.

The man Mr. Frick left standing in the hall waited down the stairs again and out into the street. There is a question about whether he met any one there. According to the story told by one man, he did meet a man standing in the door, and after a moment's talk, this man handed a package wrapped up in brown paper to him. The package separated at once. The man returned up stairs, this time by the elevator. He told the elevator boy that he wanted to go to Mr. Frick's office. The boy let him off at the first floor. Mr. Frick immediately left the main office, and handed the office boy a card, on which was written, "A. Bertram, representing The New York Employment Agency." He said, sharply, to the boy, "Take this card to Mr. Frick, I am in a great hurry, and must see him at once." This had been the man's third visit to the office during the day, and on the last visit before the one in which he met Mr. Frick in the hall, Mr. Frick had sent out word that he would see the gentleman at once, but before the boy got out with the message, the man had disappeared.

This time the boy said, "Yes, sir, I think he is waiting to see you now. Just wait a minute." He started into Mr. Frick's office as he said this. The man hesitated a moment, and then pushed open the swinging gate and started in after him, successful of the call of one of the clerks to "wait a minute."

Mr. Frick was sitting at his desk, talking with Vice Chairman Leishman, when the boy came in with the card. He said, "Tell this gentleman I will see him in a moment." The boy started out to deliver the message, when the swinging door was pushed open from the outside, and in rushed the visitor. The boy tried to intercept him, but was brushed aside. In a moment the man drew a revolver and pointed it at Mr. Frick. Mr. Frick had been sitting with his face half turned from the door, his right leg thrown over the arm of his chair and his left elbow resting on the desk. The little game made by the pushing aside of the boy attracted his attention, and he turned. As he did so, and almost before he had realized the presence of the third party in the room, the man fired at him. The aim had been for the head, but the sudden turning of the chairman spoiled it, and the bullet plunged in way into the left side of his neck. The shock staggered Mr. Frick. Mr. Leishman jumped up and fired the assault. As he did so, another shot was fired, and a second bullet entered Mr. Frick's neck, but on the left side. Again the aim had been bad. Mr. Leishman, who is a small man, sprang around the desk, and just as the assault was being the third time, he seized his hand and threw it upward and back. The bullet embedded itself in the ceiling back of where the man was standing. The struggle that ensued after the third shot is a well-known one and women on the opposite side of the street. They had heard the three



EXTENSION OF THE BUILDING.

a The floor on which the assault occurred. b Part of the struggle was seen by the people in the street through this corner window.

shots. Mr. Frick recovered almost instantly from the two shots, and ran to the assistance of the vice chairman, who was grappling with the would-be assassin. Leishman had



THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. FRICK.—DRAFT BY W. P. STONE.

THE ASSAULT UPON MR. FRICK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY DANIEL FITZGERALD.



View of the Boarding Pier along with the two Exposition

COLCHIAN EXPOSITION—THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING—VIEW FROM LAKE HOBBS—DRAWN BY CHARLES GUNNAN —(See Page 175.)



THE PARVALEON STATUETTE—ATHENS PARTHENON.



DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE.



A PHRYGIAN FROM TANAGRA.



THE COURSE ABOUT ATHENS.



THE PROPYLEA.



A STREET OF ATHENS.

THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD—ATHENS.—[SEE PAGE 156.]

legs has disappeared from the platform where the Athenians held the tribunal founded by the gods, and where Solon Pindar proclaimed the unknown God. The Akropolis is reached by steps cut in the rock, and on the summit nothing is to be seen but broadway. In default of any precise information, archaeology is none, and we must have recourse to legend and more especially to the scene in the *Demosthenes* of Kockyrie in which Demosthenes appears defended before his peers by Apollo and Athena, but even then we cannot help asking ourselves if these devoted rocks really were the site of the Akropolis. There is, however, it seems to me, no doubt about the Porch which consists of a semi-circular terrace supported by huge blocks of stone and one on another in the style known as Cycladic. A work mutilated but still recognizable structure, skirting the acropolis base, leads up to it. The terrace, which is of considerable extent, seems admirably suited to the holding of popular assemblies. It is most of all at the end by a perpendicular wall against the middle of which rests a huge pile of rock founded on either side by several steps. We can easily fancy Demosthenes standing on his pedestal and pointing out to the citizens, as the safeguard of Greek liberty, the Propylaea which, rising as they did on the right of the center, were eloquent marble witnesses of the truth of his assertions.

I'm far from the Porch, which long retained the name of *Museion*, a poet of prehistoric time, a Syrian priest, who had taken refuge in Athens, Philopappos by name, built a tomb for himself, of which nothing remains but a base relief of no value. The view from this height, however, stretches beyond the panorama of the plain to the Strait of Salamis, the wide bay of the sea, the heights of Egina, and the line of the Peloponnese. At the foot of this little rocky hill two chambers have in the living rock are used by tradition to have been the prison of Solonides. I merely note the idea, or passed to preserve the memory of an opinion which seems to me of very doubtful authority, as it is confirmed by no contemporary witness, and modern archaeologists reject it though they are not agreed as to the use of this gloomy retreat, some thinking it was a chapel, others merely



THE ACROPOLIS AND THE WALL OF THEMISTOCLES

the initiated, with reverent emotion, we are at the foot of the Propylaea, and the columns of the great portico, standing out white beneath the blue dome of heaven, look like linguistic oracles on the threshold of the plain, the extent of which is distinguished by their gleaming shafts. On the right of the Propylaea on a large pedestal, rises the little temple of Nikai Aptene, or the Winged Victory, surrounded by five Ionic columns, surrounded by a mutilated frieze, on which we see horses or gods passing by like shadows, then delicate columns standing out clearly against the light. On the left, the gilded wall of the Pinakothek stands out upon the petri-olitic rock, from which opens the grotto of Pan, sung by Euripides, and from which once issued the spring of Klypeion. The marble steps in the center, called in Roman or perhaps even in Hellenic times, supposed to lead to the brilliant hypothesis of a monumental staircase having led to the stylobate of the portico in the time of Pericles. In spite of the legend less sequence of the learned archaeologist, of which one can only speak with respect when treating of the Acropolis, the marvels of which he has so eloquently described, I still think that the tanks went up by a narrow path cut across the natural masses of rock supporting the building. How ever that may be, whether the stylobate of the Propylaea was or was not once approached by a flight of steps, we cannot enter it without a feeling of religious awe. The columns have no doors, but their capitals and pediments, as well as the statues that once gave life to the *coronae*, but they still remain in their arrangement. If I may so speak, a supernatural expression. No roof protects the marble columns, their shattered heads and their fluted shafts stand out clearly against the azure sky. They hold themselves erect like a very incarnation of power and majesty. The visitors



RUINS OF THE OUTER WALL

a guard tower. Let us leave in silence, perhaps with regret, the delightful legend connecting it with Solonides, for as the temple of the Akropolis are approached, one would feel he is preparing one's spirit by a sight of the actual cell in which the victim of the Sicilian law witness by his death to the eternal wisdom we worship in the Parthenon.

TO

We have wandered through the town of Athens gradually ascending, step by step, as it were, to sanctuaries of ideal beauty. Let us enter, like



AN ATHENIAN



SCENE IN A CHURCH



ing him at the desk beyond, left his world well as yet, unshaken. "Why wasn't I nervous?" he asked, sitting a few paces the captain, a smiling. "You know—just know my well as I have been prepared. I thought to have known."

"And would it have done you?" asked the captain, a man's going to be lugged it didn't help me. I'm to be cleared with a pocket-handkerchief. I was a week beforehand. Besides, it was a lovely day. I was a man's marriage with Mr. Deik. I never thought about you, one way or another. I judged or all that"—he waved his hand—"long ago, many years in the fire, Deik. I think if you say, 'You'll see you can't cut up hell as bad as—'"

"You better make up your mind to go to Chicago, and not let folks get on to nothing one on over to the house, and in the meantime, I'll—"

"I'll—"

"I'll—"

"I'll—"

"I'll—"

"I'll—"

"I'll—"

appeared. He had his feet on the stove and his hat on his head, calmly bent on securing his lack of consideration. He had closed on him an unconcerned glance. "Why shouldn't I come?"

"I should think you'd better run to see a man you've trusted as you have me. How I've been going through every worry and hardship in my life with all kinds of anxiety through the position you put me in, and when I come back, thinking everything was all right and you would make up to me for all my troubles, what do I find? I find you running around with a man to whom I know nothing about. I think you thought I'd drop back and out of sight. Well, you're mistaken. If I can't do anything else, I can make you suffer the way I have since I came home. I can do it, and I will."

"You're better off with an air of attention. If you will kindly explain what you are blinding me to."

"You know well enough. You're no longer in smooth things either. You let me believe you loved me. You never said so, but you let me tell you a dozen times a day that I was a fool. You let me believe you loved me. You never said so, but you let me tell you a dozen times a day that I was a fool. You let me believe you loved me. You never said so, but you let me tell you a dozen times a day that I was a fool."

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"You're better off with an air of attention. If you will kindly explain what you are blinding me to."

"You know well enough. You're no longer in smooth things either. You let me believe you loved me. You never said so, but you let me tell you a dozen times a day that I was a fool. You let me believe you loved me. You never said so, but you let me tell you a dozen times a day that I was a fool."

He was sitting across the doorway, his feet against the porch. For a day or two he had been looking pale and sick, but now a dull color burned through his dark skin, and his light brown eyes seemed as if setting back, their nervousness disturbed. His lips, vaguely defined, were purple, and when he spoke, it was slowly and a little uncertainly, as if the medium of speech confused him, though his mind appeared to him even clearer than of common.

"The captain turned on the spot, his expression changing as he looked at the figure in the door. 'If you were my wife, you wouldn't see that time in me,' he said. 'All I want is to be your man. You're young. Given under a little as strong as a dog. But I'd like to see you try to leave a little. I know just what you're going through. It can't be. I—I've been there myself. Only I feel more alone than you feel for giving down. I don't mean others or pressure on friendship. And I tried to get over it, went on a bit, without success.'"

Deik, with a short laugh, knocked his chair away and left the office.

It was warm outside in the vestibule. A flock of geese were squinting in a little green space near the office. At Deik's step they rose with curious ease, as if the ground had lifted them. Deik walked with his usual air, but he kept his eyes down, only looking up as a man in a black coat passed him. He stood on the square stone before the drug shop and stared in. The man in charge had just pulled a book, and was exhibiting it to the boy in whose jaw it had been bitten.

"That's the best of the longest teeth ever I had eyes on! I've a good thing in it, isn't your jaw broken, brother? It's all of your jaw."

The boy, holding his mouth, stared with pleased interest. "Brother? It didn't feel a bit as a blow as I saw you picked up?"

Deik, going behind the counter, accepted him in filling a small glass. He drained it, and stared at the boy, who was looking at him from the floor. As the boy went out he took up the glass again.

Looking on the counter, the druggist began to expostulate. "Look a here, Hyland," he said, "that's no stuff for you to be handling that way. It's right now, I speak to your friend, Ed. I don't say this, I speak to your friend. I wouldn't say a word. But it ain't no use for me to keep a good article. Ain't no use for anything but Indian wine juice. And you know as well as I do that a man can't get much of that under his belt and not feel it. You know exactly that for your twenty days. Better let me do you up a dose of quinine and pepin."

"I've got your drugs in the morning," sneered Deik.

"All right," remarked the other, with an air of shifting unconcern. "You had it feel like a balloon on a string for me."

Hyland bowed the door behind him, turned against the porch post, and stared thoughtfully at everything and a little of sounding back. When he glanced at a dark object, it seemed to start toward him. A man going down the street toward the hotel had a revolver grip, he appeared nearly to reach the ground at all.

Suddenly Deik's face grew pale. The man in the coat, walking smoothly, had got nearer, a light gleamed under his arm. It was Deik's.

The sight of him was to Hyland's disordered faculties like a spark, and to Hyland's. A wild impulse flamed along his veins. He stretched himself, and in another instant was on his feet to snatch the cactus figure around toward him.

[See next column.]



AN ITALIAN SUMMER RESORT ON THE RAY—A GAME OF BOCCIE—Drawn by W. A. Rogers. [See Page 204.]

W. A. Rogers.



MINNESOTA BUILDING.



GEORGIA BUILDING.

STATE BUILDINGS
AT THE FAIR.

NEW YORK.

Among the responsibilities confided to the Board of General Managers of the Exhibit of the State of New York at the World's Columbian Exposition, not the least was that of erecting on the plot of ground reserved for it at Jackson Park a State building. The site is one of the most commanding given to any member of the Union. It will face the Art Palace, and will be flanked on either side by those of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

In the selection of the style of the building due weight was given to the conditions of climate and surroundings, and to the necessity of making a successful comparison with the larger buildings of the exposition. The opportunity for liberal benefits of treatment, and the polished and broad characteristics which pertain to the school of the Italian Renaissance, were accepted as governing considerations.



OHIO BUILDING.

The materials of construction are wood and "steel," as is the rule in the more far buildings, but every detail of material and external decoration will be prepared with as much care as if the structure were of the enduring masonry of its prototypes.

The building, which is now fairly under way, covers an area of 14,504 square feet, exclusive of terrace and portico, which have an additional area of 2672 feet. It is rectangular in form, and is approached on the south by a flight of fourteen steps, 46 feet wide, giving access to a grand terrace 15 x 90 feet, from which the steps of the building proper in 314 feet, and including portico, 214 feet. The depth of the main building is 90 feet, and its greatest width 100 feet.

A notable feature of the building will be the triple terrace garden flanked by its wings of the east and west portions, and the balustrade the main roof, and the evening dark between the balustrades.

(Continued on page 161.)



NEW YORK BUILDING.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1892.

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A LAZY COMPANION.—DRAWN BY W. T. HENDREE.—(SEE PAGE 771.)



AN EARTHLY PARAGON.

By EVA WILDER MCGLOSSON, AUTHOR OF "DIANA'S LIEKAY."

REVEAL

THESE was no purpose in Byland's mind. He hardly knew what he meant to say or do. It had been here in his hands to carry out his threats against Sylvia. In a sober moment that which he defined to himself as his house would have prevailed with him. But the fever of destruction, of wreaking his memory of resentment upon some happy, healthy part of the world, impelled him past reason at mere sight of Sylvia's favored lover.

Debaker stopped with an air of attention. "When are you going to leave here?" inquired Deb, heavily, his head giving little hints of emphasis, too weak for jokes. "I'm about sick of this."

Debaker, giving him a look, made as if to pass. "No, you don't," laughed Byland, in looking the Scotch-er's answer. "I've got a word or two to say. You ought to know a little something about the woman you're going to marry. She hasn't told you she promised to marry me, has she?" She promised—Let's see, have you? Ah, yes. It was about Roberta. After I had got out of that, Sylvia was going to marry me. Roberta, that you. It was Sylvia's doing. He passed on a breath.

Debaker had thrown away with a short fiat, his lesson delivered. Then his arm fell. "You are drunk," he said. "Get out of my way."

His look was of an anger so deep that it veiled Byland as if it directed the operations of a machine. He had a dark sense of wonder as he stood aside.

Debaker strode on. It chanced to be the last day but one of the Louisiana's visit, and Sylvia had promised to show him a certain eye some way down Knoch hill. There was surely another place any where about which they had not explored together, and though the cave in question was not much of a cave, being merely a rocky hole in the hill-side, Debaker had experienced the likeliest interest in seeing it. He had gone down to the post-office while Sylvia went to get her hat.

As she put it on, she glanced from her window over the quietest piazza, in which rows were moving slowly. The foliage of the west lilies seemed nearly flat, so shadowed it lay in the sunshine. The road below was of a rusty yellow. In the Blaine circle's path were crawling, and at the back hall door Mrs. Levis was bargaining with a man who had eyes to sell. These signs of life scarcely reached Sylvia. She was in a world of self-commotion, but she dreamed, her face now and then stammered as if these visionary images had their sharpness.

"It is odd!" she speculated. "I feel as if I were walking in my palm with him at one side, and at the other, hidden in the bushes, a menacing dog which wants to spring at me. It isn't pleasant to have to keep an eye out for the fugitive brute. Even the smell of the roses doesn't altogether com-

promise for one's enjoyment. And yet if one's happiness must be paid for with anxiety, better so than to have no happiness at all."

She began to wonder at Debaker's delay, and leaning over the sill, looked down the road. Debaker was crossing the side street where the railway ran, and as Sylvia watched him, she became aware that another man had approached him, and that he was stopping. And then her heart sank, for she saw that the second man was Byland.

She had hoped Deb would think better of carrying his word into effect, but there they stood in speech, those two men who could by no chance have any common subjects to engage them.

She saw Deb make an effort to pass, and stop again as if at some signal.

All at once she knew beyond any doubt that Byland was venturing his answer, that he was telling all he could tell of her, much or little. She saw the Louisianian draw back with a doubled arm. She saw his hand drop in a posture as if he were something from his path, and then, as she looked, he came on toward the house.

Sylvia sank back, cowering at a chair which stood near. It was over. Her fugitive, released from the circle, moved widely free. For a moment this sense of distance lasted, and then, as if her mind had got a new strength from the passing lethargy, a stronger impulse appeared to overpower her perceptions.

There was a curious thrill in the lecture of her gaze, and in her hands came old little cruises she had never before noticed delivered themselves.

"In a minute he will be here," she thought, her words arranging themselves in a note. "He won't talk on anything. He will only look at me. His look will be in a look of such faith that I shall tell him. I shall tell him the truth. I shall take my heart out, and show him the truth. He had said it had been better. It wouldn't seem even more to most men. To him it will seem—well, well." She looked wildly around. "And when I have told him, he will go. He will shake my love out of his heart as he will shake my hand out of his palm when I try to say good by. Good-by—"

She struggled up blindly, striking against the table things on a table land by. They clashed, and her hand moved, slipping over the edge, spilling into a hundred atoms on the floor.

"Broken," muttered Sylvia—"broken—old broken." She dragged her feet in the shattered glass. "To have him! O God, to love him! To try to live after his is gone! Oh, say, believe! have you can I—how?"

Suddenly she lifted her head, her figure brightening as if to some source of restoration. There was purpose in her eyes, and certain Debaker's step in the porch below, she crossed the room steadily, and went down a stairs.

Debaker, opening the office door, saw her coming toward him, but though she had a strange look, he was not an eye of it. For his own face showed a troubled mind, and at sight of her he gave a short, excited laugh.

Sylvia, he said, "I am too hot not to speak coherently. That fellow—that Byland just stopped me out here. He dared to mention you, Sylvia—to say you promised to marry him, to intimate that that poor child's death—Roberta Valley—was because—Sylvia!"

A peroxide of iron caught even him. What fatal combination of Byland's charge could be met by those widening lips and starting eyes, in which the pupils seemed to want to point, as if fastening in swift brain pulsation in the passage of an instant the woman before him seemed as if become weird and ethereal, as if the spell he had been under was lifted, and he saw, her with natural alert, her hurried glance slipping from her like a garment. Her heart was a hot and a mare. Three little red fingers were hands which close with death. In the instant of the instant the creature he had loved appeared as if transfigured in ash, her flow less disintegrating at the crossed flame of truth, only a film of dust smothering the lines of the shape which had lived upon his soul. And then, suddenly enough, the vision was gone. Like a sail through which the sun broke.

Sylvia had looked into him, her little soft light was in his gaze. At the home in his face her eyes had lost their look of purpose, reflecting for a moment his own expression. They had grown lifelines of look, and then a quick lightness faded in them.

"Poor fellow," she said, gently—"poor fellow! It is really very painful about him. I shall have to speak to my mother. I hope to think of it. Somehow it seems cruel to draw attention to him. He has injured me a good deal with his unjust affection, but I can't help being a little sorry for him."

"Sylvia," said Debaker, positively, "just for a moment let Sylvia, forgive me—"

"Were you so sorry with him?" she asked, looking at him with large innocent eyes. "A poor uneducated creature like that? I do not like even to speak of him, but he was often so painful to me, all this, and even last night. I don't know how it came about. He was here a good deal, and I think I treated him as I do every one, though he was often as tiresome. When he began to push his request upon me, I—well, as he was to tell me, pretty stiff with me—I hardly knew what to do. Children don't touch such people as he. I was about to tell my uncle, when I did know how to do, for he said Debaker away. That was just before I—"

"And that look you had, Sylvia—that look of sadness and despair—I understood it now. Poor little lot to have been thus in contact with such a man!" Sylvia smiled mournfully. "I have waited to hear



THE SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.—1. THE "BOX" FROM THE SOUTHERN LOCK. INTERSECTION, CANAL.

2. YUSEIDA BEING MOVED BY LOCK.—DRIFT BY CANAL GARDEN.—(SEE PAGE TWO.)



to go in. It seemed so cruel to disturb the poor child—and yet, late as it was, he must see her.



THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB FLEET AT NEW LONDON, OFF TIAQUET POINT, AUGUST 30.—INVEST BY M. J. BRAN.—[See Page 72.]



ANNUAL DILLI OF THE NAVAL RESERVES.—FACI PHOTOGRAPH.—(SEE PAGE 765.)

1. A Helmsman. 2. "Between the Deck and the deep blue Sea." 3. The *New Hampshire*. 4. Gunner Service on the *New Hampshire*. 5. In the Field. 6. Landing Troops. 7. Firing Fleck Gun. 8. Explaining Mechanism of the Galling Gun.

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TAKING AN OBSERVATION ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.—DRAWN BY T. DE TROUW.





L. H. MOTTRÉN, DR. WOLF, HUPFER, AND NAT C. GOODWIN REPOSED IN IRELAND



"SHE DID NOT SHOW UP FOR THE PILOT"



THE "CITY OF PARIS"



CAPTAIN WATKINS



AN AMERICAN CONTRIBUTOR TO THE IRISH DONKEY RACE



THE BURGAT WOMAN AT QUEENSTOWN

THE RECORD-BREAKING VOYAGE OF THE "CITY OF PARIS"—[SEE PAGE 706]



FIRST SIGHT OF LAND



THE GENIUS OF GEOGRAPHY



EAGLE STATING THE GENIUS OF THE UNITED STATES AND GENOA



THE LANDING

THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT IN NEW YORK.

On October 12, 1892, at Fifty ninth Street and Elgin Avenue, the monument in Columbus of which illustrations are here given, will be unveiled. This beautiful work of art is the gift of the Italian of the United States (Canada, Mexico, and Central America to the people of this country.

The monument is the work of Professor Giuseppe Basso, an Italian artist residing in Rome, whose design was chosen by a committee of fifteen, appointed by the Italian government for the purpose, and representing men in the first most ranks of art and literature in that country.

In July, 1890, Chevalier Charles Barattini, publisher of the *Progreso* of America, published in this city started a subscription to defray the cost of the work, which was finally aided by the Italian government. On the 10th of December, 1890, a number of models were placed on exhibition at the rooms of the Palace of the Exposition of Arts in Rome, and the commission finally chose that of Professor Basso.

The completed monument will be seventy five feet high. The base of Bavena granite has two beautiful bas-relief pictures in bronze, representing on one side the moment when Columbus first saw land and on the other the actual landing of the party on the soil. Two inscriptions, higher up on the monument, one in English and one Italian, contain the dedication. The column is also of Bavena granite, while the figure of the Genius of Geography, and the statue proper of Columbus are of white Carrara marble, the former being ten feet high, and the latter fourteen. There is also a bronze eagle, six feet high, on the side opposite the figure of the Genius of Geography, holding in its claws the shields of the United States and Genoa. The inscription on the column are in bronze.

Senator Montecchi of Italy, one of the best sculptors of modern times, says that this is one of the finest monuments made during the last twenty five years.

In accepting the finished monument from the artist, the commission tendered him the following: "The monument of Columbus made by you will keep great in America the name of



THE STATUE OF COLUMBUS.



THE MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT THE ELGIN AVENUE AND FIFTY-NINTH STREET ENTRANCE TO CENTRAL PARK.



THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS, BY GIBERT.
In the National Museum, Madrid.



THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA, SPAIN.



ALTAR VIEW OF LA RABIDA.

COLUMBUS IN SPAIN.—[SEE ARTICLE "COLUMBUS'S BURIAL AT CHICAGO," PAGE 807.]



STATE CAPITOL BUILDING

STATE CAPITOL BUILDING

A GROUP OF STATE BUILDINGS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GARDNER
[SEE PAGE 312.]



The University



The Standard



The Union League



The Plaza, new Union League



The Chicago Hotel



The Chicago Club



The Chicago

Chicago

CHICAGO CLUBS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRANT.—(SEE PAGE 108.)



GENERAL VIEW OF ROOFS



ON THE FRONT STEPS



IMPROVED BEDS ON THE ROOF



LOOKING DOWN ON A ROOF



AN OPEN-AIR SLEEPING



FROM OLD-MAID



ON A SIDE STREET



IN AN ALLEY

NEW YORK TENEMENT-HOUSES ON A HOT DAY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JESSE NISPERBERG, WARREN DAVIS, AND AL. HESKER.—[SEE PAGE 814.]



WORMFANELLE CHART OF MARCH, SHOWING THE SYSTEM OF NUCLEATED CAPSULES

THE OPPOSITION OF MARS.

BY GABRIEL F. RICHMAN

On the 4th of August, at 11 o'clock a. m., seventy-five meridian time, the planet Mars was in what astronomers call opposition. This simply means that the sun, the earth and Mars were at that time situated along a straight line in space the sun being at one end, Mars at the other end and the earth between them. An opposition of Mars is not a very infrequent event, but at comparatively few opposition times is Mars so near to the earth as it was on this occasion.

stars in Mars are near to the earth as it was on this occasion. The circle of the earth is drawn to a scale of 100,000 miles, and the little star of 10,000,000 miles, while Mars's mean distance from the sun is about 141,500,000 miles. If drawing the circles one within the other, to represent the orbits of Mars and the earth, and supposing the sun to be at its centre, common to both, the earth would be on the outer circle, and Mars on the same side of the sun, and in a straight line with it, there will be so near to one another as they can get, while they will be at their greatest distance apart when they are on opposite sides of the sun. The distance of Mars from the earth, when Mars were circles, the distance of the latter from the earth when in opposition would not vary. But the orbits are ellipses, so that the planets are not so near at an opposition, nor so far from one another when Mars is in opposition.

[illegible]

occur either at the seventh or the eighth return, allowance being made for the variations of Mars's velocity in its eccentric orbit, and for its position with respect to the position point at the time of the opposition from which the ephemeris was computed.

Another glance at the diagram will show that for a considerable time before and after an opposition Mars and the sun are comparatively near together. It results from this fact that valuable observations upon Mars may be made during a period of several weeks about the time of opposition. The astronomers' efforts are not all concentrated upon the precise date of that event. In the present case, for instance, the observations will probably be continued until the first part of November at least.

The keen interest that the general opposition of Mars has aroused both among astronomers and in the popular mind is due to the fact that in 1877 Asaph Hall, at Washington, discovered two wonderfully minute satellites attending Mars at very close quarters, and G. V. Schiaparelli, at Milan, detected a curious system of delicate lines, or stripes, covering the equatorial and temperate zones of the planet, to which the name canals was attached.

There were among the most interesting discoveries in our planetary system that had been made were discovered a China and they undoubtedly awakened a deep interest in China and they brought together to study the whole of the world. While the problem was solved by the British scientists had, perhaps, the greatest direction for astronomers, in particular, the discovery of a larger class of popular interest, especially when it was a question of the existence of an internal in regard to the sun. In that of 1877, he added many others to his in his delineation of the surface of Mars, and other shifts observed in part corroborated the results of his observations.

[illegible]

Where *S. subsparsa* began to publish charts of Mien showing the system of canals and other features of the planet discovered by him, speculators quickly entered this information in detail and the suggestion was put forth, not by any one man, but by a number of persons, that the charts of Mien were actually the work of manlike inhabitants of Mars. When it was pointed out that the canals were hundreds and even thousands of miles in length and 50 or 100 miles wide, the suggestion was that the canals were made by naturally flowing streams of water, or by the action of wind, and that since the structure of gravitation on Mien, whose diameter is only 4200 miles, is only about one-fifth as great as on the earth, the inhabitants may be giants 10 feet tall and have the strength of 100 men. It was also suggested that the canals for food, have only very small flow of water weight of similar

material on the merits) of accomplishing physical tasks but beyond the strength of the puny arms of Adam. It was also argued that Man, like the moon, must be other in respect to development than the earth, and that his ineptitudes may consequently have advanced to a far higher stage of civilization and mechanical skill. As the discussion grew warm, frequent appeals were made to the arbitrament of the observations to be taken during the very favorable opposition of Mars in 1902.

While these changes kept popular culture awake, scientists looked forward to the opposition as presenting an excellent opportunity to test the accuracy of the observations. The first of these was the prediction that the cry of Selinjan would be heard at night, and to learn additional facts about Mura's call (like its rate), and to adjust any expectation of settling at a place to the question of the habitability of that place.

As the years passed, the scientists began to find that they became known, indicate a substantial verification of Selinjan's discovery that Mura is covered with a curious network of holes or narrow lanes. Many of these have been named after the scientists who discovered them. The cry of Selinjan's chart, printed here, will show the singular distribution of these encephalic phenomena.

The features observed by the Italian astronomer has not been observed by any other astronomer. The features are called gemination, or doubling, of the heart. This does not prove, however, as has been stated, that the gemination does

not occur, for Nishiguroki has expressly said that the canals only appear double at certain seasons, their ordinary aspect being that of single straight lines crossing one another at all angles.

The tendency to doubling of certain features would almost appear to be characteristic of these strange markings. For recent report of the Lick Observatory observations state that the spot called *Spica Australis*, which the reader can find on the chart, was seen double during the recent opposition.

It will be observed that Schipoff's bus, without heating, demonstrated the darker colored areas on Mars as seen from Earth. Likewise, the lighter colored areas were seen as lighter in color. The color differences of the Schipoff bus with the general picture of atmospheres, and yet, indicating how it can explain the whole question of the appearance of these two kinds is a recent remark of Professor Henden's may be quoted to the effect that "scarcely every one of the important appearances can be accounted for about as well by supposing the planet to be molten and to have a very thin atmosphere as by supposing the planet to be solid and to have a very thick atmosphere." The latter is the atmospheric hypothesis. The latter is the same hypothesis and on the whole, it appears to be the more likely.

two third of the circuli of Mars. Two recent observations with the Lick telescope have shown some interesting results with respect to these. The most distant of the nuclei is about 100 miles from the center of Mars, and in its period of revolution it only takes thirty and a half minutes. The inner nuclei is 500 miles from the surface of Mars, and it takes so swiftly that it is scarcely the place of the nucleus, but rather the place of the atmosphere. The point farthest from the center of Mars is about 100 miles from the surface of Mars. Watching the progress of these little groups as they pass into the shadows of Mars, and they have now been so distinctly seen that it is possible to make a calculation of the diameter. Mars's largest diameter is about 4,200 miles, about twenty miles in diameter, and the diameter of its smallest and narrowest moon is only about eight miles.

It is truly a wonderful planet, which so freely answers the questions of its features, and so completely answers analogy in them.

THE PEDIMENT OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

[illegible]

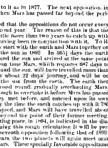
The building was designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, and the pediment made by a brother of Mr. Mead—Mr. Larkin O. Mead, the sculptor—some few years since he was settled in Florence, Italy, and his work is well known to his countrymen. The statue of Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois is one of his famous works, and the Edward Allen in the National Statuary Hall at Washington is also his. This latest work, although not of a heroic character, is wholly worthy of the artist, and even adds the thousand other beautiful things at the World's Fair will not be lost sight of. The work of erecting the pediment is now going on and it will shortly be in position.

PERSONAL

GENERAL LEE WALLACE says that it was his former boss *Joe Hay* that was for him his appointment as Minister to Turkey. After President GARFIELD had read the newly published story, he went for General WALLACE, who was an old time friend, and said "I want to send you as Minister to Turkey. The duties will leave you plenty of time for writing and I hope you will produce a book on 'Cynanthology.' When the recommendation was made out, the President endorsed it with a check mark." Ben Hur, 3, says that he just a short time before President GARFIELD was shot, the news of the assassination reaching General B. WALLACE by cable when the vessel bearing him arrived at Liverpool.

The veteran mother of Mr. WHITEHEAD said that she had known him since her birthright, 1900. She is a woman of striking appearance—tall, white-haired, and well-proportioned. She is now 82 years of age, and has lived a life of eighty years. When a correspondent called on her recently she was dressed neatly, but with great plainness, in a gown of black and white striped calico, with an old-fashioned cap of white net. Her hair was styled in a bun, and she wore a pair of white stockings and shoes. She was a woman of a quiet, dignified, and dignified character, and she was the only one of her kind in the neighborhood. She was a woman of a quiet, dignified, and dignified character, and she was the only one of her kind in the neighborhood. She was a woman of a quiet, dignified, and dignified character, and she was the only one of her kind in the neighborhood.

—Judge **WALTER G. QUINN**, whom the People's party aspires early to become their candidate for President, is a few months past sixty years of age, and as well preserved, active, and vigorous that he is still one of the handsomest men in Chicago. He has been on the circuit bench since 1892, and has been a member of the Supreme Court of Illinois almost half a century. He has been prominent in political life, was a most admirable jurist. He served the Union army when twenty nine as Lieutenant Colonel of the Thirty eighth Illinois, and two years later after gallant service at Vicksburg, which won him QUINN's prize, he was made Brigadier General of Volunteers. He commanded the Fourth Illinois Cavalry in the famous battle of Atlanta, and was promoted a second which distated him for further service, but in recognition of his gallantry he was brevetted Major-General of Volunteers.



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not quite as close to it as in 1877. The next opposition in 1994 will occur when Mars has passed far beyond the perihelion point.

It will be noticed that the oppositions do not occur every year, but every second year. The reason of this is that the earth requires a little more than two years to catch up with Mars. The oppositions occur in the following order: 1960, 1962, 1964, 1966, 1968, 1970, 1972, 1974, 1976, 1978, 1980, 1982, 1984, 1986, 1988, 1990, 1992, 1994, 1996, 1998, 2000, 2002, 2004, 2006, 2008, 2010, 2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020, 2022, 2024, 2026, 2028, 2030, 2032, 2034, 2036, 2038, 2040, 2042, 2044, 2046, 2048, 2050, 2052, 2054, 2056, 2058, 2060, 2062, 2064, 2066, 2068, 2070, 2072, 2074, 2076, 2078, 2080, 2082, 2084, 2086, 2088, 2090, 2092, 2094, 2096, 2098, 2100, 2102, 2104, 2106, 2108, 2110, 2112, 2114, 2116, 2118, 2120, 2122, 2124, 2126, 2128, 2130, 2132, 2134, 2136, 2138, 2140, 2142, 2144, 2146, 2148, 2150, 2152, 2154, 2156, 2158, 2160, 2162, 2164, 2166, 2168, 2170, 2172, 2174, 2176, 2178, 2180, 2182, 2184, 2186, 2188, 2190, 2192, 2194, 2196, 2198, 2200, 2202, 2204, 2206, 2208, 2210, 2212, 2214, 2216, 2218, 2220, 2222, 2224, 2226, 2228, 2230, 2232, 2234, 2236, 2238, 2240, 2242, 2244, 2246, 2248, 2250, 2252, 2254, 2256, 2258, 2260, 2262, 2264, 2266, 2268, 2270, 2272, 2274, 2276, 2278, 2280, 2282, 2284, 2286, 2288, 2290, 2292, 2294, 2296, 2298, 2300, 2302, 2304, 2306, 2308, 2310, 2312, 2314, 2316, 2318, 2320, 2322, 2324, 2326, 2328, 2330, 2332, 2334, 2336, 2338, 2340, 2342, 2344, 2346, 2348, 2350, 2352, 2354, 2356, 2358, 2360, 2362, 2364, 2366, 2368, 2370, 2372, 2374, 2376, 2378, 2380, 2382, 2384, 2386, 2388, 2390, 2392, 2394, 2396, 2398, 2400, 2402, 2404, 2406, 2408, 2410, 2412, 2414, 2416, 2418, 2420, 2422, 2424, 2426, 2428, 2430, 2432, 2434, 2436, 2438, 2440, 2442, 2444, 2446, 2448, 2450, 2452, 2454, 2456, 2458, 2460, 2462, 2464, 2466, 2468, 2470, 2472, 2474, 2476, 2478, 2480, 2482, 2484, 2486, 2488, 2490, 2492, 2494, 2496, 2498, 2500, 2502, 2504, 2506, 2508, 2510, 2512, 2514, 2516, 2518, 2520, 2522, 2524, 2526, 2528, 2530, 2532, 2534, 2536, 2538, 2540, 2542, 2544, 2546, 2548, 2550, 2552, 2554, 2556, 2558, 2560, 2562, 2564, 2566, 2568, 2570, 2572, 2574, 2576, 2578, 2580, 2582, 2584, 2586, 2588, 2590, 2592, 2594, 2596, 2598, 2600, 2602, 2604, 2606, 2608, 2610, 2612, 2614, 2616, 2618, 2620, 2622, 2624, 2626, 2628, 2630, 2632, 2634, 2636, 2638, 2640, 2642, 2644, 2646, 2648, 2650, 2652, 2654, 2656, 2658, 2660, 2662, 2664, 2666, 2668, 2670, 2672, 2674, 2676, 2678, 2680, 2682, 2684, 2686, 2688, 2690, 2692, 2694, 2696, 2698, 2700, 2702, 2704, 2706, 2708, 2710, 2712, 2714, 2716, 2718, 2720, 2722, 2724, 2726, 2728, 2730, 2732, 2734, 2736, 2738, 2740, 2742, 2744, 2746, 2748, 2750, 2752, 2754, 2756, 2758, 2760, 2762, 2764, 2766, 2768, 2770, 2772, 2774, 2776, 2778, 2780, 2782, 2784, 2786, 2788, 2790, 2792, 2794, 2796, 2798, 2800, 2802, 2804, 2806, 2808, 2810, 2812, 2814, 2816, 2818, 2820, 2822, 2824, 2826, 2828, 2830, 2832, 2834, 2836, 2838, 2840, 2842, 2844, 2846, 2848, 2850, 2852, 2854, 2856, 2858, 2860, 2862, 2864, 2866, 2868, 2870, 2872, 2874, 2876, 2878, 2880, 2882, 2884, 2886, 2888, 2890, 2892, 2894, 2896, 2898, 2900, 2902, 2904, 2906, 2908, 2910, 2912, 2914, 2916, 2918, 2920, 2922, 2924, 2926, 2928, 2930, 2932, 2934, 2936, 2938, 2940, 2942, 2944, 2946, 2948, 2950, 2952, 2954, 2956, 2958, 2960, 2962, 2964, 2966, 2968, 2970, 2972, 2974, 2976, 2978, 2980, 2982, 2984, 2986, 2988, 2990, 2992, 2994, 2996, 2998, 3000, 3002, 3004, 3006, 3008, 3010, 3012, 3014, 3016, 3018, 3020, 3022, 3024, 3026, 3028, 3030, 3032, 3034, 3036, 3038, 3040, 3042, 3044, 3046, 3048, 3050, 3052, 3054, 3056, 3058, 3060, 3062, 3064, 3066, 3068, 3070, 3072, 3074, 3076, 3078, 3080, 3082, 3084, 3086, 3088, 3090, 3092, 3094, 3096, 3098, 3100, 3102, 3104, 3106, 3108, 3110, 3112, 3114, 3116, 3118, 3120, 3122, 3124, 3126, 3128, 3130, 3132, 3134, 3136, 3138, 3140, 3142, 3144, 3146, 3148, 3150, 3152, 3154, 3156, 3158, 3160, 3162, 3164, 3166, 3168, 3170, 3172, 3174, 3176, 3178, 3180, 3182, 3184, 3186, 3188, 3190, 3192, 3194, 3196, 3198, 3200, 3202, 3204, 3206, 3208, 3210, 3212, 3214, 3216, 3218, 3220, 3222, 3224, 3226, 3228, 3230, 3232, 3234, 3236, 3238, 3240, 3242, 3244, 3246, 3248, 3250, 3252, 3254, 3256, 3258, 3260, 3262, 3264, 3266, 3268, 3270, 3272, 3274, 3276, 3278, 3280, 3282, 3284, 3286, 3288, 3290, 3292, 3294, 3296, 3298, 3300, 3302, 3304, 3306,



IN "ROUGH WIKEN" SALOON



BUFFALO AND TENNESSEE TROUBLES. Illustrated in this Number.

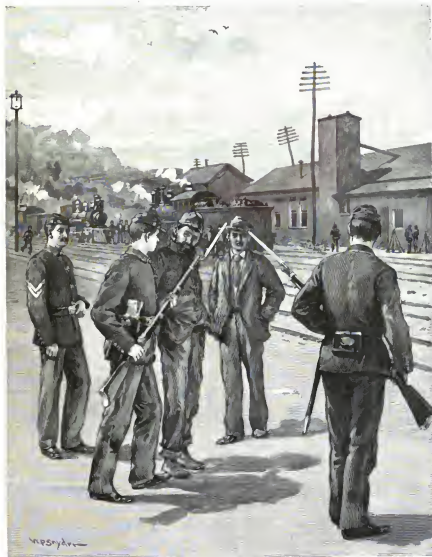
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1892

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE STRIKE OF THE SWITCHMEN AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY W. F. SNYDER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. J. BAKER.—(SEE PAGE 102.)
SENTRIES POSTING SENTINEL CHARACTER AT FREIGHT YARD.



GRAND MASTER HUGH MCCURDY



ARCH AT THE MASONIC TEMPLE



GRAND MASTER GENERAL A. F. E. GOBLE



COURT-HOUSE, DECORATED IN HONOR OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR



MOUNTED CALIFORNIANS



LOOKING DOWN SEVENTEENTH STREET FROM "THE ALAMO"

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CONCLAVE IN DENVER, COLORADO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE W. H. JACKSON COMPANY, DENVER, COLORADO.—[FOR PAGE 102]



HANK'S WOMAN.

BY OWEN WISTER.

HE doubled around thoughts were best, too," I said. This was because a very large trout, who had been flitting with my broken tackle for some five minutes, suddenly rose through the water-lily, and whirled into the deep water that a cold breeze into the river from below.

"Try a grass-snapper on him," And Lin Wilson, whom among all cow punches I have met, handled me one from the seat pocket of his overalls.

An antelope earlier that day had given me like attention, as I knifed down in some sage brush under the burning cloud sea was. I wound a red handkerchief while Lin lay on his back and stuck his boots in the air. But the antelope, after considering these things from a point of view some hundred yards away, had brokenly taken off to the foot hills. We fired the six shooter, and watched his staggering white tail rise to take out of sight across the flats.

"If you hawk's gone on so with your crazy boots," I said, "he'd have come up close."

"And if you brought your rifle along as I said you'd ought to," responded Lin, "we'd have had some fresh meat to pack into camp."

Off this, however, we certainly had enough for lunch now, and enough to take too for supper and breakfast. We had ridden down Snake River from camp on Pacific Creek to a near Buffalo Park comes everything in, and there on the shingle point and on a big half rock in the swimming stream we had persuaded out of the depths some dozen of the all we what, many speckled sort that there fish. None was shorter than twelve inches, one measured twenty. There-

fore, in satisfaction, Lin and I hauled our boats off, tore open skins and brockies as they dropped where we stood, and regardless of how many trout we might have started, splashed into the cool, slow limbo of back water the head makes and there. Then I set about cleaning a couple of fish, and Lin made the fire and got the lunch from his pocket, setting the tripod to heat and slicing bacon into the pan.

"As for second thoughts," said Lin, "animals in this country has 'em some a man do."

I thought so too, and said nothing.

"You take the way they run the Bar-Cluck-Zee. Do you figure Judge Henry knows his horses' heads in a wild track like Ed Rogers is? If he'd taken time to figure why that famous left Mountain had not to get into some right along you lay? And Ed Rogers'll be dead with one of these days. He's a goodly bold the way he takes when this year. He's loggins' about second thoughts, I expect."

We were silent, and ate some fish and drank some tea—pemmican made good coffee out of doors. But Mr. Wilson's mind was not the moment running in a channel of problem. You would have supposed he had never acted hastily in the whole of his twenty-eight years.

"Folks is poor in Wyoming though 'em too quick," he remarked. "Look at the way them fellers in Douglas got stirred."

"Who, and how?" I inquired.

"Bankers and stockmen. They figured on Douglas told a big town and all because the railroad came there on its way some horse she that she's seen here in one self. For

been in this country since '71, and that's eleven years, and I say you can't never make a good town out of it any more."

Lin passed, looking somewhat across the great yellow grass plain of the Teton Basin. The famous old Burke nose in the left of us, to the right were the Tetons, shuffling in its front flanks, with their large range of peaks of blue cutting sharp and snaky into the sky.

"Take notice," continued the row papered, stretching himself till he sank the backward on the ground, with his long legs spread wide. "Sometimes there are it so much as first thoughts before a man's head and done it."

"If you're not peculiar in that respect," I said.

"We come over this way," said Lin, not trying to see, "the year after the President and Sheridan did. Me and Hank and Henry Higgins. I got a pack for the old '66 outfit, and come to Lander after a while and met up with them two fellows, and we figured we'd take a trip through the Park. Now there was Hank. You never knowed Hank?"

I never had.

"Well, you didn't know much. Lin now relief comfort-ably over on his stomach. "Hank, he married a woman. He was small, and she was big—small big, and neither has neither was any account—how, specially."

"Probably they is could not agree with you," I said.

"She would now, you lay?" said Lin, sitting up and looking his hand on my knee. They got married on one week's acquaintance, which ain't enough."

"That's true, I think."

"Folks try it in this Western country," Lin passed, "where a woman's a scarce thing any place, and some say it's

regular and hearty, and it ain't softness in nine times out of ten. Black, ya see, he stand outer that one week, probably should have stood for two weeks, and if I was a woman, knowin' what it was about, I'd be glad to see him work no two weeks out of ten. The cow rancher was surprised and regarded us with like a side open jawed grin. "When are you gona' to the up with a woman?" he inquired. "I'm comin' that day."

The night I wrote this—Hank and Willemse—walking among the pines just as the mist goes down. You'd ought to have seen that pair! The big slope was plain and kind of steadfast in the moon and alongside of her little black Hank. And there it was. He'd got stuck on her all out of her standing up as tall and roared above his head. I passed it up soon, as we all never seen show but, I studied "There

"I was very nervous at the way they searched me and in there was that guy giving me such a stare. The only steady thing I saw in that place was by the parrot, and he was a mottled 'taller.' I used to talk with one at first, but she gave me the cold shoulder. I liked her mighty well and she does her best, but I guess she hadn't made a whole life and kindness such as we could provide, didn't show up for as well as it is in six of us workin' (chime). Some days the

is the big thing we need, and Huey says, 'It's not



BURNY CAR, LEHIGH VALLEY ROAD.



BURNY CAR, ERIE YARD.



WRECK OFF WILLIAM STREET.



MULTA GOING UP LEHIGH TRACK ON STRIKE.



MAIN PART OF STRIKERS GATHERING NEAR WRECK—THIRTY-FIVE MEN.



STRIKERS AT THE CENTRAL YARD.



IN THE CENTRAL YARD—FORTY-FIVE SEPARATE COMPANY OF STEELWORKERS.

THE STRIKE OF THE SWITCHMEN AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. S. RICHARDSON AND W. J. BARNES.—(SEE PAGE 82.)

the role as such, or even less than that same subject treated by the hand of the artist himself.

This building with the Tower of the Observatory and the Temple of the Incense, built up before the foundation of the empire of the brilliant days of Mongol supremacy in Peking.

During the reign of Kublai Khan and of the Yuan-Temur Lugs was awarded a position unique in its long history. For a century, from about 1290 to 1360, the Chinese capital was the center of a new form of literary and scientific culture, and perhaps the apex of all the world in which the human intellect was most advanced and brilliant in its history.

But the Mongols were wanting in political acumen. Preoccupied in making conquests, they were, like the Arabs, incapable of founding a durable government. After reigning for more than a century in China, they disappeared from history leaving scarcely any trace. After as before this domination the Chinese people remained in fact outside its own people groups, its ideas and its individual resources.

The combined economic and human factors of the Mongols were too favorable to them to allow them to make the conquests they were so ready to make. Their petty monarchs, illustrating this has been presented to us by the historian of the Mongol dynasty. When Kublai Khan had the Palace of Peking built, he set to the doors of Manchu for a little plant which grows there in abundance and is called the *maple tree*, or *blue grass*, and had it planted in



GATE OF PEKING.

are not out a number of little tables at which during the only now and then an inhabitant of the city, the spectators people themselves with drinking tea, eating, and smoking. On the stage, the accompaniment

other hours, unless perhaps the first, which is increasingly confined to write on kitchen and fire, as that before going in the restaurant and before the appearance of the food and the skill and care of the cookery preparing it.

The noise with the cups done, there is nothing about them to attract the attention of the guests by except a few scraps of the poems paper stuck on to the doors. If the traveler has any curiosity to penetrate into the interior of the establishments, he will find two or more rooms divided into cells by thin partitions, and in each cell there is a small table covered with a red cloth, and on it a small bowl of tea and a small cup of water. A pipe is thrust through the wall, and a small metal pipe or porcelain bottle, a little glass, and a tin bowl, in which are three or four granules of liquid extract of opium. He takes a little drop of the narcotic on the point of a needle, places it lightly in the mouth, and twirling the pipe then tilts it to the flame of the lamp, he inhales at a single breath the smoke of the burning opium. This is becoming impractical with a thick and acrid vapor and percolated by a heavy pressing smell, and the corners of the room are crowded in a dim mist. No sound of voices is heard, only now and then an inhabitant of the city, the smokers are wrapped in a dreamlike atmosphere of lethargy.

The Chinese have certain two monuments of importance, the "Temple of Heaven" and the "Altar of the Earth."

Surrounded by a wall a league in circumference, the Temple of Heaven, thus abruptly without path and with out walls. It consists of three circular terraces enclosed within marble balustrades, and rising one above the other to support a square sacrificial table. The lowest terrace is one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and the highest rises twenty feet above the level of the soil. Round about the sacred building is a thicket of venerable trees, shading out the view on every side and compelling, so to speak, the concentration of attention upon the mystery of heaven. There are five monuments in the world which are not even as simple and so grand.

It is true that the Emperor came three times a year, at the winter and summer solstices and at the beginning of spring, to sacrifice to the Heaven of which he is supposed to be the incarnation upon earth.

This building was erected in 1400, under the Emperor Yung-lo, third sovereign of the Ming dynasty. Until 1911, the sacrifices done from the Emperor to the earth were also offered up here, but from that time a special altar was set aside for them on the other side of the Esplanade, and the principal entrance to the temple.

These two monuments, sacred to a special religious cult in which the Emperor is the sole officiating priest, are also the altars of his kind and are the sole exceptions to the uniformity of all other buildings in Peking. Besides these represent the primitive type of Chinese temple, the altar in the open air is a sacred enclosure, the house of the Aryans. The Chinese of the older time were unable to conceive the idea of his way way shaking up the deity and building for him a house with roof and walls, they sent personified their gods, and through their offered sacrifice to the powers of nature, they asked them to be propitious to actual creation. It was not until a time when the worship became more complicated, the notes and symbols of archaic times were supplanted by a system of philosophy, that the Chinese dream of restricting the deity connected with their religion to the narrow limits of an enclosure with roof and walls. And it was even later, when the eleventh century of the Christian era. Buddhism, with its esoteric imagery and liturgy, was introduced into China.



THE BEHOLDING SHRINE AND CENTRAL AVENUE OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

the counts and governors of his house, that his descendants might be ever kept in mind of their primitive origin. The idea is touching but the proposition was quite absurd. No country in the world, so full of life in its beauty, nor Peking with its mountains and plains with all its wealth, could make the Mongols forget the melancholy plains of their native country, and their hearts were ever oppressed by their exile with a yearning nostalgia—a homesickness for their wandering life and the wild poetry of the steppes.

We must not leave Peking without mentioning the foreign legations. It is not so far from the center of the city, Peking is not open to foreign trade. Diplomats, missionaries, and the few Europeans in the service of the Central Chinese Government are the only outsiders allowed to reside in the country. The legations are all grouped together in the same quarter, on the southeast of the lake in one of the wide tree-lined avenues, and consist of old Chinese palaces converted as best they can to their new purpose. The French Legation is in the midst of a fine park, and is the largest of the most comfortable. Formerly the residence of a Viceroy, it was used by the French government after the signature of the treaty of peace on the 25th October 1901.

The "Chinese Town," which occupies much the northern quarter of the "Tartar City," is far from presenting the same picturesque appearance or inspiring the same historical interest. The streets are narrow and crooked, dirty and more or less filthy, if possible than those of the other towns, the police are even more negligent, the beggars more numerous and more insolent. It is true that an attempt has been made to achieve a more comfortable appearance for this network of lanes and alleys, and two wide thoroughfares, intersecting each other at right angles, have been planned from north to south and from east to west, but the general aspect of the quarters the way through is not modified. It is the quarter for trade and industries, shops and workshops, theaters and restaurants, open dens and places of amusement.

We must with the same uniformity in the buildings here as elsewhere in Peking. There is nothing on the scale to distinguish them from ordinary houses. The Chinese is generally no more than a low house giving access to a courtyard at the end of which there is a building of an architectural style. The house is merely an open platform for spectators, a stage without curtains, and no gallery, the whole of the utmost simplicity. In the gallery and on the platform

of a dwelling architect, is represented some historical or mythological scene, some comedy or perhaps one of those large domestic plays with its so-called "Chinese imagination. Nor does anything distinguish the restaurants from any



ON THE OBSERVATORY TOWER.



THE "GATE OF HEAVEN," BETWEEN THE TARTAR AND CHINESE TOWNS

that the plan of the temple was modified and expanded, till it assumed the form and the architectural importance retained in the present day.

Besides these two sacred buildings and a temple dedicated to Kwang shi, goddess of good and pity, there is nothing to see in the "Chinese City," except, perhaps, near the old porcelain manufactory of *Leou-ti* houses the beautiful *muniao* of *La-pai* the most important in Peking. In fact, it will be known that *Nikoma-chow*, introduced into China, in the seventh century, now owns some twenty million vases, dwelling in the midst of the professors of Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism.

As with the Buddhist temples, there is nothing about the outside of Chinese mosques to indicate to the stranger to what religion they belong.

The number of Mohammedans living in Peking is about 30,000. They enjoy a monopoly of the trade of butchers, and also of the management of the public baths. Their sign boards are generally surmounted by a crescent.

Their manners and customs differ greatly from those of the other inhabitants of Peking, though there is nothing to indicate this about their physiognomy or their costumes. They keep themselves to themselves, marry among themselves, and have the reputation of being very charitable to their fellow believers, so that there is a saying in the town that "there are no poor amongst the Mohammedans."

This last peculiarity is the more noteworthy when we remember that Peking great towns although it is, with not a single public or private charity for the indigent, the sick, the infirm, or for foreigners. Now and then a few distributions are made to the poor of about a hundredweight, but these individual gifts, which have no official or social character, are nearly always the outcome of a love of ostentation rather than of true charity.

As a result, beggars are the curse, the most crying and shameful evil of Peking. Numbered some 80,000, they form a kind of caste, a fraternity, with their own traditions and privileges, such as those of the Mohammedans of the Middle Ages in western Europe, and, like them, bearing their "Emperor of Gaidier, Duke of Egypt, and King of Thame," that is to say, an elected chief to whom they all yield obedience. The most curious feature of the whole institution is that the chief, whose headquarters are on the *Pa-shay* of the Gate of Heaven, is recognized

by the police of Peking, who deal directly with him in matters relating to the corporation of the town.

As for the misery of these beggars, no description could give any idea of it. But for a rag about their limbs they are stark naked. Even in the severest winter, when the bitter wind sweeps across the Mongolian steppes, and the thermometer is far below zero, the poor devils have, most of them, not a shred of clothing to wrap about their shivering bodies, and they scurry to the cold every night by hundreds. Cold and sun, covered with vermin and sores, they wander about the town, harvesting the feelings of the passers-by with their piteous lamentations, and fighting with dogs for a share in the refuse of the streets, or for hours together they crouch outside a shop, deterring purchasers away by their mere presence, till the owner goes out of patience and drives them, a few coins in self-defense. When night comes, they seek shelter under a bridge beneath the eaves of the town, or in some tumble-down house, lying down helter-skelter, men, women, young girls, and children, in a promiscuous heap. Their physical misery is such that their moral degradation is completed. From their faces all traces of an inner life are wiped out, like the beams, they can only

be the *pi-yang*, and hold together in a building as apart for them, and at the end of every work they are hurried to some in a common queue. The master of corpses thus collected raises from thirty to fifty a day, and in times of epidemic rises to more than a hundred, and this is the result of misery and filth alone. Crime has but an indifferent share in the appalling total, in spite of its having been said that infanticide is a custom, indeed an institution, in China. The only guilty people in the misery are not individuals, but society and the government, which have allowed poor women alone to become mothers, and allow thousands of beggars, like wandering jetties, to loiter beneath their young in the streets.

To visit up this gruesome catalogue of the horrors of Peking, we must mention yet one more. In the Tartar town, at the junction of the avenue of *Tien-an* gate, and the great immemorial square, is the place where, as a general rule, is held the best and vegetable market. But once a year, after the great autumn assize, it is the scene of the execution of criminals, who are gruesomely strangled or beheaded. At nine o'clock in the morning the condemned, who usually number about thirty, are brought down in a cart, loaded

with, and even, to some extent, to have lost the capacity for suffering.

In many cases that Peking even no public charitable institution, the *Ching-shan*, the *Ching-shan*, which was founded in the seventeenth century by the first Emperor Kiang in. In fact, on the occasion of the Chinese year, near the gate of the low wall, is a good sized hospital for the reception, cure, and institution of orphans and abandoned children. But although the establishment exists, no one can say that it is in operation, for the money devoted to it by law is hardly ever paid, and the small amount collected barely suffices to support the director.

The buildings are reaching to the clouds, and perhaps not yet children get any help from it. The only girls ever visited are the poor dead children picked up in the streets every morning. Two carts, drawn by men, pass slowly along the street, carrying as the crowd, roads to receive the corpses, brought by the relations, or which have been exposed at night in the public thoroughfares. These bodies are taken to a building set apart for them, and at the end of every work they are hurried to some in a common queue. The master of corpses thus collected raises from thirty to fifty a day, and in times of epidemic rises to more than a hundred, and this is the result of misery and filth alone. Crime has but an indifferent share in the appalling total, in spite of its having been said that infanticide is a custom, indeed an institution, in China. The only guilty people in the misery are not individuals, but society and the government, which have allowed poor women alone to become mothers, and allow thousands of beggars, like wandering jetties, to loiter beneath their young in the streets.



A BONES DEPOT.



The Golf Club.



Astrakendic
Dune house
a la
Savoy
Glasgow



The Pitt
Village



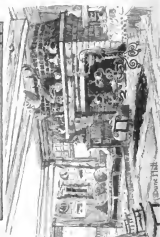
The Church
on the Dunes



Ald. Southampt.
Landmark till 1890.



In present decoration
on Chinnock hills.



Dune Hill



COLONEL REUBEN ANDERSON, THE HERO
OF COAL CREEK.

PORT ANDERSON AS SEEN LOOKING UP FROM THE STOCKADE.



MINERS ATTACKING THE STOCKADE AT COAL CREEK FROM THE HILLS.—DRAWN BY W. F. BROWN.

THE MINERS' REBELLION IN TENNESSEE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY McCRAE & BRADSHAW.—[SEE PAGE 894.]



COAL-CREEK MINERS AND THEIR LEADER, EUGENE VERRILL, IN CONFESSION.—From a Photograph by McCarty & Beaman.—(See Page 861)



CLARENCE HOBART, CHAIRMAN OF W.



E. L. BALA, WINNER AT NEWPORT



MALCOLM CHASE, INTERNATIONAL CHAMPION



F. H. BOYER, INTERNATIONAL CHAMPION



TENNISCOURT IN FRONT OF CASINO THEATRE.—From a Photograph by Frank R. Child.

AMERICAN EXPERTS AND GROUND OF THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT NEWPORT.—[SEE PAGE 867.]

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1902.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND.

FROM HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY NATHANIEL NABORS.





COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—INTERIOR OF MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING, SHOWING BASE OF ONE OF THE GREAT ANCHORS.—DRAWN BY H. D. NORMAN.—[SEE PAGE 87.]



AMERICANS IN PARIS.—Drawn by R. C. Woodville.





DRAWING RATHOS.



READY FOR AN ATTACK (OVERSEAS COMPANY).



A WOUNDED BOON.



THE MAIN SIGNAL-TOWER.



CAPTAIN BOE AND LIEUTENANT BRIDGEMAN (TROOP A).



GETTING READY FOR DINNER.



DINNER SERVED OUT.

WITH THE MILITIA AT BUFFALO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. B. HUGHES.—[SEE PAGE 101.]



THE CLIFFS AT GRAND MANAN, NEW BRUNSWICK.—DRAWN BY M. J. B. HEN.



SCOTTY'S DAY OFF.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

THAT day had witnessed a fun of considerable nature, the old man had landed the dishes in the street, and then offered to go and hunt up a policeman and have himself arrested if his wife should feel like entering a complaint. But she had done so similar occasions—the instant to her writing machine and pile of crochets, and forward over to Scotty not to say a word.

It was hard on Scotty. If it had been his own father! It would have been bad enough, but a step father! But he knew it would be all the worse for his mother if he interfered, so he held his tongue and hoped the old man would leave before he did. But the old man was not in a hurry this morning, although he was looking for want of the money for the purchase of which his wife had told him she had not the money. The old man was sure there was money in the place, and he went to have it. Scotty was afraid the sewing machine would follow the dishes, so he lingered over the packing of his lunch. All in no purpose, for the old man suddenly phoned himself in a chair and silently left them.

Scotty dared not stay a minute longer; he was late already, and he had been late nearly every day for the week the old man had been on his curfew, and the foreman had complained of it. If he lost his situation, what then? The old man had not worked alone to wait on the miller a year ago, the crochets were not at hand, and the sewing coat would be ready for a month yet. With him out of a situation, how would they get on? He could only hope the sewing machine might be spared, and his mother's mother committed. He did not even dare to whisper to his mother not to be frightened, for the old man was so suspicious, and had regarded him with greater distrust than ever this last week because he had been quiet and staid at home of nights instead of going with the boys—not even to among the friends on the first floor that Annie was married.

And why had he not gone out of nights this past week? Scotty's chief trouble was on his thought of that keeping in doors and earning a living, he could not understand and which he shared out division. He knew his mother looked on him strangely, too, and very likely thought he got religion, because the Heavenly Beasts had roared up at him, especially that one that seemed like a broken down horse. The whole family whistled and hummed that time. But it was not religion Scotty had. He was in love, and he did not know it. He had been in love six months, and not till a week ago had he been unhappy because of it. He was older than his years, and possessed by none of his reserve, and yet he did not know what love meant. The object of his adoration was Miss Allen, his boss's daughter, who came down to the shop sometimes to visit home with her father. It began when he saved her little dog from being run over. Scotty loved her from that day; her smile,

her graceful voice, her delivery, these were all so new to him. After that day she would nod and smile to him if she saw him as he went into the office. He used to watch for her and get in her way for the sake of that nod and smile, and would dream about her.

All this until a week ago. A week ago, the day of the Great wedding, when he had anticipated so much pleasure with the guests' best and things, the foreman told the shop that Miss Allen could be married the following Thursday—that was today. Scotty was at his best when the foreman spoke. All at once something seemed to take him in the elbow, like a lump that had got there suddenly. All day he made mistakes, couldn't get things right. In the evening the boys whistled their native whistles for him, but he stood away from them. They were no longer comparable, even the peasant gully pulled upon him, and he held himself to be a critic in matters theatrical, and had his favorites among the actors, and fought for them.

Yet for a week he had felt this keeping away from all that he knew and staying up in the flat in his mother, in the crochets and the sides of the Heavenly Beasts as they went into burrows round the corner, and his mother, without stopping her work, would look over to him and smile her way and smile, and say she was so glad for him, and that religion was a good thing, and she'd often felt like it herself, only she'd never had the time, and she hoped he'd be a good man, as his father had been. A tear would tremble in her faded eye, where great memories glimmered out.

And Scotty did not contradict her. He knew that if he attempted to say a word he should break down, and then his mother might get to thinking all sorts of things about him, even that it had been he, as if they were not, who had called "Fire" that night when all the people were asleep, and the Dogs had broken his leg in foolishly resisting down the fire escape.

The old man thought all sorts of things about his son, feeling him in the house of crochets. The old man showed him so that he might ascertain if his services were correct, not failing in motive into irritating replies for which he had, imagined, some miserable things still, not the least manner which was that Scotty had helped himself to the firm's money. The old man was always accusing people of taking money that did not belong to them.

Then he was insistent for funds this morning, giving as the alternative the phoning of the room into the street, by getting with the dishes.

After the dishes he walked awhile. He had serious opinions regarding the fitness of his wife following the chain, only he argued that if this came about, and Scotty still refused to take this last and last home, the flat would have to be given up, as there would be no one to work the sewing machine. The store might go, and the bedstead, and the

plush photograph album he had once bought in a moment of weakness, before he had gone on the strike, but he would wait even for this, and give his wife time to give Scotty the work.

For the old man was persuaded that mother and son were in collision, and that some day he should come home and find the flat vacant, and the two of them gone off to live in which misery some-better, desiring him for a life of total ferocity and isolation.

But the week did not pass between them. Indeed, Scotty, not daring to stay any longer, and feeling that the old man was too ready to tackle the machine, put his new papered lunch away up under his arm, and without a word, and followed by the force of the machine, went out into the city.

The Greaty children and Eliza, the Harriet Dago, who was even eyed and confiding, had some of the broken china from the street and had come on the stairs with it, waiting for the dismemberment of the frame. Jimmy Grady Jovied, and Eliza waited in a puzzling way, but Scotty took no notice and hurried on, not even stopping to see the outcome of a scene between him, Grady and Harriet, the shoemaker, regarding a pair of Grady's boots, which had such apparent invisible patches on them that Grady declared every other walking delegate would consider him lined on.

In the street Scotty took a long breath. He wondered if his mother would remain comatose. He wished he had had the money to give the old man. But he had not a cent of his own, he was even saving his pie money to give his mother at the end of the week. For he had done a most extravagant thing, he had told the foreman to put down the man for the full week's wages towards Miss Allen's wedding present which the men were getting up.

What eyes the men had made when he said that! And "theory" glittered, as called because of his extraordinary length of funds and who knew more about theories than any other man, said: "Why, then, what's the diff, to him? But this is sure. Where did you get the sum?" and asked him if it were "pimpety" money.

No, he had not a cent except his pie money, and that belonged to his mother, who most never knew his lunch for a week had been bread alone, without the accompaniment of that pastry which he liked above anything else. What would his mother say when she knew of the disposition of his work's wages—his mother, whose only hope was he!

But he did not care; somehow or other, he could not care for anything just now. For Miss Allen was so sweet, so gentle, and had always spoken so kindly to him, and she was going to be married. Could he have given less than his work's wages towards her wedding present? Wasn't it pleasant to think he should suffer for her sake? He would never know but he should.

Today was the wedding-day. He would be in the shop working, steady, at the back end of the row, while his



THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INCORPORATION OF GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS. —[SEE PAGE 79.]

1. Old Stone Fort 2. Leaving Church after the Commemorative Service 3. Watching the Procession 4. The Ball 5. The Fishermen's Race

THE CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB.

Around the athletic clubs of this country there is probably no more prominent organization than the Crescent of Brooklyn. Founded in 1903 as a football club by several devotees of that game, mostly Catholics, it has developed into an organization of over one thousand members, with a stadium and every club-house in Brooklyn, a two-story, new \$200,000 club-house, the field across-district, and last house at Bay Ridge, and as complete a stock of apparatus and boats as is owned by any club in America.

Chief among the founders of the Crescent was William M. Field, to whom is now accorded the honor of first married member. William R. Thompson, John and Harry Lammie, Clinton H. Butler, Joseph E. Austin, Lloyd Nelson, Edward H. Terry, William C. Smith, Frederick H. Vernon, Deane Edwards, and Gustav S. Wallace.

In January, 1904, the club re-organized as an athletic club, and took rooms on the corner of Clinton and Kingston streets, Brooklyn Heights, but rapid increase in membership was compelled them to move again to their present quarters at 11 Piermont street, where they housed during the summer of 1905. In the same time they had purchased the old Van Housen mansion at Bay Ridge, where the abolition of Piermont House, the brothers Mather and Daughen, were shot, and had turned the old mansion into a cozy and commodious country club-house, and the broad series adjoining it into one of the finest private athletic fields in America. In 1906 the Newell Hunt Club, having consolidated with the Crescent, had moved their headquarters from Sheepskin Bay and moved it at the Bay Ridge grounds. Both further improvements were planned, and in 1907 the new club-house was designed by Foster & Hoag, and has been erected at Bay Ridge at a cost of \$20,000, and is now ready for occupancy. It contains all the features of a modern country club, and hereafter will be the summer home of the Crescent. Football has always been a favorite sport with the members of the Crescent, and for several years the games with the Princeton and Yale teams have been a feature of the Crescent's season. Men who have been prominent in college football, who have used the mask and kicked upon the Crescent team, are Willy Terry, the famous half back, and Alvin Bull, the old full back of Yale. Both Terry and Bull have been captains of the Yale football team, while Terry was also captain of the Yale baseball team, and helped to win many honors for them during his administration. Among the Princeton men who now wear the Crescent are



THE CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB-HOUSE, BAY RIDGE.

Deane Edwards, who probably knows as much about football as any man living, Mather, Janssen, and George. The present officers of the club are Charles M. Hall, president, Carl H. DeWitt, vice president; W. H. Hill, secretary. Harry H. Langdon, treasurer.

RACES AT ROCKAWAY.

GYMNASIA were were located in India, and have been adopted in England and in this country. They are amusing, and they are interesting because it does not follow that the best horses and the best riders must always win. The Rockaway Hunt Club held their annual Gymkhana races last week, and these were many there to see.

On the day set about twenty-five or thirty men and women on horseback, and as many more in high carts and low carts, hickorys and wagons, met at the club-house at Colchester, Long Island, and proceeded in a body to the outer beach. There was a broad creek to wade across before reaching the course, and across this the whole party had to ford. Dr. T. F. Brown, who knows the whereabouts of every hole and shoal in Rockaway inlet as well as he knows the position of every bone in a man's body, had staked out a road through the water, and it was a question of keeping between the stakes or drowning. This alone shows the sporting spirit of the people of Rockaway. Everybody crossed and reached the track in safety, except one of the judges, but of the Scotch plaid coat, who, without any apparent reason, left his pony suddenly, to mount again

not Hickley, but Len Jacob, they had just put the line in this order, and pulled up in front of the judges for inspection. It was the first in with the most water to win. With a natural supposition for many few qualified, and R. P. Hickley, who had carefully scored his tandem all the way, was awarded first prize. In the next race the riders were ladies, who had to proceed to a given point where as many men stood ready to throw a needle headed then by the riders. Miss Margarette Shale, the winner, was fortunate in having for a "brooder" a big lady, who allowed her to proceed over the course without hardly any apparent delay. Miss M. Shale in this race, so in the second, received well deserved applause for her plucky riding.

The fifth race, known as the double event, was a race for mixed doubles. Five men having chosen partners made to one end of the bay where three partners awaited them, and who were to be their partners in a ribbon, they then made for home. Mr. E. La Montagne, Jun., and Miss Shale, so two alike, entered. The starter, Mr. Albert La Montagne, had much trouble and it was not until after seven breaks that he caught all together and sent them away. Leonard Jacob on Faust was well thought of, but Mr. E. La Montagne, Jun., on Xeno, won all the way. J. D. Cheever came in second. After this there was a race in and the tide, where refreshments stood, and a ride home. The prize were cups, and even those who failed to win one of them thought the day a success.



THE LADDER RACE.

THE START OF THE PARTNERSHIP RACE.
GYMNASIA RACES OF THE ROCKAWAY HUNT CLUB.

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TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.



BY CAMILLE PELLETAYE

ON leaving the station at Cairo the traveler enters the *Kahkharah*, once a vast open space as wide as the *Place de la Concorde* in Paris, before it was enclosed by palaces for the marking of the square which now occupies a considerable portion of it.

In order that a mysterious light greeted the visitor to the *Kahkharah*, for it was occupied by an Arab market, and Marthab's inscription, brought from the East in the noble days of Islamism, was a perfect imitation of the letters of the alphabet. But when I first made acquaintance with this same *Kahkharah*, now, after a good twenty years, the European quarter had long since invaded it. The wide marble mosaic of Marthab's picture now cast their light shadows upon what are always the first illustrations introduced in Africa by the civilization of the West—houses in the Italian style, painted rose-color, yellow, or sky-blue; English hotels, with flags of stars and stripes; wine shops, cafés, and cafés chantants, with other characteristic features of the European Levant, haunted by merry crowds of every race, and strange-looking hybrids wearing the red fez of the East, with a cultivated cast, peering each other on the roads and footpaths, with here and there, in startling contrast to them, a few bits of the old forest, grand-looking figures in flowing robes, veiled women, serpent-charmers, exhibitors of cyrenopithecic apes or huge rams of fantastic appearance, reviving the Greek and scolar figures of Arab tales or Egyptian bas-reliefs.

To enter the true Cairo, the Cairo of the East, one has but to go to the first stand for donkeys and hire a street, dark stands are to be seen outside every hotel on the *Kahkharah*, and it is not necessary to have been in Egypt to be familiar with the appearance of Oriental donkeys, for men-lars of their owners looked with them to Paris to see the *café* Tupper at the time of the exhibition. The European

knows well that the nose of the East is very as the hairless, ill-tempered, oblique, hunched down head of the West. The servants of the East corners of the desert, the donkey of Cairo can emulate the looks of the ancient whose portrait when ten years old. He is compared them to Ajax, a member of their family betrayed the prophet Bahman, a member served as palfrey to Christ himself. How many families exist in the *Kahkharah* in Cairo can claim a lineage as distinguished? Quick, full of nervous force and though small, with well-lit frames and dusty feet, they have a wonderfully intelligent and spirited presence, and give themselves the air of a pretty woman. There is not a heavy Babylon between Assuan and Alexandria that they could not carry and trust about with all day long. The French soldiers of 1798 who named them the "bavans," after the members of the Institute who accompanied the expedition.

But the donkey is not complete without the donkey boy. This "boy" wears a long blue blouse and a red hat. He directs and guides on his head, follows it about like an shadow, and if need be, run for ten hours at a stretch, and for all this he never has a few sous. Full of fun, eye, humor, and tricks, he is the very counterpart of the street Arab of Europe. For foreigners he puts out a jaunty smile up of some twenty words of Italian, with as many of French and English, guarded with a few paternal Arabic expressions, and supplemented by an energetic push-over of signs. Another peculiarity is that his name is always Akard or Melamand.

Directly you approach a station for donkeys, you may hear him by the donkey boys, who soon see you, and after a brief struggle, you find

yourself the captive of one, when you have nothing more to do than mount your steed.

Unfortunately the Arab saddle and only has a hump in front, covered with height and leather by way of a bit of level color, which hangs down the rider on to the crupper, but the stirrups are fastened to one strap, which works like a pulley, so that directly you set foot in one stirrup, down it goes, whilst the other lies up. The Cairo donkey, who is a born wheelster, generally chooses the shortest to start, and the rider is in danger of meeting his length upon the sacred soil of Egypt. Then, however, a very merry training for donkey riding, as the Cairo men have so many ways of charming you as Babalala's *Pompage* hat of making money.

Once off, you are at the mercy of the donkey and his driver, the latter never ceasing to excite the former with blows from his stick, guttural cries, harsh exclamations, and, above all, a kind of strange, long, prolonged, half-whispered modulation. Don't attempt to moderate your pace at all; you will only waste your time. The donkey has two paces—a trot, which jumps you about like a shower of blows, and a gallop, which is comparatively delightful. But it changes from one to the other perpetually, and the transition shakes you up and nearly drives you off, you feel you don't care where. Moreover, when at the height of its speed, your eccentric steed is sometimes seized with an access of pity, and suddenly drops down on its haunches, waiting you over its ears to follow its example a little further on. Then these

THE GREAT SPHINX.



ARAB WOMAN.



A WOMAN OF CAIRO.

is not an obstacle in his path, whether it be a wall or another donkey, that he does not make sure to take his own. One would imagine that he wished to relieve himself by rubbing of the private of the private of your legs against his body, or that, like the owner of the cow, he has a fancy for prying through the eye of a woman. After all, however, one ends by knowing these swift and willing little brutes, in spite of, perhaps on account of, their very faults. They are friends of a nature a little too fond, but still they are friends.

But now we are in the saddle! We are off at a gallop! We turn



THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.



THE BAZAR OF CAIRO

members of the extraordinary assembly. That of the Mamelukes, the turks, last nation, first slaves, then kings, was for two centuries and a half, from the middle of the thirteenth to the beginning of the sixteenth century, elected their chiefs to the supreme power, one day only to overrule them the next. Everything in the history of the Mamelukes is fantastic and unnatural.

Egypt an ever-threatening storm, with no more attachment to the soil than the loads of a gathering tempest, which in their fury melt, before they recombined. The rural power was to these despots, who were fated to be shattered the next day like a deluge, for which they paid with their lives.

It is to those who enjoyed an hour of domination in this empire, founded on chance, ever burning



A STREET IN THE TURKISH QUARTER OF CAIRO



A WATER-SELLER

They did not form a caste; living in the midst of their hermits, they had no legal successors in their date; they chose their heirs by will, or from amongst their slaves, increasing their numbers by the kidnapping of children. Could this be called a monarchy, when every member was so much a king as any other? In sixty years forty-four sultans were elected and overthrown. The true masters of Egypt, even after the Turkish conquest, it must be said, were the Mamelukes, who remained in power, without exclusion, without continuity of government or of family, in a perpetual tumult of revolt and unrelenting warfare. The Mamelukes were to



THE RUINS OF THE CAHIR.

with the river, now of rage as of mercy did we view the so fragile and fair-like marble of Ayah, in its time, which resembles the path from the sea for a little, lasting but a day.

It is not necessary to leave the neighborhood of Cairo to begin our acquaintance with more



A PALLAS WOMAN BATHING HER CHILD.



A CAIRO STREET AND DUNGEON

Egypt. Thousands of years before these were any dwellings on the river banks occupied by Jericho, Heliopolis, and Abydos at the very dawn of human history, when all the rest of the world was still wrapped in the thick gloom of prehistoric darkness, a vast host of huge buildings rose not far from the present city, on the other side of the Nile, which was dotted with the heads of the ancient inhabitants. A forest of venerable date-trees casts its shadows upon the blue soil, beneath which lie buried the remains of this city of a world gone by, of which nothing remains but the vast cemeteries, their position marked by an avenue of monuments. The famous pyramids of Giza, opposite Cairo, on the borders of the desert, form the last of these monuments.

Every one is familiar with the appearance of these strange pyramids, these huge parallelepipeds of strictly geometrical form, so vast and so lofty that it was not until after eighteen centuries of development that the human race succeeded in erecting a building of greater height, which the loftiest pinnacle of the most aspiring Gothic spire, however light and airy it be, did not surmount higher than the point of the pyramid of Cheops before it was blasted by time. Nothing could be more confusing to the eye

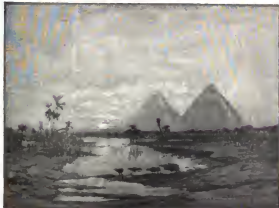


THE NILE AT SOCLAK.

than the general appearance of these heaps of stones, in which no artistic conception plays the slightest part. The effects of perspective in these lines of mathematical regularity are most bizarre—large bare triangles, the outlines shortened or lengthened, marked out like a diagram in the sun into the bands of light and shade, the reflections in the sand of the long straight angles varying according to the time of day. The steepest sides, which at a distance appear absolutely plain, are when approached more nearly discovered to be broken up into a series of projecting stones like a large chess-board worn with age. It is somewhat difficult to judge at first sight of the size of the pyramid,



THE MONASTERY MOUNTAIN.



THE PYRAMIDS.



OLD STREET OF CAIRO.

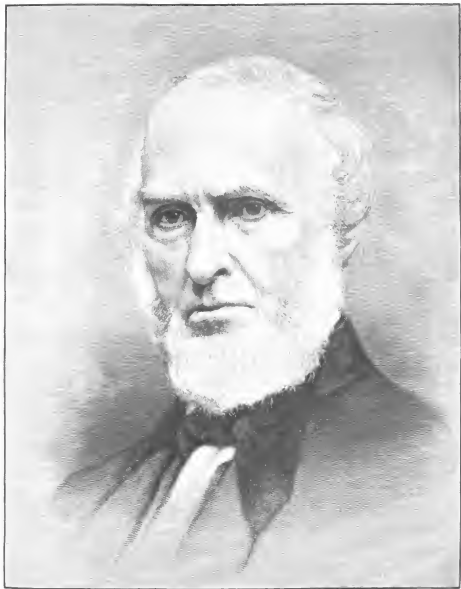
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TEN CENTS A COPY.
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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—(See Page 864.)



THE LATE DANIEL DOUGHTERTY.—Fam. & Postgraduate in Germany.
(See page 100.)



THE LATE GENERAL WILLIAM F. THROBRIDGE.
(See page 100.)



F. H. ROVEY,
 CHICAGO.

G. S. CRESSWELL,
 CHICAGO.

W. R. LARNED,
 CHICAGO.

AMERICAN FIRST THREE LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS OF '92



THE HON. LEVI A. FULLER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF VERMONT.—*(See page 100.)*



WILLIAM ASTON CHARLES, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.—*(See page 100.)*

NOT OF ANNAPOLIS.

BY LUCILE LOVELL.

NO one, not even his stoutest admirer, the cook of his crew, could say that Tom was very black. But what else was to be expected of a sailor of Barbadoes? Everybody knows that the men of Barbadoes is the darkest of all West Indian breeds, not brown, but black, and that the sons of the Maritanian, but the black of ebony polished by good usage. Tom's antipathies and antipathies would have reasons for themselves, and these various causes for Barbadoes Tom's mellow blackness of skin, but such matter would be out of place here. It is more to the point that Tom himself was quite indifferently to what by many may be considered a disadvantage of birth, and happily for him, Stubbie, his apprentice and the Jack of the Boat of the steamship *Montevideo* had no prejudice against color when it was mixed with pluck and good nature. Tom had a reputation for both unassailable in moral record by almost all the most distinguished of literary criticism.

And now he was dead—dead old mate—and the ship was in mourning. Not his crew alone, in the wardrobe he was mentioned respectfully. When Captain, who for twenty years had regarded the display of natural feeling as "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," asked like a Devil when told that Tom was no more. And the radio—mighty men of one strain in powerful words—natural emotion to speak among themselves of the "poor old lepper." Still another tribute. Jack of the Boat, otherwise known as Billy, solemnly averred that the neighbor on hearing of Tom's death had said that he would rather have heard of the death of the executive officer. It must be admitted, however, that Billy was something of a wag—and the officers of promotion in the navy are slow in making their appearance.

Truth be told—and it may be told when a man's cold—Tom would have been liked by those expressions of respect from his superiors. Upon more than one occasion he had shown his opinion of the *Montevideo* as a whole in a way to stir up in its officers. But his mannerisms. Ah, that was another matter! Could he have seen them clustered about his lifeless form, his good natured smile—whose entrance the theory of Psychological Research at least will not be disposed in question—would have been deeply gratified. He was in every respect, marked with his name and rate and date of death in big black letters, and bearing upon its upper surface a striking likeness of himself—having once excited by little Stubbie from memory, after the manner of the contestants for the *Prix de Rome*—and with loud enough in the sack to carry him in the very bottom of the blue freighter. Tom was ready for burial. And his friends were around him. There were Tom Woods and Bill Williams and old Stubbie—the cook who in the gully, thinking only of Tom's taste in making—Billy, Billy Stubbie, and the boatman's mate. From time to time they glanced at the golden form of their late captain, remembering—well never forget—a man, who had never been known to open his lips except to say *Ag't*—upon his habits and character, discovering every moment additional reasons for his death.

"Good as a buccanier," said Tom's mate. "Knewed every time a blow was coming up, an' he'd get it out of the way."

"A chance at little Stubbie, where he was, was shabber than his life." "Never need no timber ship neither, Tom didn't."

"That Sassa Linsen knocks me," said Bill Williams, following up his and shaking his head.

"What about it?" asked Stubbie, not unwilling to turn attention from himself.

"Well," Bill answered, "Tom had been on cruise on that *Trinidad*, an' he'd made up his mind to keep with that mate, but when she sailed for that South Pacific, that wasn't no Tom for her mate, an' the next we knowed he was on our flag-ship, an' then I began to see her glory with her mate a plucker 'Rampunch' Linsen." *He bowed.* Every eye sought the canvas bag, as if expecting some contribution of those words, but none was given, and Bill added, "You can't mark that in their service."

A great of apprehension would round the little circle, then Sam Woods said, "No guess yet could be."

The body extended fifteen men claimed the Jack of the Boat's attention. "For better identification below," he asked, with a grin. "I say, Stubbie, old fellow," he explained, "don't do it on me, please. To suffer go around for at the day of judgment."

Stubbie was about to reply, when Sam Woods spoke: "There was a knock that little John Kelly a minute, of the ship's officer, an' he said, 'Barn, you' on for days, an' suddenly couldn't do' out who does their job. Nobody but Tom looked on that as was that little fellow's way. 'I'd never give it away, but for got in my kid in their ship's room, an' when he seen master John Kelly slide in as an make for their marriage, Tom he looked in right round their cabin, an' near shook their life out of him. Tom could 'a' had anythin' in their wardrobe that day."

"When did you first know him?" asked Stubbie.

"Afin or you thought on," Bill Williams replied, pleasantly. "An' he'd been heard of since then."

Bill looked at Sam, and Sam looked at the boatman's mate, who looked, in his turn, at old Stubbie, then at each other and with so much energy that there could be no doubt that each had been struck at the same instant by the same thought. But no one spoke and the apprentice and Jack of the Boat were too wise to break the silence.

"Night was falling. They were meeting Trinidad, and the *Montevideo* was tilting the mighty bow of the *Orinoco*. The breath of the great river was chill, and Stubbie thought of poor Tom's burial place and sighed. "If it had happened before we left *Guiana*," he said, regretfully. "The old cap looked cold water."

Then, for the first time since they had gathered together on the spar deck, old Stubbie spoke. "It ain't that, he's a wailer for an' somewhere further on," he said, slowly.

"But if he was at Stubbie's table no difference for him. This ain't their first time he's been showed their inside of Jerry Jones's locker."

"Was," cried Stubbie and Billy, in one voice.

"It's a fact," old Stubbie replied. "I'll leave it to Bill Williams when it is his turn to say that Tom's dead."

"Tell that to the men," said the Jack of the Boat, presently.

"It's his story," Bill admitted. "But Stubbie knows what he's talking about."

"His eye you know how of Tom went," questioned old Stubbie's reply.

Stubbie nodded that Tom might have been older than he looked.

"You're bet, he was older," he looked. A peculiar smile played about old Stubbie's mouth as he continued,

"Twenty years ago, an' Bill Williams was captain on that ship a war *Empire*, an' in this one he'd been seen a sight we ain't never forget, an' never was it. We'd left British Guiana expecting, for put in a good time in Port of Spain. We'd stopped the coast of Trinidad, an' was beginnin' to feel that we were chill from their big winds, an' their blow of their chucker was in our eyes as the sun shined, for their great river'd begun to blacken their blue an' their sea with its dark brown water, an' was round 'long an' 'long an' 'long. It was a little earlier in their day, maybe, the sea had a west down, but stood up on his beam as on their horizon, but as heavy as stone, an' we an' Bill were a workin' of us, when a large antelope-like ship came his horned face. 'Twasn't none's a minute, but we seen it plain, an' 'twas all black—black an' 'twas—'twas then out an' they dropped down together later their pitch black sea. But as they went out of sight, Bill he heaved a half a mile with one hand, pointin' with their other to their drinkin' ship."

"What's that on their yard arm?" said he. I looked a moment, but then, an' as he was his, an' mark that their horned face of their men, an' then we didn't see no more. "It was that a red ship," an' Bill he was, in a shaky voice. I didn't make no answer, for I felt queer. "Post office" an' Bill; then he steps short, for somebody came out. "Look—'the man!" We looked. "Come down our mainmast, look over here, an' easy to their best of us, was a black ship—her biggest an' blackest. Lower see. His eye, two black an' white, was lookin' straight at our ship, an' up he comes let what we was standin' at, then up again Bill he's legs like at he heaved him a c. Nobody lookin' never see Mr. Cat alone."

"But," Stubbie began.

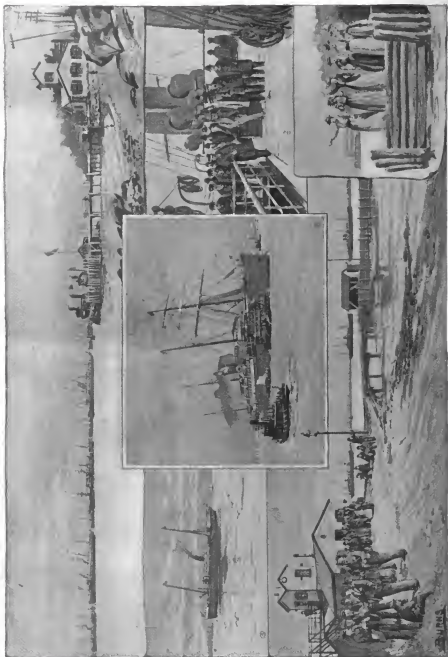
"He didn't say no silly body's opinion," old Stubbie said, doing his eyes upon Stubbie. "There's some things we can't be explainin', an' I don't never come to my mind."

The apprentice accepted the repeated refusal in silence, and the tale of the cat was continued.

"We took a great shine to their big black ship," old Stubbie murmured. "He was so full of fun an' a prettier, 'so deep, we named him *Indefatigable*, after their Admiral in the fleet, callin' of him 'H' Bill' for short. He got to be so popular on their *Empire* that when we an' Bill was transferred to their *Deser* they fellow looked him up, an' we couldn't be his, but he's of him. This was at their yard in New York. As their *Empire* sailed for Portsmouth, their day after their *Deser* was off far her summer cruise for Europe, we expect we'd said good-by to her, but when we saw of *South Block* we an' Bill was within 'bout what we saw, an' 'twas she'd come a rubbin' round our legs but he'd left."

"How," began Stubbie.

Old Stubbie raised his voice slightly, and went on: "He become their name *Payroll* at party, but he was on their *Empire* with all but one. Thereafter, our quarter-master, an' we an' me, an' the rest of us, were all with him, an' he'd stay near their rail with him, an' distance from Thatcher. He done what we could, but a big sea was runnin', an' he didn't seem to be half of their eyes no thing to us, an' we an' Bill got down. Their war man on their *Deser*, an' Thatcher he was sorry. But that wasn't their



AT THE QUARANTINE STATION, NEW YORK HARBOR—Drawing by M. J. Brown—(from Point Box.)

1. Transfer of the Steaming Passenger to Hoffman Island.
2. Disband of Quarantine Prisoners.
3. The Dutch Ship, *Monica*.
4. Passengers waiting for the Doctor.
5. Reporters talk with the Doctor.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE GARDEN RAILWAY—MAIN ENTRANCE TO TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.—DRAWN BY H. B. THOMAS.—(See Page 807.)

BUILDING OUR GREAT FAIR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IT is not true that the grounds of our Columbian Exposition in Jackson Park, Chicago, have for months been more interesting than they will be when the fair is thrown open to the world. And yet they have presented a fascinating story during all the stages of the preparation for the great display, a scene so peculiar that no public exhibition except the completed fair can exceed it in interest. To have been there and to have witnessed the construction of the exhibition palace is to have enjoyed a great surprise and a unique pleasure. The thousands of spectators on work days and the ten thousands who have paid their quarters here at the gates on Sundays will also be able to boast, when they see the Columbian show itself, that they have enjoyed the full spectacle. They will have seen the earliest and most peculiar exhibit—the made and progress of construction. It will not dwarf the aggressive of exhibits, but it pales every single one of them.

It is the custom of the persons concerned in the work to refer back to the time when not a spade had been turned in the surface of the fair ground, as if that were an interesting period; and truly it is wonderful, now, to see the festival grounds and levees around the great palace, and the trim, shielded lagoons, and the orderly bands of Belgian blocks against which the lake's waves lash, and to know that here, a year ago, was just a plain, part marsh, and part easily waste. All that has been done with the land and water nothing is to me more interesting than the story of the making of the World's Island. This island, on all the public mind now, is in the main a work between the Horticultural Building and the enormous structure for the exhibition of manufactures and liberal arts. It contains sixteen acres, is sparsely wooded, and is designed to be kept still of all buildings except a superb Japanese temple, and is to be sacred to public comfort. It will be a cool and shady place for visitors to rest upon. One end of it is the Japanese well decked with their peculiar lot beautiful flowers and dark trees, and this they have promised to give to Chicago as a lasting memento of their interest in our exposition. The place was scarcely an island. It was rather a hazy of solid mud. To-day it is a picturesque land that says one would soon had been made by Nature, and by her slow processes. The rough slope into the clear water of the water weeds and lily pads and the edges of the water. Little arms of vegetation and of land reach out here and there between tiny coves and bays, and the general effect is an natural and real that it cannot one in less than it is not so. Yet the fact is that the island, as we see it to-day, is a work of art—the art of Frederick Law Olmsted and his partner, the landscape architects. The land was shaped as it is now, and the lakes and grasses and water plants were put there and made to grow according to a picture or a plan, precisely as the gigantic palaces of the exposition were first designed upon paper and then executed by mechanics.

Such perfected bits of the fair ground do not speak for themselves, however, one must walk around and enter them and never suspect that there was a story to tell concerning them. It is in the buildings that are lovely children of their

own histories, and that cause repeated exclamations of wonder and delight from all who see them. While they were in their first stage they were less substantial than most skeletons. They looked like mere collections of timber and loam. Next their sides were latticed with thin wood-work on that you can find their dimensions and artistic outlines and proportions, and yet could look right through them as if they were architectural ghosts. To-day some are partially at that stage, and partially clothed with the stuff that is to make them all look like palaces of marble or ivory. They run on every hand to great heights, with graceful arches and picturesque towers and passages, and already reveal lines of stately edifices, groups of stately, marches of decorated fronts, and, in short, among things of all that they are to be.

One cannot be among them, and with the architects and artists who are at work upon them, without feeling that one is upon novel ground, that they are realized models in space, that the scene is an artistic dream, and that the entire work is the materialized dream.

Never in the world's modern history did so many cultivated men in so many skilled professions have such scope to give their genius play, and to watch the execution of their designs, with full liberty to alter and improve their work while it progresses. The whole country must feel the beneficent results of the exultation. The architects, painters, decorators, sculptors, gardeners, dressmakers, and engineers who are busied on the grounds form a great national school of learners. They are developing themselves and are another, and the crowds of professional men that are constantly visiting the grounds and studying the work feel themselves lifted to new endeavor and inspired by the opportunities and triumphs of the rest. Art has never had such a field in this country, nor such an opportunity, nor such liberty. There could only be possible under a man like Mr. D. H. Burnham, the chief of construction, a broad and liberal man, cultivated, sympathetic, sensitive, and unshaken, kindly with his fellows, and content to let itself drift whither it takes, he is perhaps the most remarkable product of the epoch. In Paris he would have been known, in Chicago he is known.

There are, while I am writing, in early July, 1902, about two thousand men at work in building the exposition grounds and buildings. Thousands are laborers who are planting trees, making mud, filling ditches, and cutting and lifting logs and timber. But there is one great building full of skilled men led by architects and artists. And in other buildings, even in the most-of-the way places one comes upon painters at work upon frescoes, artists illustrating plans with gay colors, sculptors creating beautiful statuary and bas-reliefs, and landscape architects supervising the plan for cool door-deckers of foliage and flowers.

The Forestry Building is now the main of the sculptors' studios, who are making gigantic representations of sculptured models who are to be used on the great buildings. These skilled workers are mainly Italian, though many are French and a few, very clever, are American. Here we see a great deal of the work of Mr. Philip Marlowe, one of those who are at work upon the colossal bas-reliefs

of the Agricultural Building, and most of that which is to embellish the galleries of the art. The full relief figures and great medallion bas-reliefs for that building will be made by this master of New York. Carl Hitter is also there at work on the sculptured decoration of the Agricultural Building, which will display groups at each corner of each pavilion on two stories and on each side of the doorway. The figures and bas-reliefs are usually made one-fifth the size they are intended to be, and the other work of enlarging them is very interesting. The sculptors do this by what is technically called "pointing up." In a word, they take the original figure, and determine a number of points upon it as a basis for development. Having put "dividers" upon two points, they keep extending third points to the desired distance from the last point until the figure is the proper size, always beginning from an initial point, or they make a rough model which contains the main lines of what they are to produce. This model is usually made of wood built around iron rods and arms, which follow the straight lines of the cone of the figure, and serve to keep it snug, as with a backbone. They have easily determined the height and width of the statue or figure. The smaller measurements are taken with scale-dividers in so that their leads are at the right distance from the body. The composition of plaster or steel is then worked upon the figure until it is brought up to the proper point and gives the depression and elevation of the fingers and curves of the subject. It is not necessary to point out how often this work must be, or how great is the skill that is required to reproduce, in a scale of five times the original size, all the fine lines and shadings and artistic touches which produce expression in a sculptured form.

Some of the smaller figures, as of animals and birds, are first made with small bits of both and whittled pieces of wood. Though they are made before the composition is added and worked into shape they often look very dead, and are frequently strikingly realistic models, like the object to be represented, and yet with regular, unusual lines, such as those to be seen in the sheep to be a sheep, for instance, and yet that it is a sheep outlined as we never saw one before. Some of the plain figures are done in actual scale, where only single figures are needed and no copies are to be made. The workmen perform their tasks in such cases under the close supervision of the sculptor, and so copies are to be duplicated, only one is made, and then it is of plaster. From that a model will be taken. The model is in use at the full scale, made largely of clay and containing their art-work and shadings, so that when a read is taken from their parts and put and put, and yet return to their original form. This material gives the sculptor a great deal of freedom in his work, and this is preserved in the castings. It is the only process which permits what is called "modeling," or making a form or shape of a thing, like the lip of a flower or the universal of a leaf, may be made with the certainty that it will reproduce itself.

A visit to the Forestry Building shows the workmen at every branch of their operations, and after looking the way into as they move among the hundreds of gigantic scale figures that have been created. Still more like dwarf-like those look who are at work upon the colossal bas-reliefs



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—(See Page 197.)

1. Manufacture and Liberal Arts Building, looking Northwest. 2. Administration Building. 3 and 4 Statues for Agricultural Building.
5. South End of Mines and Mining Building.



THE WORKMEN'S SUNDAY MEAL AT THE COLUMBIAN FAIR GROUND.—Drawn by A. HANCOCK upon a Sketch by T. DODD WATSON.



THE ALGERIAN AND TUNISIAN VILLAGE.—Drawn by E. D. NORMAN.—[See Page 100.]

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.

that happens to be of a commercial kind. These drivers show that they are very hard on their horses, and they generally also handle the kind of work that has made the London cab and our own drivers famous. I have talked with several who exhibited great powers of imagination, that is, great powers considering that the men worked hard from ten to sixteen hours daily, and were not professional kinders of fiction.

The street cars run on a terrible time, and many men and women are in the same methodical fashion. It is therefore common about that at certain hours the same men and women board the same car at the same place. The driver does not in a large city show these persons of course. He gets to knowing their faces, and to knowing also something of their outcries and movements. As the driver knows nothing else but this, but in a certain extent acquainted with the people, he fills up the huge gaps between those spare facts, and from his imaginative construction a more or less complete story for each one. As I have heard these related, some are amusing and some are pathetic, and when the subject is brought in upon a young lady, the story is often quite tender and poetic. There is a deal of sentiment beneath the rough coat of the street car driver, and though his task be hard, he keeps up a cheery spirit and lichen his hat off to his men. When the cable becomes unstrung the driver will be changed into a geyser.

The conductor does not have to work particularly as hard as the driver, but when a business is brisk and the cars crowded he has as much to do as can be comfortably performed. To get his passengers on and off safely is no little undertaking, and then he must consider, too, the fare, the fare, and the fare. It would not do to have any of these unfortunate, and he is told to the credit of the conductor and driver that few such persons are ever landed other than safely. To more able persons, or persons who should be more gently and safely so much consideration is shown. And then the conductor has to contend with bewildered old ladies, and with crowds of back seats. The old ladies who in the inside have their wits are usually short every attention, but the conductors get short skirts and sayings they deserve it. To collect all of the fares and to ring them up is a very hard task, even when the conductor approaches it with the best possible intentions. It does not do to ask the same passenger twice for his fare, and this is rarely done. And then there are dishonest persons of both sexes, who prefer not to pay at all even



INSPECTION BY OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

though the fare be only a paltry few cents. Sometimes such men get to be known on a line, and then they are compelled to pay or be put off. I remember to have been in a car once when a very nice looking, well-dressed woman of middle age got in. The conductor stopped in front of her. She looked in her pocket and another, but could find no purse. Her face got red. "I have lost my purse," she murmured. "Permit me, ladies," said the gentleman next her, producing the looking glass. "There, here, young fellow," said the conductor, "she is losing her way, she does this every time or so. Of course the gentleman, who was not at all "a young fellow," was dreadfully embarrassed, and to relieve this he quickly reached his destination. The woman rode on, however, and I have always believed that the conductor had not made a mistake.

The conductor, as to appearance, is a very miscellaneous lot. Some of them, to be sure, have started their business careers as streetcar conductors, and are either contented or wailing for something better in turn up. But the majority have been, to use a railroad expression, side-switched into these positions. Here is a clerk who needed an outdoor life, and then another, who, having lost his clerical position, sought this as a means of livelihood. Here is a business man who failed in business, and there a merchant who has bought and sold by wholesale and cut a figure on change. Professional men are also known in the ranks, and college-level men, if a serious note takes, would cut no small figure. I once knew a Harvard man in ecstacy much a position for many years, and I had his word for it that he rather enjoyed it.

Before his professional education had been completed a reverse in his family's fortune made it necessary for him to earn his own support at once. It was work or starve with him. Nothing prevented itself, and there was a virtue on a street car line. He offered himself and was accepted. He ran on the same line through the thirty for three or four years. I once talked with him in his car long after midnight. His passengers were of various sorts—old, only respectable and refined. In trading with them he developed three distinct patterns. Now his master was of the drawing-room, and he was only plain and blunt, and now again he was a very "tough." He told me that the latter manner enabled him to do much more easily with the class of people from whom it was hard to get. In his present position his surroundings are more congenial, if not quite so mixed.

THE GLEANER STRECK.



"THE MURDERER."

NEW YORK STREET CAR HORSES BOILED DURING THE HOT WEATHER.



DR. JENKINS—First a Physician at Panama.

AT THE QUARANTINE STATION, NEW YORK HARBOR.—In view are Bitter and Swan.—(From Point 861)

1. Hoffman Island. 2. Swinburne Island. 3. On board the Doctor Boat. 4. The Construction of the Dock on Hoffman Island. 5. Hospital, Swinburne Island. 6. Hospital, Swinburne Island. 7. Disinfecting Room, Hoffman Island.



"TBOQUIS"



"WARRIORS"



"VOLUNTEER"



"MERLIN"



"DAUNTLESS"



"ALCER"



"LAWA"

SEVEN FAMOUS RACING-SCHOONERS.—(See Page 895)

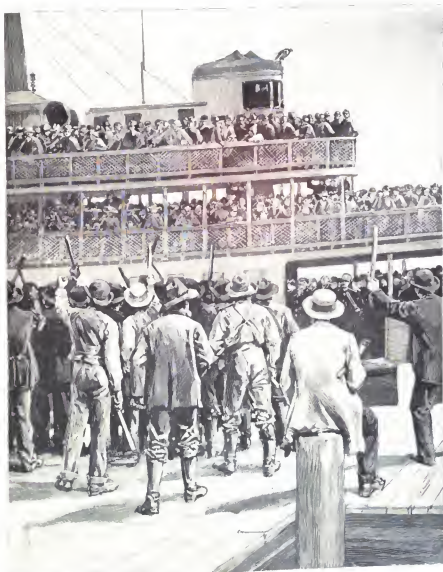
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THE MOB AT FIRE ISLAND PREVENTING THE LANDING OF THE "NORMANNIA" PASSENGERS.
DRAWS BY T. DE THIELHUIS, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. S. HERRARDSON.—[SEE PAGE 519]



"WE SAYED ME. WE LOVIN' ME BUTT"



MR. R. H. BOTHERS.



MR. CHILLY, MISS VIOLETTA BARNES, AND MR. OTHERS.



AN UNWELCOME CREDITOR—MEMPHIS, BUCKINGHAM, CLARK, AND MARSHALL.

SCENES FROM "CAPTAIN LETTABLAH," MISS MERRINGTON'S NEW COMEDY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANCOCK.—[SEE PAGE 508.]



STUDENTS

BERLIN.

(Continued from page 92.)

built the Old Museum, and his pupil Schöler, under whom the New Museum was erected, have been rewarded for representing that antiquity which both claimed as their inspiration. This is perhaps a little unfair, as Schinkel and Schöler only did as was the fashion of their time. At the present day, although we cannot claim to have absolutely mastered the science of building, we do know a little more about it, and are at least aware of the elementary fact that the material employed should be, so to speak, in rapport with the style adopted, that that which should be done in marble cannot be done in stone, and that it is folly to use certain materials for purposes to which they are utterly unsuited. We must submit to the necessities of matter, and, alas! is not this the case in everything concerning our poor humanity? I know that it seems hard in a town with the imperial pretensions of Berlin to show the bare bricks. But it is the characteristic of genius to be able to turn to account the materials at hand, and to draw from the wall of Iowa inspiration, as Perault, Haussmann, Gabriel, and others have done in Paris, and Waring and Schöler in Berlin. The Arsenal and the Old Palace are an honor to the city owning them, because they are dignified, simple and suitable to their purpose; whilst the University, the Library, the Emperor's Palace, and the bridge over the Spree might be removed without any sense



L'ENSEIGNE DE GUERNAULT.—FROM THE PICTURE BY WATTEAU IN THE ALTE BOHEIM.

of loss of beauty. On the other hand, the monument to Frederick the Great is really of stout character, the equestrian statue rising from its pedestal in grand simplicity, to the horse standing out distinctly and impressively.

The traveler in foreign countries ought to be very careful what he admires, and seriously take himself to task as to why he admires what he sees at a distance from home. For example, often say to Frenchmen, "Do you admire that?" It is made in imitation of the same thing in Paris. Now nothing is really more to be deplored than the universal imitation of a thing the only value of which is its originality. Frederick II. once took it into his head to have a French secretary, and a young man named Talhaud was sent to him. After a few preliminary questions, the king said to him, "So, sir, you do not know German?" "No, sire," was the reply. "But I will soon learn it." "I beg you will never learn it," said Frederick. "If you once try to speak it, you will soon get into the way of using the same phrases as we do. It will not be enough for you never to speak German; you will run similar risks if you ever learn to speak French, and if you adopt our manner, you will no longer be fit for the duty for which I have sent for you. I can not see your retaining the pure tone and the delicate tact of the language, refinement,



L'ENSEIGNE DE GUERNAULT.—FROM THE PICTURE BY WATTEAU IN THE ALTE BOHEIM.



A WORKMAN.

character and genius of your language: and I ask you as a gallant gentleman to give me your word of honor that you will not learn German, and that you will not speak French as we do." Unfortunately, Frederick II did not always act upon the excellent theories he laid down for himself. He was altogether imbued with admiration for Versailles, and sometimes by a desire to do things in French style. It must, however, be admitted that though he availed himself at Potsdam and at Sans-Souci of the help of the Legation, the Adams, with many less well-known French artists, he managed to give to the buildings he had erected the stamp of his own individuality. He was less fastidious at Berlin, where, with the help of Balthus and Knickelmeier, he built the



KING FREDERICK III

Opera-house, the University, the Academy, the Museum, St. Hedwig's Church, and the two domed towers of the Gendarmenmarkt, with the numerous minor buildings in which he housed members of the civil service, etc.

It was the suggestion of Frederick II., the Queen Sophia Charlotte, of the house of Hanover, the protectress of Leibnitz, whom French taste derived the style of the gardens of Charlottenburg, which she committed to the care of Le Nôtre, whose plans, however, preserved amongst the arboreal of the Palace of Charlottenburg, were not fully carried out. The French landscape gardener took the River Spree as the centre of his plan, laid out green lawns framed in trees on the right and on the



THE SPREE AT BERLIN



THE BRANDENBURG GATE



REVIEW AT TRENTHAM



AWAITING RELEASE ON "LA CHARPAK"



TEMPORARY FLOATING HOSPITAL ON THE TUG "FRENLE"



"MORAVIA," THE FIRST PEST SHIP; TWENTY-TWO DEATHS AT SEA.



REFUGEE SHIP FIRST PEST SHIP BY S. THOMPSON MORAN, ESQ.



THE DESERTED "MORAVIA" IN QUARANTINE.



THE PEST SHIP "MORAVIA", THIRTY-TWO DEATHS AT SEA.



"MORAVIA'S" PASSENGERS LANDING AT FINE ISLAND.—Photo by CHARLES BROWN.

TWO DAYS WITH THE CHOLERA EXILES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM THE "HARPER'S WEEKLY" TUG BY G. S. RICHARDSON.—[SEE PAGE 918]



LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N.



LIEUTENANT PEARY IN KAYAKING OUTFIT.



SNOW TENTS AT ITTIEB, SOUTH OF WHALE HARBOR.



"KITE" IN THE ICE IN THE STRAIT OF BELLE D'ILE.



A SEAL IN SIGHT, MELVILLE BAY.



STORM ON WINTER ICE.



GRANDS WITH HARBOUR AND MOUNTAINS OF BONG.



UPENAVIK, FROM THE NORTH.

The Grand Army at Washington; and a Short Story by Olive Schreiner. In this Number.

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MRS. WHITELAW REID.—(SEE PAGE 343.)



THE UNITED STATES SHIP "CONCORD"



FINCHES STREET IN CARACAS



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE



THE UNITED STATES SHIP "CHICAGO"
THE AMERICAN SHIPS OF WAR AT VENEZUELA.—[SEE PAGE 940]



MAY 31, 1865.—CHILDREN GREETING THE SOLDIERS FROM THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL. (From Harper's Weekly, June 16, 1865.)



SEPTEMBER 26, 1865.—DUNCAN-CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC GREETING THE VETERANS PASSING THE TRAIN BY DELAWARE.



THE REVIEW AT WASHINGTON, MAY 24, 1865.—GENERAL GREENMAN'S VETERANS PASSING WILLARD'S HOTEL ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE. (From Harper's Weekly, June 16, 1865.)



CAPTAIN A. G. GREENMAN
The newly elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.



THE BARRICADE, SEPTEMBER 26, 1865.—THE HEAD OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLUMN AT THE SAME POINT TWENTY-FOUR YEARS LATER. REMAINS OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AT WASHINGTON.—(From Photographs of Hall, Washington.—[See Page 944])



THE PROCESSION PASSING THE TREASURY BUILDING.



OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC—MODEL OF THE "KANSASIAN."



EX-PRISONERS OF WAR ON THE STEPS OF THE WASHINGTON CITY HALL.

THE REUNION OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AT WASHINGTON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BELL AND BRADY.—(SEE PAGE 945.)



STREET VENDERS ON FOURTEENTH STREET NEW YORK—DRAWN BY CHARLES BURDETTE



Entrance to the Exposition



Statue of the Republic



By the river
the Exposition
in Chicago



Entrance to the Exposition



Entrance to the Exposition

ARCHITECTURAL
BITS
IN THE
WORLD
OF
ART



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY.—[See "How I Photographed von Kaim," on Page 954.]



CITY HALL SQUARE.

BY A. & WATKINS—ILLUSTRATED BY F. V. DU MOND



It was the People's Square once and now it is the Politicians'. If Washington's dream least a truth there, where the mail wagon's stinger now for the swelling of the Executive at the head of each Continental regiment, or if Jacob Milborne should there arrange his toes from the foot of the pulpit of martyrdom, or should the redoubt come swaying across from Chambers Street to chop down the Liberty Pole, or should the waltzing host of the Doctors' Club, descending the suppelletions for order of Hamilton and Jay and Clinton, be heard again where now the Brooklyn citizens meet for his Bridge again, would that wretched crowd that swirls about the place beards or head?

Now it is too busy. "Hungry Greek" must "meet hungry Greek" there, in and about the Mayor's office and the Council Chamber, and woe to the poor and woe to the poor. "Hold, the office is taken!" If judged judge or lawyer, attorney, the strong son of illegality there in Town's Court house, lose a stroke he will necessarily be swept aside. If clerk, or office boy taking his fifteen-cent and fifteen-cent mark there in the cheap eating-house along the Bow be more than fifteen seconds about it, he will have more leisure than wages on his hands at the end of the week. And why should First Citizens or Second Citizens give hand? For if might should happen in the City Hall Square from the assemblage there of the mighty ghosts of all the mighty spirits of good and evil that have in its two centuries and a half possessed it, to the falling of a sparrow on the asphalt, will not a great crowd of sharp-punctured wretches swoop down from those high buildings along its edge, so that for a peevish First Citizen may read and know it all by elevated lamp-light as he hangs at eye in an elevated-car strap, while Second Citizens, reading too for another penny, possess him abstractedly in the stomach with an umbrella handle?

Really it is no longer the People's Square. If it were, could the politicians have stolen six million dollars out of it from under the People's swarming noses? But it was once the Square of the People who thought they lived on Manhattan Island, wept and cursed to see their Governor chosen to drink while he limits.

That was two hundred years ago and more, to be sure—and May, 1861. There was a drizzle of cold rain, such the electric, which dampened the sherpkins and muffled the Jacob Milborne on the death cart (below), driven to a shameful end on the gallows there where the mail wagon's tailer now, for having made the wire-pipe's warrant for assessing authority. Well

(Continued on page 101.)



"THE 'HUNGRIER' FOMI' STIRRED INTO THE LARD."



"AT THE HANDS OF A STEELWART WIFE."



"FOR THIS I SHALL INFLAME YOU! BEFORE THE BAR OF GOD!"



"ONE DAY A BOY VANQUISHED THE SCARLET PERSECUTOR WITH A KAN'S BORN."

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

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AN OFFICIAL VISIT.—ITALIAN OFFICERS BOARDING AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZORNATZ.

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THE COLUMBUS FESTIVITIES AT GENOA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.
The Italian Royal Yacht, loaded with King Humbert on board, entering the Harbor.—[See Page 675.]



PLASMA AND STATES OF QUANTUM WYNNINGTON, CARACAS



THE GREAT IRON BRIDGE, CARACAS.
a.-(See Page 667.)



Devoted by him during his Presidency, and paid down by the Wisconsin state his Term national.

CITY OF CARACAS, CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA, THE GREATEST INTERNATIONAL
MODERN IN THE CONTINENT.

VALUABLE, BLANK, SOLIDIFIED.

THE GREAT IRON BRIDGE, CARACAS



THE MUSIC FLOAT



THE PRESENT-FUTURE FLOAT



THE EDISON FLOAT



THE SUB-SUBSIDIERS FLOAT



THE FRESH' FLOAT.

SOME OF THE PROMINENT FLOATS IN THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.—[See Page 400.]



1490

HOUSE OF ARMS

greatest citizens, have been confined. Scores of the most loyal princes, of Queen Elizabeth before her accession to the throne, of the Duke of Clarence and the motherly butt of Henry VI.; of Lady Jane Grey, of the Duke of Northumberland, of Queen Anne Boleyn, of Mary Stuart, then only, of the Lord Protector, Scargill, of the Duke of Northumberland, of the Earl of Essex of the Great Tyrer

WHEN the editor asked me to write on "London" I was appalled at the magnitude of the task, but when they asked "in twenty pages," I shrunk, not so much from a difficult as from an impossible undertaking. I ventured also to question their choice of person. If any one were to attempt a "London in twenty pages," why should it be that one? They told me that, on the one hand, I had shown some acquaintance with the antiquities and history of my own parish—the village of St. Dunstons in the Strand; and on the other hand, I had been a member of the Working Men's Club, and had been a personal investigation into the condition of the streets—of the north side, and of the East End—"London, city of contrasts," said the editor, "as no want a writer who has some acquaintance with East and West, with rich and poor." "But a London in twenty pages?" I replied. "Give me rather the simpler contrasts of St. Dunstons—the gloomy fortress and the brilliant St. Dunstons, Give me Westminster, with the glowing Banquet, and on its benches the Golden Bunch, the resplendent bishops of the churches of Asia in the twilight of their Council of

her at the modelling of the Plan. Give me Tolson, give me anything but London, a London in twenty pages or let me off. The editor was merciful and I must try. It was not to be confined within close limits, it is better not to attempt a more list of names, such as guide books give, but to show, in even fewer than the twenty pages, one or two select features of our great town.

There is a walk which well exhibits medieval London. It starts as every foot through London again to start from the Tower. To the west, I may say that the Tower is not London, but our revolution have spared it. In English early history the Tower played a far greater part than its Persian rival in that of France. Tradition as well as Shakespeare tells us that Julius Caesar built it, but his great square keep was undoubtedly built by William the Conqueror and is still a perfect specimen of the fortress architecture of the eleventh century. The world does not possess a spot or building of more interest historically than the Tower of London—the personal castle of the British crown. For squares are most concerned in these days, perhaps with waving in the light of the sun (whose name is only to begeth confusion) are seated with their feet—the Tower, whose entrance are the most interesting, the most truly beautiful, in the world—and with the Crown of England, and the King's seat in the Jewel house. But in the Tower were held their courts, and in the Tower those who were to be or should have been the rulers of the country, and those who have been her



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

of Poisoning; of Balliol, King of Scotland; of William Wallace, of King John of France, the prisoner of Poitiers, of Charles, Duke of Orleans, the prisoner of Agincourt—all the heroes and romances women round the throne are not of greater interest than the more private revelations connected with the Tower of St. Thomas More, of Lord South

(Continued on double page)



A BURGESS



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT



LONDON BRIDGE



ROYAL EXCHANGE AND BANK OF ENGLAND



87

LONDON. — (Continued from page 868.)

ampton and his cat, of Archbishop Cromer, of Sir Walter Raleigh, of Henry Sidney, of William Russell. It is not only Roman Catholics who in these days think for Thomas Mann the greatest of all Englishmen in nobility and in force of life and superiority to the prejudices of his time. The life throughout its history, considered as a prison, has been as impartial as Queen Elizabeth when she held so evenly the balance between her Puritan and her Jesuit representatives that she used to lock them up together in the Tower in even and the parties useful, inasmuch as they spent upon each other.

But we came to this great solid square built Tower to start upon it, and we have lingered long. The Tower stands in view of London, which in my boyhood I remember densely thronged by the shipping of the world. The Port of London is no far greater event of trade, although not particularly greater than in those days. But the shipping is not so rich. As we come to London along the River or the Kingston shore, forms of houses among the houses proclaim the presence of the Docks, in which almost the ships are now confined.

Near the Tower we visit a fragment of the Roman wall of the walled in due, that which followed a British London which was but an interval on



THE TOWER OF LONDON



OLD LONDON



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL



IN A LONDON FOG AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON IN JANUARY

so here we find the Church of Allhallows Barking, meaning the Church of saints belonging to the Convent of Barking, Essex; the church at which *Peter of London* stopped, and the church where the many of those prisoners he, *Trumper* who were not landed within its precincts—*Archbishop Laud*, the Earl of *Sunderland* and many others whose heads fell on *Tower Hill*. The way goes to *Crook Hall* in *Bishopsgate Street*, once *Crook Place*, *Sir John Crook*'s private house, built by him in the *16th century*, and described in the *18th* by *himself* as I find from *Peter Collier's* manuscript notes on *Peter Collier's* own copy of his *Handbook to London* in my possession. From four specimens of an old house we visit in the same street *St. Helen's*, of interesting monuments, including those to *Sir John and Lady Crook*, founders of the Hall, to *Sir Thomas Gresham*, the founder of the *Royal Exchange*, and to *Sir John Crook*, one day perhaps likely to be confused by some grandchildren of our relation with the *Roman* alleged builder of the *or* *London* *Master* whatever its monument is left a stone, which will be of in the wall of *St. Stephen's Church* in *15th Street*, but as in *St. Stephen's* the tower of what it meant was already lost its house must not give *anybody's* name where *Jack Cade* strikes it, or upon traditions of *Whitton* and his cut.

so Guildhall next streets was—the *Town Hall* of London, although the



THE THAMES AND THE TOWER OF LONDON



FROM TWENTY TO TWENTY - A CHANCE IN THE STEEPCHASE IN THE OBISPO VALLEY - DRAWN BY H. P. ZIMMERMAN - (See Page 97.)



THE RETURN OF THE PEARY EXPEDITION—THE ARRIVAL OF THE "SIGSBEE" IN PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY F. CROOK. SKETCHED BY J. H. P. [1901, P. 607]



WALTER BAUM, N.Y.A.C.
American record, 100 yards, 1 minute 54, seconds.



GEORGE E. GRAY, N.Y.A.C.
Water record, 500 yds, ab 11.15, 16.



W. C. DOWNS, N.Y.A.C.



THEODORE LIVER, D.A.C.



J. B. MITCHELL, N.Y.A.C.
World record, 100 yds, 1 minute 14.1, 14.8, 15.1.



B. H. JEWETT, D.A.C.
World record, 100 yds, 1 minute 14.1, 14.8, 15.1.



T. B. TURNER, M.A.C.

A GROUP OF CHAMPION ATHLETES.—[SEE PAGE 928]



FROM THE PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK, TO TUXEDO BY THE COACH "REPUBLIC".—[SEE PAGE 931]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

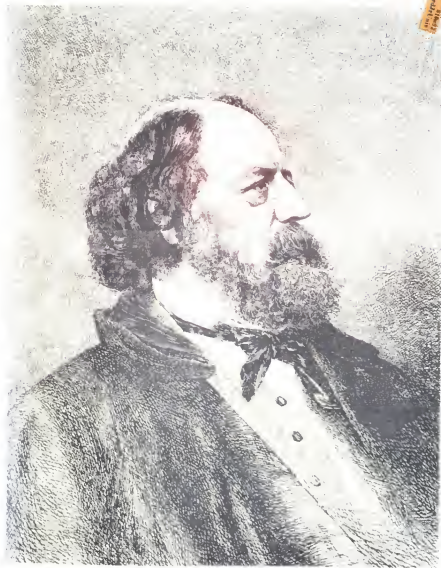
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LORD TENNYSON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1892

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LORD TENNYSON.



LORD TENNYSON IN HIS STUDY AS HE APPEARED AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-FOUR.—(See Page 99.)

*9 holes the dreadful hollow behind the
left wood*



LORD TENNYSON AS A YOUNG
MAN.
From the Picture by Mr. T. Lawrence.

LORD TENNYSON AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-FIVE.



TENNYSON READING. - RALD. - From a Sketch by Harry Graham. Boston.



TENNYSON'S HOME AT ALDWORTH, DUREE.



FARMINGFORD HOUSE, DLE OF WRETH.



LADY TENNYSON.—Anna was Painted at Aldworth by G. F. Watts, R.A.



TENNYSON'S CHILDREN.—Anna was Painted at Aldworth by G. F. Watts, R.A.



THE GERMANIA CLUB WOMEN



NEAR THE JERSEY CLUB HOUSE



AMONG THE COACHES



A SECTION OF THE GRAND STAND

IRELAND IN AMERICA AT THE MANHEIM CRICKET-GROUNDS, PHILADELPHIA—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAU.—[SEE PAGE 90.]



IN HUSKING-TIME.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE

DICK MERLIN could bank eighty bushels of corn in a day. And he was looking forward to the time when he would be able to bank eighty-five which would give him the championship of Nebraska, where every one, almost, knows how to husk corn. For Nebraska is built of corn. The cities prosper because of it. In summer her fields radiate with it from boundary to boundary, and in winter the snow falls on the dripping and forked branches of stumps which stand among the stubble. Dick Merlin had been brought up among the corn. He played with the corn when he was a baby, beside the hot corn fire, he ate the meal and the bread, and the sweet-corn from the ear—said little else. If his truck is full, excepting salt pork, which he detested. And now it gave him his living. "Not that he was a farmer. He was only a 'hand." He might have had his farm as well as the rest. But he was too clever.

"I'll not sell myself to an eight-cent man," he declared. "I know when I'm well off. No interest for me, thank you. I prefer to work for the good of Dick Merlin, not for the good of the money lender."

But he wasn't given to talking much, and he never he reasoned. Only once or twice, when his close friends tried to prove that it was a shame for a man of his abilities to be doing a sort to farmers so other than himself as if he were a common laborer, he made that answer.

It is somewhat difficult for a man who has assumed the responsibilities of a mortgage and a corn crop to feel any respect for a man less kaspered. Dick got better wages than any other man in the county, for the simple reason that he did more work. He was in good demand. And the women, who play a very important part in the business of husking time, liked him. He did not set out to do the other men at table, with much disregard for the honors of the cuisine. Sometimes he remembered to praise a dish. And he ate no more than he wanted. At husking-time and in the husking season most men save themselves up to glutiny which is little less than a debauch. The women talk this over among themselves, but when they are alone together in the afternoon. But Dick was different. They all agreed that he was. And some of them heaped praises on his corn. He had laid up in the bank. It seemed wonderful to these women who were faced so absorbing industries, to think that one of their number had so account as the bank.

"If Dick Merlin was to get married," Katie McGowan said, "he would be a good deal better off than the average man." "He would be," said one of the other women. "He would be a good deal better off than the average man."

told Ed, my brother, that he went to the store every night."

No one replied. They were all very much impressed. And after the dunks were all washed, and the husks set for support, the three girls who had come over to help Mrs. Coffin went to the barn door to watch the men work. There were fifteen men there, for the Coffins had an extra crew this year, but the girls all looked at Dick Merlin. He sat with his shaggy hair falling over his eyes, his broad arms banded to the elbow, and every muscle concentrated on his work, while near him steadily rose the pyramids of red and yellow corn.

The man who shells fifty bushels of corn a day must drop himself once or twice, he must recklessly toss from him the husked ears, and drop the husks with perfect disregard. To shell eighty bushels of corn requires not only a silence of the lips, but a terrible intensity of the mind. Fatigue must be managed over. The hands must be kept at their work by a compelling will. One may not see, hear, smell, anything but corn. In fact, so perfectly healthy or happy man can work like that. It requires the mad speed of one who is devil-driven.

"You're wasting yourself out for nothing," Katie McGowan called to Dick. "Don't make a game of yourself. There's no use in working like that just for the sake of my leg, but you can shell more corn than anybody else. You'll get old before you've cut your wisdom teeth."

Dick smiled, but without answering. "I'm not overdoing, I guess," he said. But though the girls lured him with further remarks, he would not speak again, and they turned away to his discontent.

Faster and more furious flew the corn from Dick's nervous hand. Now and then his lips moved to the tip of a man's who was doing in his sleep.

The truth is, Dick was having it out with himself. That is to say, he was trying to eliminate a rider. He was trying to carry a memory under that enormous pressure of corn. Yet, let the corn fly from his unimpeded hand as it would, let eyes, ears, mind, every sense, strive to concentrate themselves on his task, still before his burning eyes would roam over and over again the same picture—a white stretch of the sand left country, with its little blue ponds in the midst of the wind-torn dunes, and a boat in the valley among the hatched grass. This last, standing in the very drought of the "dunes," seemed to be the target for all the winds that blew from the west. Its outline appeared like the wings of a noting bird high-pitched in the beach. The wind had left a streak of rust from dark soil and the weather had rendered the unpainted skin of the wood, and the moist glass in the air.

downward was placed out with shining. Dick could even see the sag of the door, with the wooden latch and leather hinges. The interior was as dim enough with smoke of bad tobacco and of griddle smoke to have become a most intimate memory. Yet of all the rooms in the world it was the one in which Dick was forced to live in spirit, so matter where his body might be.

"It's not enough," he muttered to himself, wrenching the crop coming from the brilliant ears, "to send our legs where we please. But to get a mind to do as you like, that's quite another matter. Yet it's like sending up the cattle on the range, only then there was a view as well as my mind."

Then, too, there were riders which he could not shut out of his mind.

"I'm not like the girls you know back East," one voice said. It had a kind way of speaking. Dick almost thought now, as he heard it here from the photograph of his memory, that it had been in it. "Remember, I've never been any further than the next town, Dick. Don't be thinking too bad of my ways. I've studied some. We had a good teacher back. He said I was a natural scholar. And he sent me books which I read. Indeed, there is nothing else to do but to read them. Why, I do not know a girl of my own age. So few of the people around here have ever had studies. Most of the men are not even married. They keep their stock here part of the year and 'back it. Then they go to look Lake or to Denver or to Omaha for a while, and do no good, I guess, from the way they look when they come home. I will not speak to them. When they come here I go up the ladder in my room. It is quiet there, and there is not so much smoke. I like smoke. Smoke is at ways cooking dishes in grease, and father is smoking. I've never had a married man. Think of that, Dick. There's a girl in one of the houses that teacher sent me to dressed all in faded silk. And, Dick, once a lover came and put her in a dress and took her to see the Queen. Oh, but I wouldn't mind faded silk. Not at all. That might be beautiful. But these girls always live the first time they work, and we never have much to put in them. My Dick! It was indeed like the girls you know East, would I look as well as they do? Am I bad to look at? And, Dick, if I had a looking glass, maybe I could do up my hair better. I might cut a lot of it off in the front, and curl it over a state pencil."

Dick remembered how they were ghabbling through the dunes as they talked. The wind came suddenly down the dune and covered her yellow streaks half about her face. Her rough shirt made her hair, handsomely, and her stout black dress hung about her form in graceful



THE HOUSE OF GENERAL CHENGO, CARACAS

THE REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA

BY W. NEPHEW KING, JUN. (PLATE, T & NAVY.)

© Longman, 1999.

Text resolution in Vietnamese has become pathetically simple—no context without a theme, a play without a plot. This leaves *crayon* with its barely followers, leaving law & justice written in blood upon each banner, is gradually blurring its *crayon* upon the thread of the existing government, if such it can be called, president follows president and several scenarios general, each telling of office long enough in its patriotic pockets, and then fly to a more congenial air.

[illegible][illegible]

... he is seeking another revolution, and Meneses, the President of the State of Hernandez, who stole away in the dead of night, promising to take an part in the existing trouble. He should be left in his present position, any attempt within a

Medusa is a fast type of these self-constructed ones, and the epidemic rate has almost reached the capacity of the system. His case is a good example of the type of case that carried one back to the days of the Great Commune. His party was the commander-in-chief of the government forces early one morning in Caracas, and he himself was in the Casa Anarista. William Tell V&G was then transposing as President of Venezuela, going in his sweater, without even the formality of a blue-rose dress, the general of the army said:

"President Villages, I think you will find a chance of air useful to your health; in the seven and a half hours

Villages did not even protest at this assumption of authority, but quietly vacated his office, and took passage for New York on the first mail-carrier. Madison now brought himself up of a quick robbery which he could conceal from the press. He had been in the habit of carrying a great deal of money about him, and he found in Villagrande, a nephew of the former President. How was this stroke of diplomacy to be accomplished? Politics was still on the lips of Vice Presidents, a notion of which were not eligible for the much desired office. How could he be elected over the heads of his nearest? Gigantic tasks of wisdom! He improved the other night, and there was

Heard the pistol in honor of the United States of Venezuela. Mendoza was a trifle short of funds, and a Director should not be in need. The public treasury was empty, however, whereas Palacio having helped himself to ten millions less was previous to his little caring two months ago. The nation was embarrassing even to Mendoza, but again his rifle knew come to the rescue.

"These insolent fellows must be 'upreared,'" said he.

Notwithstanding he proceeded to lock up a few of his rebellious subjects. Unfortunately for him, however, among these were several foreign consuls. The representative of the United States, Phillip C. Hays, was appointed dean of a consular corps, and made such a vigorous point that the docks of the Spanish and French men of war were searched for their state secrets and arrested on the spot.

"The first shot that is fired into La Gueyra," replied Monloup, "will be the signal for the massacre of every Frenchman."

The couple were released nevertheless, and Mendoza

Swelling "discretion the better part of valor," suited for more congenial shores at dawn the next morning.

Mendoza's excuse for his actions is as amusing as it is unique, and thoroughly indicative of the administration of the present government. "I had been in the field for several months fighting the Indians," he says, "and when I learned that I was to be a division of the capital, I thought I would first test of officers and money to be paid. I failed to see either my own name or that of any of my officers. When I reached Caracas I found every one helping himself, and decided that I would do likewise."

Born was the brief career of one of the states in this little drama. There is another, and one of lesser magnitude, that has attracted a great deal of attention, especially in the United States. This is one Unkansas, for whom Alexander Walker with three United States men-of-war is now looking. The individual in question is rather a strange figure in Venezuelan politics. He was given command of the Army of the West at the commencement of the revolution, and while acting as military governor of Puerto Cabello, conceived the idea of becoming *Presidente* in himself.

Gathering around him a few followers, he started a little revolution of his own, refusing to acknowledge either the *de facto* government or the revolutionists under Vargas. He felt the American vessel steamed into the harbor of San Francisco with a flag that was not his and passengers who were not his. He was not a Communist, but a Vandalist, with a purpose in the movement that was in part, Urdaneta, thinking that these men might, in a moment, be injurious to his cause if left at large, he assisted them as prisoners. The captain of the *Granada* protested against their being removed. Urdaneta informed him that he might protest all day, but that he wanted the men, and would leave them dead or alive. "I will take them, he said," and then the United States may send their gunboats to get them.

And the United States has sent her gunboats, and just as recently she took people aboard in the U.S. aircraft. The press and government are so offensively repudiated that we are now obliged to assume any responsibility for his act, the revolutionists, under Leon Cidras, defeated him recently in a bloody battle near Cienfuegos. Returning to Pinar del Rio, he found it in the hands of Cronicos people. Marmata had retired against him, Cidras held Valencina, and there was no place to turn to but the Dutch Island of Aruba. Here he is said to be awaiting the tide of events, and deriving other revolutionary

The notion of the authorisation now in power places Unkas in the light of a freeholder or pirate, and as such he is liable to capture by any critical nation. Surely what the author has in mind is that Unkas is a freeholder, and is not liable to appear at any moment. If he should come within range of Admiral Walker's guns, however, it will be a surprise.

In the next scene Unkas is sending his forces around Caracus, and attacking the government people by a series of small skirmishes in different sections of the state. He will be in the capital, however, until the admiral's *Joseph Perfidus* reaches his safety. Clearly where he will land he will be met by the capital, and it is impossible to see how he can escape. The admiral's ship is a powerful vessel, but Unkas, however, for though the army now consists of twenty thousand men they are poorly equipped, and have no money. The admiral's ship is a powerful vessel, and anybody but a man of Unkas's indomitable will and great personal bravery

THE MACHINERY OF VOTING

THE last Legislature of the State of New York, with the assistance of the Statutory Revision Commission, made a number of important changes in the election laws of the State that will make it necessary for the average voter to keep his wits about him when he enters the election booth to prepare his ballot. Nevertheless, it is no more than fair to feel that many of these changes are necessary and that they are bound to lead to a more efficient and economical system. It is not so much that the changes are too many, but that they are too good to think that, simply because they first the ordinary voter, and then the legislator, will not be able to take full advantage of the situation when presented with what they seem to consider a "change" system. As a matter of fact, the requirements of the election law are far from perplexing; they are few, simple, and definite, and only need to be illustrated by a few examples.

Most of the recent changes made in the New York law have to do with the nomination of candidates and the duties of the election officers rather than with the actual preparation and casting of the ballot, and are therefore only of minor interest to the average voter. What he wants to know is how to cast his ballot so that it shall be counted for the men of his choice with as little trouble to himself and

as little interruption to his business day as possible. If he will take the trouble to send over these sections of the law which treat of the preparation and casting of the ballot, it will be returned at the convenience of the voter himself.

First of all, the voter must register. This has been the case in New York City and Brooklyn, October 18th, 1906, 1907, 1908, and 1909. In Philadelphia, New York City and Brooklyn the registration date was the fifth, fourth, third, and second Saturdays before election day respectively; in the other cities it was the first Saturday before election day. The third and second Saturdays before election day. The burden of registry and the vote throughout the State, from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., one of the most important amendments to the laws of the country. Under the present law the voter must appear before inspectors of election and register in person. Section III of Article II of the laws of 1902 authorized in part that there shall be voters at their first meeting in the city or place where they are entitled to vote, and in voting upon the problem of the next preceding general elec-

tion, except the names of such persons as are proven to their satisfaction to have caused to be voters since the last general election, the names of all other persons known or proven to their satisfaction to be so qualified; and the names of all such persons so-qualified who personally appear and request to have their names placed on the list. At their second annual meeting the names of such persons only as personally appear and are qualified shall be placed on the list.

Therefore, requests to be considered at this meeting should be made by the 15th day of May.

to make up the poll lists from their knowledge of the qualified voters of the district. This extension of the persons registration law from the cities to the entire State is by no means generally understood by the persons likely to be affected, and this fact is pretty certain to result in many frauds in the back country districts finding, when they appear at the polls on election day that their names are not on the list, and that they must lose their votes in consequence. The polls will be open in this city from 6 A. M. to 4 P. M.; in Brooklyn and elsewhere throughout the State from seven to seven.

[illegible][illegible]

The name of any person for whom the voter desires to vote for any office named on the official ballot may be written on the official ballot when the voter proposes to vote for the person named. The name of any person who is not on either side of the ballot may be printed thereon, or may be added containing the names of all the candidates for the office named. All names must be printed in full on the ballot. Every voter or voter's ballot must be so marked that four inches wide, and must be printed on white paper in plain black ink, and type conforms with the following specifications: All names must be printed on the official ballot must be written or printed below the perforated line on the face of the ballots, and in such a way that no letter of the name of any person can be seen from the reverse of the ballot upon which it is printed, nor in such way that it shall not be visible when the ballot is properly folded for insertion in the ballot box.

ballots also are described shall be deemed the choice of the voter, notwithstanding the name for another candidate for another office may be upon the original ballot without the name of the candidate for the office for which the ballot was intended, as evidenced by the written or printed name thereon. But if the names of two or more candidates for the same office appear on the original ballot, the choice of candidates for such office shall be written or printed thereon, such name printed on the official ballot shall, if so stated or assumed, be deemed the choice of the voter. If the voter upon any one of the set of ballots in the preparation of his ballot, he may receive another full set from the clerk by returning to him the set of ballots he has used by putting it in the ballot box, and more than one full set can be thus obtained.

After preparing his ballot, and before leaving the booth in which he is permitted to remain in privacy, the voter must fold each ballot, first crosswise by bringing the bottom edge up to the top, and then lengthwise by bringing the right edge over to the left, in such a way that the contents of the ballot shall be concealed, and the stubs can be removed without exposing any of the contents of the ballot. The voter shall keep them folded all the ballots ordered in his name, and shall not open them until he has been called to the polls to hear the ballots which he desires to vote by the inspectors who after announcing the name of the voter and removing the stub from the ballot, shall deposit them on the table before him, and the voter, having thus viewed, shall deliver to the inspectors the folded ballot, and the stubs, and the inspectors shall place the American citizen will have been free.



THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK—THE PONTIFICAL MASS OF TU



EGIVING IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 1006.]



COLONEL EDMUND RICE, U. S. A.

Commandant of the Columbian Guard.

THE COLUMBIAN GUARD.

With the first active work of construction upon the exposition came the requirement for its protection. It was obvious that this service must confide in a military discipline and police—on body which must be under military discipline, and at the same time be vested with the authority of civil officers. Until the death of Colonel Edmund Rice, United States army, as Commandant of the Guard, in November, 1901, his organization had not been fully effected, the comparatively small number of men composing the same had previously reported to and been subject to the order of the General Superintendent. Colonel Rice's early efforts were directed toward the application of military drill and discipline. The respective duties of fire protection and the patrol, heretofore created as one, were quickly separated into two distinct branches. The entire territory of the exposition was divided into districts, each comprising one or more buildings. Companies were organized, and efforts to this end continued. The staff now consists of the following officers: Colonel Edmund Rice, United States army, Commandant; Captain Fred A. Smith, Twelfth United States Infantry, Adjutant, commanding Company E, Fire-Arms and Water Patrol; First Lieutenant C. B. Herpin, Second United States Cavalry, Quartermaster, commanding Company A; First Lieutenant H. C. Irvine, Eleventh United States Infantry, commanding Company B; Captain George M. Parsons, commanding Company C; Captain H. M. Elliott, commanding Company D (engine-trucks); Captain W. J. Sanderson, commanding Company F; Captain A. C. Shepard, Inspector Fire Department; Captain John Randall, Chief of Second Bureau Bureau; Captain J. C. Lindrick, Chief Inspector.

Guard stations were established, and at the present time

there are eight of these buildings at various points throughout the grounds; each is an architectural harmony with its surroundings. The ground or first floor of these structures comprises the main hall for the arm fire protection, and the fire engine, hose wagon, hook and ladder truck, and other necessary equipment, together with the assembly room and storage closets. The second floor is occupied in quarters for the command assigned to the district. Careful attention has been given to providing the requisite apparatus used throughout the grounds for fire protection, and these appliances are of the highest type known. In addition to the hose wagon to be found in each guard station, there are located in accessible places in the main buildings extensive hose racks, and thirty foot hose runs upon the grounds, which may at a moment's notice be attached to hydrant or engine. The present equipment also includes seven hand-pumped hose carts, and six thousand pails. Fire within the buildings freestanding in spite of the vigilance of the officers to promptly remove all inflammable debris resulting from construction; in every case, however, since the beginning of the work, the flames have been extinguished by the guards with but little damage, by means of these hand appliances—a fact which testifies to the efficiency of the system and to the thorough training of the command. The system is actuated by the fire alarm telegraph system, which vibrates throughout the grounds, instantly dead upon their arrival the fire and the danger area. The use of battery fire detectors will more than cover the loss by the most serious fire yet recorded. Upon the discovery of fire the entire force, except those upon their specified posts, is summoned by gongs placed in each domestic, assembly hall, etc.; its exact location is indicated by the signal bells. All members of the guard are subject to these calls, whether asleep or awake. Active duty is assigned in four hours on and four hours off throughout the twenty-four hours. The relief system is arranged that at each half hour an organized body of men, under the command of an officer, may be seen marching through some portion of the grounds or in their posts of guarding to their domiciles. The discipline of the regular army is at all times maintained, and each division of the guard is thoroughly drilled every day.

The uniform has been designed with a view to simplicity, economy, and effect. The cap, which is of dark blue cloth,



is a modification of the commanding officer's helmet, the left breast, forming a support for the sword while there is a six pointed star, with numerous other points emerging at the center, where there is a representation of an eagle's head holding in its beak a ring, through this ring the white cord passes. Upon the left breast is a miniature cross bar of the time of Columbus here the number of the guard by whom it is worn. These designs, like the ornament on the cap, are also in fine gilt, the bottom of the same material and have the outlines of the Western land where colonized upon them. Aquilettes of black, and pompoms of the same color for the

portments are in heavy sympathy with each other, being bright that they are one and the same, and that they stand, when necessary, readily merge their respective functions into one. The fire protection is at all points in the line the guard turn out with the firemen, and render all possible assistance. Although organized into a system which meets with almost automatic regularity, but one-fifth of the ultimate number of men are on duty in the service. Between two thousand and twenty-five hundred will be required for the protection of the grounds, buildings and exhibits at the opening and during the continuance of the exposition. It is the aim of the command to secure a superior team of men, and other things being equal, the applicant with the better education, manners, and education has a decided advantage in his favor. A physical which will readily pass the severe medical examination, reliable testimonials as to previous character, and more than average intellect are absolutely necessary.

In this connection a short biographical sketch of Colonel Rice, Commandant, cannot fail of interest. He was born in 1842 in the town of New Brunswick, and spent his earlier boyhood there. At the age of fourteen he entered upon a two year course at the Military Academy, Norwich, Vermont. Upon the completion of this term he took up the study of navigation and engineering. After an extended voyage, covering the four quarters of the globe, he returned to Massachusetts at the outbreak of the last war and entered the army of the Union. He was shortly thereafter elected Captain of the Nineteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, was a Major at Lewis, Maryland, and a Lieutenant Colonel at twenty-one, and Colonel at twenty-two. His military record is one of the most brilliant of the civil war. He was promoted by Congress with a medal of honor for conspicuous bravery in leading his regiment in the countercharge against Pickett's division, he himself falling severely wounded within the cover of his own battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863. While serving as Major, Nineteenth Massachusetts Infantry, at the close of the war after a short retirement in private life, Colonel Rice entered the regular army, and his name is well known throughout the country, not alone by his brilliant career, but also by his devotion to his profession and his service in weapons. Upon leave of absence in 1877 he visited Europe at the time of the Russo-Turkish war. Joining the headquarters of the Russian army, under the Grand Duke Nicholas, he became, through the courtesy of the Czar, temporarily attached to the staff of General Skobelev, and was present at the storming of Greben Hill, November 9, 1877. Previous to his duty as Commandant of the Columbian Guard, he was Judge-Advocate of the Department of Missouri, Chicago, Illinois.

Great credit is due Colonel Rice for the admirable manner in which the Columbian Guard was organized, and for the effective system by which it is maintained.

MONTGOMERY HILLMANHURD PICKETT.

FEBRUARY.

Among the secrets of war there is one which General Lee Wallace has collected in the library of his home at Cranford, New Jersey, and which is supposed to be the last before he retires from an American staff. They were taken from the pages of a book written by a woman who was a neighbor of General Wallace's headquarters while he was in command of the Second Army, and which he has been through a sick day that the ladies of Indianapolis presented in his regiment, the Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.

—New York Tribune. Mrs. Wallace has been working on a list of all the Presidents of the United States who were present at the battle of Gettysburg, and who were present at the battle of the Vicksburg. Mrs. Wallace has been working on a list of all the Presidents of the United States who were present at the battle of Gettysburg, and who were present at the battle of the Vicksburg.



cap, are also provided. The trousers are of a light color, with double bands of black extending down the sides; these bands are divided by a red web for the garter, and a white web for the breeches. With the exception of this, and a different design upon the cap of the dress, the uniforms are similar. The shoes, which are now accustomed to consider a part of the American uniform, is not carried, but a small sword or "lance" is suspended from the belt, and could beneath the jacket, as an insignia only; it is not carried, but is intended for active. In case of person in injury to visitors or workmen, the force is at once telegraphed to the nearest station, an ambulance promptly responds, and carries the patient to the exposition hospital, where the medical staff renders the requisite "first attention." This hospital is for emergency cases only, and has no provision for other than temporary care.

Throughout the various divisions of the Columbian Guard a spirit of comradship prevails, and all de-

and in heart, and has just longed for prominence. He came to New York without his reputation or credit or influence to help him, and the arrival and the general public are waiting to see how he will justify the opportunity given her and the many things which have been said of herself and her work.

—Acquaintance. The commencement of the New York Medical School, which is self-instructed with classes, and who has just returned to the young men, during some recent weeks in the beds of the students patients at the hospital, has shown his spirit before, but in the long dangerous form of driving a hard, hard, riding across country, and having. He had a very old and good family in England, and went about a great deal in his city and Newport when he visited this country several years ago.



BY MADAME ADAM.

(Continued from page six.)
ing out in his bed. But he was too dead with sleep to bring an answer to her lips, and he did not know until he was called in the morning that Dick had not returned. A little after breakfast a young man came down from town.

"A Mr. Martin sent me," he said, "to take his place. He said he had a sudden call to the west—like sick or something."

"His folks don't live west," said Kate McGovern, who overheard. "To-morrow she said that Dick might have asked her to help him out of his trouble. There is nothing else so fatherly a woman as to be asked by a man to help him out of trouble."

It was near the morning of the second day when Dick Meila received the news of Louise's little town back of him, and surrounded by nothing in particular. He went to the hotel for his breakfast, for which he had to wait a couple of hours, and while he was waiting he sat in the chair facing straight before him, and listening to every word that was spoken by the men who passed along. There were only a few of them traveling more privately, and had come in on the early train. The clock was telling them the news.

"You ought to have been here last night," he said, "we had a breaking."

"Dick not here. He did not even lighten the grasp of his hands on the arms of the chair."
"Yes. Great times we're having now. I don't want to see anything like it again. I wouldn't have missed it though, for a thousand dollars. There were six or seven women in the jail, and two men were strong. The rest of the gang was let off. It's hard to tell why. There were no enough of length to shorten. It won't have really if they had anything to do with the business. But folks enjoyed them. Letting the women off made the crowd almost necessary. Two of the fellows were getting restless to hang from the strangle up ladder. It went against the grain, that's all. They're in jail now. But the fellows took her well. Nobody knows how they got away. I guess they'll be in the midst of liberty for a while this time if they don't hit out."

"Dick here, now?" he asked, and the traveling man, quite as if he were laughing about the attendance at some evening entertainment.

"No, no!" Dick knew there was so many folks in the county. They were quiet, but not afraid. He smiled. I felt sure. I wasn't used to such things. There's no fear in the jail. I would to go with the fellows. I should ask of it. It wasn't so bad, if that's what you mean."

"Dick, if those men were never going to ask where the women were. What a fool he had been! What a coward! Would they never ask?"

"The jail give me first blow. The sheriff didn't say anything except to ask if they were going to let the women stay. He's a few fellows. He said right up an said, 'See here, boys, don't none of you go for to let any woman hang no women.' The men laughed at him. 'What'd you say about a few?' he said. 'I felt when the sheriff said so bad as to get caught for being. I don't think we ain't no fools.' With the few didn't know. It was Dick's chance to get the men to break. He was a lot as I was afraid his wife was going to break."

"Dick spring to his feet. 'Where are the women?' he asked. 'What did they do with them?'"

"It didn't take long to find them. They wouldn't take long to find any one in town. They were in the sitting room of the jail, and the wife of the man who was caught for being was lying on a sofa looking at a red gentleman who had been in the jail's window."

"Dick dropped in the door, and motioned Marie back as she rose to meet him."

"Before that," he said, slowly, "no word of mine brought this girl here. I never told a living soul of this prison."

"Yes!" Marie moved toward him again, with her and eyes glowing brightly. "Do you think you need to tell me that?"

"But Dick still passed there nearly to the doorway, and held out as he would have her."

"But you have a man at the same. I have him to you stand all this alone. I don't suppose you'll ever forget that?"

"He looked at her steadily."

"Marie came closer."

"Did you know?" she whispered.

"A few words told a living soul of this prison."

"But it didn't keep you from it."

"The fact had remained him until now made restrain his tongue longer."

"I know before I loved you. There is something that could keep me from loving you—nothing."

"But it is to be kept away from you. The old charm was over him, compelling as ever."

"It was several minutes before either of them noticed that Marie's shadow was approaching the door of his presence."

"He spoke to her, but she did not answer. He did not even turn his eyes. Mind had perhaps been gone a long time."

"But she had a word from the place where she could see a defect of the will to prevent her from doing so. Marie, summing up a natural tendency, long since is stronger than let her be moved from the place where she could see the mother's weakness, and Dick brought a fly from the chimney, and it went up a new blossom every one, each one looking a person like a blossom in a tree, and so on."

"When she was free, Marie had her taken out and heard her. She had little reason of which Dick told her the help who had been before Marie was born."

"Through he had as much to think of, Dick could not help but see that Marie was now all that he had seen. He had been started by the man who sent him out to the land his country did."

"He thought it was mighty queer," this man said to a group of his friends about the station. "But he should be done there all that time and not find out anything. He was told to take care of me. I'll give the devil his due. But it stands to reason that he must have been in with the gang. I guess he got caught out of it to make up for what he had done before."

"Dick heard all this, but he didn't tell Marie. He thought over what it would be best to do. There was to be in a while a great deal of very new and good would do a thing like that. But though the old place of his home was still strong, it had given place to the country to do the best of his friends and neighbors. He smiled the most dramatic of all."

"They got married in the night. Then they took the train."

"Yes, said the woman was large, Dick said to Marie."

"Let's go and see how long it'll be."

VIENNA is one of the few towns in which a Parisian could say, "After all, I had to be in the place I need not do."

Vienna presents an appearance like graceful and dignified. An inconspicuous but the town of the most attractive of Western cities. The frame work of the city is the Danube gives it life and light, and the glances of the Danube reflect from it made it one of the most attractive of Western cities. The frame work of the city is the Danube gives it life and light, and the glances of the Danube reflect from it made it one of the most attractive of Western cities.

At such times Vienna generally becomes sufficed with a pale rose color, while the plain of the March, which was shown in the fertile fields of Bohemia and Silesia, remains of a dark green, witnessing to its verdant fertility. The blue of the Danube flows into black towards the sea, and if the wide stretching Prater unfolded up all the light in the sky, the brightness of the Carpathian term water, and the Italian Alps give with a red as well as the of the pictures on the heads of the beach rocks which abound everywhere.

The Vienna sky that the view is ever blue from the Leopoldine to the last spur of the Wagners, and it may perhaps be more, as the Danube lies some ten feet below, but the landscape compares better from the Kahlenberg, the foreground and middle distance being more distant.

But down to history as lively and poetic, a town cannot be melancholy or so inhospitable. All is bright above and below, and the brightness is reflected in the disposition of the people who are more the Italian than any other inhabitants of Europe. A Celtic origin, as is claimed for them. Good looking, brave, and of powerful gait, the people of Vienna have refinement, firm and slow. They stand tall, and they are everywhere, as in a matter of fact. Monks, of which there is the offering in the street of the town. Everything is sacrificed for the sake of money, and they will laugh at a comrade of himself if he is but a good one. He speaks rather his ideas into his comrades, for solemnity is as necessary to him as his daily bread.

Vienna, with its suburbs, has more than a million inhabitants. Just after the first time the matter was said from Vienna considered the question of the construction of the suburban countries, and the formation of a vast Viennese agglomeration. They greatly used for the construction of the capital, but energetically opposed the construction of the suburban countries, preferring to the work of the urban population, which could not accept a bourgeoisie nominated by the government.

At the present day there is an extraordinary amount of traffic in the suburbs of Vienna, a perpetual going and fro, the passengers looking each other with a rivalry of gesture and a good feeling which favorably impresses the stranger at first. There are a good many firms here as in Paris, and amongst them certain distinct types very interesting to travel, and which I will describe presently, when I have time to do so.

Of Celtic origin, Vienna was once in the possession of the Romans. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius died there in 180

A.D. Inhabited successively by the Romans, the Franks, the Huns, and the Goths, etc., the history of Vienna is of no particular interest until the twelfth century, although the first crusades had some influence on its development, and drew down on it the hatred of the Mohammedan hatred which revived later, and at one time threatened the very existence of the town.

A Margrave of Babenberg took up his residence at Vienna, built a castle there, and fortified the town. His descent into Germany, a glorious one, one of them allowed it to be taken from him in the thirteenth century by Ottokar, King of Bohemia. Rudolf of Hapsburg took it in his turn from Ottokar, and gave it to one of his sons, who found his residence there.

The Duke of Babenberg having deprived the burghers of Vienna of their privileges, three burghers revolted, and were defeated by only 30,000 men. The Duke of Babenberg, a glorious one, one of them allowed it to be taken from him in the thirteenth century by Ottokar, King of Bohemia. Rudolf of Hapsburg took it in his turn from Ottokar, and gave it to one of his sons, who found his residence there.

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THE PRAYER ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

give their first song, for it is quite impossible to get at them in the daytime.

Francis Joseph's activity is extraordinary, and he would have been perfectly happy as an absolute monarch. It has been very painful to him to have to share his power with parliamentary institutions, and he looks upon responsible ministers as a fifth wheel to a coach. He would have preferred an imperial to a constitutional government, but he has with loyalty and resignation acknowledged the great policy of Maria Theresa, which the defeat at Sedan rendered impossible to him. When provincial opinion makes demands too distinct to be ignored, he takes them duly into account, but he withdraws himself from his people because they have refused to accept him with his traditions. He lives a family life, avoiding crowds as much as he can and content to be looked upon as a monarch helped along with restrictions. Francis Joseph is, however, very generous, and the unfortunate never appeal to him in vain.

The Empress Elizabeth, a princess of Bavaria, seems to take more



A VIENNA CAR-SHOWER.



THE EMPEROR.

pleasure in being Queen of Hungary than Empress of Austria. The subjects of Hungary have an esteem for her which nothing has lessened. She has learned their language, she wears their national costume, and is happy amongst them. All the Hungarians know her, whilst many



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. STEPHEN.



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING

Viennese have never seen her. Democracy does not phase her at all, she has retained at court the traditions of the most rigid etiquette, and will not allow modern fashions to penetrate into her circle. If Francis Joseph had retained an absolute monarch she would have loved popularity, but as the popularity with those who date to claims to divine sovereignty, and to choose their own form of government, she altogether scorns it. If the Emperor were out of fashion in the person of Vienna the respect she was accustomed to in the past she would appear in the theatre of which the Viennese are so discerning, but she knows that some day the people would judge and criticise their rulers, and therefore she refuses every year to appear at the fete of the Resurrection and of Corpus Christi. Former emperors walked on foot to these fests alone, followed by the ladies of their court, with pages bearing the train of their robes. One can guess what a grin when it is the Viennese no longer to be allowed to witness such an imposing sight as this must have been.

The Emperor is passionately fond of riding, and is the first amateur of the world. Aristocratic as he is, and altogether avers



BEATING IN VIENNA.



THE EMPEROR (THE LIBRARY)

to democracy, she admits riding masters to her friendship. The English have dubbed her the "Queen of Amazons," and she could give lessons in horsemanship to the first professors of the art. The poor young Prince Rudolph was a true Viennese of democratic opinions, and very popular.

Though Vienna is cosmopolitan, and all races jostle each other in its streets, the old Viennese remain thoroughly Viennese, and seem to have absorbed into one unique type all the nations and cross-breeds.

The Viennese types are very curious. The first to attract the attention of the visitor is the hackney-coachman. None but those who have seen him can here say any of the elegance of his get-up. No one in Vienna is better dressed than he, and heaven only knows if any one else is as well dressed. The cut of his garments, which are of fine cloth, is perfect, his aristocratic feet are shod with good boots, his hair is irreproachable. His driven horses are brilliant and as well cared for as his carriage itself, with consummate skill and address.

The old Viennese despise the Hapsburgs and the new monuments. He is broken-hearted over the embellishment of Vienna, which ought to fill him with pride. The statues of the new streets irritate him. "The old town," he says, "belonged to the Viennese, the new town is the property of the Germans."

I don't know whether Vienna really does belong to the Jews, but it must be admitted that since the battle of Salossa she has in a great extent submitted to the taste of her conqueror, and that many clumsy decorations are of Berlin rather than of Viennese origin.

There is, however, amongst the new buildings the most beautiful of all

modern churches—the Votivkirche, a church erected by Maximilian in memory of the miraculous escape of Francis Joseph from a tragical assassination in 1852.

This church was designed by a man of genius, the architect Forstl. It is purely Italian in style, and nothing is needed but the lapse of centuries to make it a perfect work.

The cathedral of St. Stephen, built by Master Wenzel of Klosterneuburg, was well calculated to inspire a modern architect, and it was near to this marvel of beauty that Forstl. erected his masterpiece. St. Stephen's Cathedral, which was partly rebuilt between 1200 and 1238, occupies the site of a Roman church, of which some portions still remain. It is one of the finest Gothic monuments of the world, and is of the form of a Latin cross, with a nave and two aisles. Instead of vaulting it is supported by eighteen huge pillars. Numerous dots here adorn this building, and, of the minor details, those which longest detain the visitor are the



A LANCER EQUIPPED IN AUSTRIAN CLOTHES.

chapel of St. Barbara, though of modern date, and the Franzensruhr on the north side, in which is the monument to Prince Radold of Hapsburg, the founder of St. Stephen's. When the sitting man plays upon the delicate stone instruments, looking thus with a ray golden glow, the effect is most beautiful and imposing.

Equally memorable are the Hirschen, or Ghent's Gate, and the Hirschen, or Ghent's Tower. In fact, a whole day is required to see St. Stephen's properly, for one lovely sunrise as other at every turn. I passed one evening at the entrance to one of the choir, and looked at

the exquisite bas-reliefs with which it is surrounded. Those representing Christ bidding farewell to the holy women were marvellously lit up, and the figures seemed to live and move. The figure of Jesus seemed to me more beautiful and his expression more tender than ever, as he pronounced. His divine voice those men to be forgotten words of peace and comfort. The sun-epithem of Frederick III. in red marble is a very original work. Another great curiosity of St. Stephen's is the pulpit from which St. John of Capistrano preached a crusade in the fifteenth century. From the summit of the tower of St. Stephen's a magnificent view of Vienna and its surroundings is obtained.

The Augustiner Kirche, or Church of the Augustines, is connected with the Hofburg, or imperial palace, by an arcade, and it is in this church that the court prelates like depositions. Here are to be seen the tomb of Maria Theresa, daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, of beautiful white marble, one of a queen's finest works, and the monument erected by Maria Theresa to the memory of Marshal Daun, the "liberator of his country."

The Capuchin Church, built in the seventeenth century, is very gloomy.



A VIENNA LADY



THE NEW THEATRE FOR COMEDY.



VIEW OF VIENNA.

VIENNA.—(Continued from page 1002.)

having made millions out of it. If we go to better members of the nobility, there is not an instance of such a thing in ten years, and hands are lifted to Heaven in pious horror at the mere mention of such a possibility. With some money but few friends, though it raises the count in them. Passers carry a very important position in Vienna. Formerly they were all barons, for the iron crown entailed them, but since a scandal known to all the world, this devotion no longer confers the title of baron on its owner.

The aristocracy do not mix with the bourgeoisie. Here and there a son of an impoverished house marries the daughter of a Jewish banker, who adopts the religion of her husband, but the number of such alliances is very few compared to those amongst the poor nobles.

I have just read that the aristocracy do not mix with the bourgeoisie, but they do mingle with the latter, for a great many nobles become managers of banks.

The Rothschilds occupy a unique position in the financial world, and are accepted by the aristocracy. Their good taste is proverbial, they receive, help, and encourage artists. Their manners and mode of life are imitated as much as may be by their co-religionists, but their generosity is rarely copied except by Baron von Hirsch, who now and then flings his money about very freely.

It is not easy to get to know Viennese ladies well, although they frequent the streets and balls in elegant costumes, and are to be seen in the winter at the St. Petersburg review, or Russian meeting. It is only at this meeting that the aristocracy mix at all with the middle classes, so that the gathering is like a never from the Arabian

Night's Entertainment. Beauty and grace abound. All the spirit the elegance of the walk is reproduced on the ice by the fair skaters, combined with a skill and play of fancy which quite turn the head of the other sex. Wonderful, too, is the promenade on the Ringstrasse on Sunday from eleven to two o'clock. The coming and going give one a chance of having a good look at the beautiful women, some of whom are exquisitely lovely, the young girls walking together with the may grace peculiar to the Viennese, and which makes them so altogether irresistible.

The young girl of the upper middle class of Vienna is of a type altogether unique



A CAFE CONCERT.

walking alone or with her friends she is always correct in her deportment, always free from anything like affectation. The number of superior schools has long been great in Vienna, they are well attended and have turned out generations after generations of young girls who may really be looked upon as perfect types of well-educated European women. They have a reserved ease and assurance of manner, their opinions are altogether their own, without in the least being snubbed, they are menacably without being sad, they are delightful

talkers, and tell you nothing without any coyness, that they seek the poetry of existence. It is not suppose from this that they require the impossible, that they also at an ideal that can never be realized. No, they have that wisdom which we may characterize as modest, that is to say, a manner of the wisdom that comes of reason and knowledge combined. The peculiarity of the Viennese woman is that she is practical without being prosaic, reasonable without being worldly, and that she is given to be amused without being frivolous.

The young men—this is to say, the students—are less brilliant and less polished than those of Berlin. There are a great many students at Vienna, and masters and pupils—especially the former—are all superior men. They are not so devoted to details and to the industrious life as the Berlin professors, their aims are less petty, less material, they leave scope for soaring above the needs of the moment. If they do not turn out poets, at least their scholars have poetic aspirations and broad views of the work in life for which they are preparing.

The least project is enough for the students to get up a banquet, and a Concert or students' dinner is a common sight. At these meetings they follow a sing, drink, and hold forth with an air of conviction which recalls other days. There is a wonderful feeling of good fellowship between the professors and their pupils, but this does not lower at all the respect felt for the former; everyone is held aside for a moment at the time, but the next day the old superiority is restored.

The University of Vienna is very ancient, and was founded in 1030. There are about 130 professors, 2,000 students, and nearly as many law scholars.

There is not much literary society at Vienna, and no salons in which men and women of letters meet each other. On the other hand, the studies at the university are very serious, and the scholars form a society of their own. Whether Austrians or Germans, the writers of Vienna have their work printed at Leipzig or Berlin, whilst Pöschel sends their MSs to Wilmers and Humpfen to Bonn Press. No Viennese house ever gets behind the works of a living author. Vienna has great poets, but they are never known until after their death. It is a great pity that the capital of Austria, which is a natural intellectual centre, cannot become also a literary centre. This causes a great loss, the consequence of which are very serious for the political world. Austria will never have a national literature. In spite of her authors of various nationalities, and some of them are



THE VIENNA.

somehow in the foot, incomprehensible—she has no great literary and artistic capital, which is owed to every other country in Europe, and foreign nations, unlike all other nations in Vienna, find themselves looked. A brilliant play is scarcely known in Vienna, and even in the Hofburg Theatre nothing but German pieces are given. In spite of state support, plays are borrowed entire from abroad, and chance or modern plays are produced under the direction of Adolph von Schöndorff, who is no great literary talent, but as a Malheur Walter. This lady is now the greatest of all actresses, her voice and gestures are absolutely incomparable. Though a woman of the very highest distinction on whose good name no breath of scandal has ever and the slightest slur, she plays Rosalinde with appealing truth. Her aim is power, as she is grateful, as full of feeling as she is of dignity, the aim of her value is complete, and her representation of a character is strong so like that the spectator can never, however vivid his imagination, dissociate her from her character from his idea of the original.

The Emperor goes almost to the theatre from his apartments without passing through any street or square, so that he runs no risk of assassination.

In the government one meets a number of the old aristocrats who have played at the Hofburg Theatre.

In the former times plays were given in this building written in the different dialects of the empire, but on account of the many disputes about languages they have been given up which is a pity, as they were the embodiment of a great variety of talent, and concerned an aspect of ours in the people of Vienna.

The dynasty then, the aristocracy, the Imperial Opera-house, at which are given classic pieces or the works of the best modern composers. It is quite the finest theatre in Vienna, and was built between 1863 and 1868 after the plans of Van der Noll and Schindler.

The representations begin at six or seven o'clock, and end between nine and ten. The staircase, which is in the fourth style is very fine, the



THE MONUMENT TO MARIA THERESA.

THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION NUMBER,
WITH FOUR-PAGE PANORAMA OF THE NAVAL REVIEW.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION—THE BANQUET AT LENOX LYCEUM.—DRAWN BY W. P. SETTER.



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TEMPORARY POLICE SIGNAL STATION.



ADJUTANT BORTON, MAJOR HOOVER, AND
GENERAL WOODRIF TO THE RIGHT, AND



ARCH, TWENTY-SECOND STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.



LOOKING UP FIFTH AVENUE FROM FRONT OF REVIEWING STAND.



CITY TRUMP, PHILADELPHIA.



TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT, NEW YORK.



SECOND REGIMENT, PHILADELPHIA.



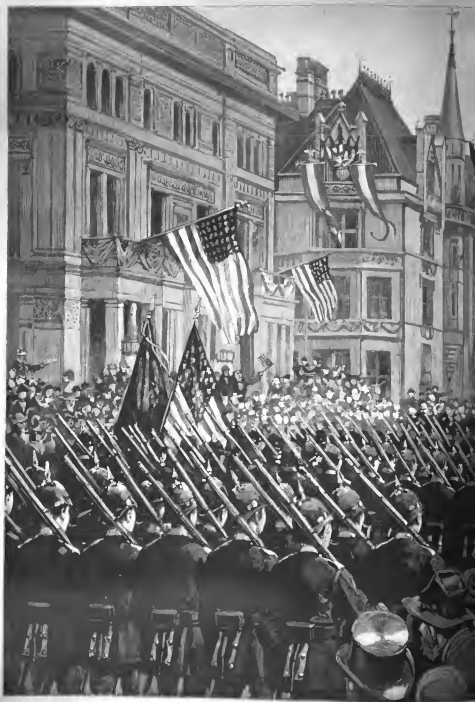
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SEVENTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK.



MARCHER.



THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK



A MILITARY PARADE.—DRAWN BY T. DE TROUW.



THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION—HITS ABOUT THE CITY.—DRAWN BY CHARLES BRACMONT.



THE PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—Drawn by CHARLES MERRILL.



THE ITALIAN WARSHIP "GIOVANNA D'ARCO."



THE FRENCH WARSHIP "ARCTIQUE."



THE SPANISH WARSHIP "INFANTA ISABEL."



THE FRENCH WARSHIP "ETENDARD."

THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLLES.

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VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO

AN EIGHT-PAGE VIEW OF THE HEART OF CHICAGO. WEEKLY

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES IN THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.
DRAWN BY CHARLES GILMAN

AN EIGHT-PAGE VIEW OF THE HEART OF CHICAGO. WITH THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAMER.



IN THE DOVE, SOUTH ENTRANCE.—Beauty Resting.



IN THE DOVE, NORTH ENTRANCE.—Water Person.



IN THE DOVE, WEST ENTRANCE.—E. D.



IN THE DOVE, EAST ENTRANCE.—E. S.



IN THE DOVE, SOUTH ENTRANCE.—E. S.

ONE OF FOUR FIGURES IN THE DOVE OF WEST ENTRANCE.



FIGURE OF TELEGRAPHY.—DOVE, NORTH END.—E. S.



ON THE ACROPOLIS BUILDING.



ORIGIN OF BURNING ARCH, WASHINGTON ATENE.



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE HEAD OF THE MIDWAY PLAZARD.



THE CHICAGO COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION—TRIUMPHAL ARCH AND SOME STREET DECORATIONS.—DRAWN BY H. D. NEBOGA.

THE DEDICATION EXERCISES.

姓名: 张利 性别: 男 出生日期: 1985.10.10 身份证号: 110101198510101010



The interests of your
City or Country.

[illegible]

THE HULL, REMOVED BY EIGHT TONS, AND REBUILT BY THE ARMY
AND DESIGNED BY THE COLONIAL ENGINEERING BUREAU.

[illegible][illegible]

ing him. But if the key witness or the writer or the candidate discloses himself, and claims to be first, and the rest of us where, and asserts and maintains his own virtues, the rest of the world draws back and asks, "Why should we praise him when you say it is so well known?" Thus, I think, was Chicago's trouble in 1892. The people saw that the papers were so saturated with lies that they left the rest of the country nothing to say more and limited of a quicker and more practical response to the wonderful work she has done on this Columbian Fair, her efforts were for some time treated with silence or doubt, and she has, as before, had to do the greater part of the talking herself.

[illegible][illegible]

It is the most difficult in faith history to picture. Those who believe it should have intervened this manner, and they would have found much to gratify them. They would have seen John W. Foster, the Chief Justice of the United States and Marshall P. Wilder, an ex-President, a Vice-President, and a Governor, and a number of other persons who were expected to be President some day, and a dozen others who were sure determined that the first dozen shall remain in the White House and minority persons participate in the government. They would have seen the great outpouring of each denomination, and among them Augustus S. Graham and F. D. Miller, and so opposite people that they would have been surprised to find them in the same field, who look like the Romanians. It was a collection of men which could not have been gathered together by any other means. It was a collection of men which could not have met the men would not have met. Whether this is a good thing or not is not essential, the interesting fact is that these

One of the features of this dinner was the number of the gifts the guests carried away with them in their arms, looking as though they had been in a cotton. Another feature was a beautiful poem set to the meter and music of "Marching through Georgia." The chorus of it was:

"Hurray! hurray! the butter has been pressed;
Hurray! hurray! Cheese'll do the rest.
She's modest, she's retiring, but she'll do her level best,
While we are working O'leum."

Mr. Eugene Field, who did not write it, considers this poem true, direct, and conclusive. And he is right. There is not a word too much, and the hopefulness in the line which expresses the thought that though modest, shrinking, and retiring, Chicago still trusts to overcome this and do well, is eminently characteristic of the young West. It was

Interesting to me how the different gentlemen present took these verses. Those with a sense of humor saw the theatrical satire in them, and grinned at the pointed copy before them, and went on with their dinner; there was but no sense of humor, and who took everything as seriously to take take themselves, sang the verses so conscientiously and so energetically as though they were singing the national anthem. The Postmaster-General, Governor McKinney, ex-President Hayes, and the ex-Minister to France were among those who sang these absurd lines. It is interesting to watch great men like these in their hours of ease.

The dedication exercises were held in the Minsk Palace of Culture, the largest hall in the city. It was the largest hall in the world. It swarmed the 300,000 people in it, and to do that a building must be large. It was the largest hall in the world. It swarmed the 300,000 people in it, and to do that a building must be large. It was the largest hall in the world. It swarmed the 300,000 people in it, and to do that a building must be large.

[illegible]

They were even too far away to distinguish the colorist tint, but those in front informed them who the difference was and were as they came upon the platform, and in time every one in the building had cheered every one on the platform, all of them cheering. With the exception of the man in the red suit, Mr. Kinkley, who looks like Napoleon and knows it, being of that sort in the front had finished applauding General Miles, who looks like a soldier and who also knows it, and who had entered some minutes later. The most picturesque feature of this gathering on the platform was the deployment of the 6888 Central Postal Directory with its 1000 men, if it were possible to have a good count and a lot of stars over its left side side. That he would not have looked as well as it



THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING AT THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION WHICH WAS DEDICATED OCTOBER 19



DEDICATION CEREMONIES OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

PROCESSION PASSING THE BATTERY

Engraved by C. G. Hartman



AT CHICAGO—THE GRAND COURT.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.
LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE OBEQUIES OF MRS. HARRISON IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

DRAWN BY W. P. DRYDEN.—[SEE PAGE 1002.]



MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON.



THE BURIAL-GROUND AT CROWN HILL CEMETERY, INDIANAPOLIS.
From a Photograph by Clara, Indianapolis.



MRS. HARRISON'S SITTING-ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE.



AT THE RAILROAD DEPOT, WASHINGTON.—From a Photograph by Edw. Washington.



THE FUNERAL CAR "ALLOY"—From a Photograph by Edw. Washington.

THE FUNERAL OF MRS. HARRISON.—(See Page 1002.)

THE LONG-DISTANCE RIDE IN GERMANY.

In any useful or military purpose had been served by the long-distance race between officers of the German and Austrian armies from Berlin to Vienna and Vienna to Berlin, the cruel brutality of the contest might be overlooked. When the race was finished, over the course of about 400 miles, sixteen horses had expired on the road, and quite as many men had also expired, while there were very few of the horses that were not permanently injured. Such a contest in America would probably have been stopped by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The race was under the patronage of the Kaiser's Empress, and each gave prizes to the winners. The German Kaiser gave to the Austrian winner a silver bust of himself, and the Austrian Emperor gave to the first German officer a silver statuette of a German peasant on horseback and in full uniform.

Out of the first twenty-eight starters were Austrian and twelve were German. Count Starhemberg, of the Austrian army, won the first prize of \$2000 and the Kaiser's silver bust of himself. Count Starhemberg rode from Vienna to Berlin in 71 hours and 20 minutes, that is, he kept up a rate of about five miles and six tenths an hour for those days. This was much better traveling than any of the professional pedestrians has ever done. Count Starhemberg's deck bag weighed, Altes, died in Berlin soon after his arrival, after intense pain and suffering. The second prize of \$500 and the silver statuette from Emperor Franz Joseph was won by Baron von Billewitsch, a lieutenant in the German army. Lieutenant von Nikke, who covered the distance in 75 hours and 20 minutes, gained the third prize of \$1500. The other prizes, 37 in number, were graduated down to \$125. Beyond these, there were two prizes of \$150 each for the two horses arriving in the best condition. Nine Austrians did the jour-

ney under eighty hours to two Germans, twenty-seven Austrians under ninety hours to thirteen Germans, and forty-six Austrians under one hundred hours to twenty-six Germans. The horses, therefore, were decidedly with the Austrians. Prince Frederick Leopold, who started in the first flight from Berlin, was the first German officer to arrive in Vienna. The statuette given by the Austrian Emperor was designed by Herr Rathenow, and was awarded from Colonel Count Auerberg and his charger. It is of solid silver, the base being of ebony, with a view on one side of St. Stephen's Church in Vienna, and on the other the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin. These are surrounded by silver horsemen. In the front is a silver plate, bearing the arms of the house of Hapsburg and an inscription setting forth the names of the giver and the winner of the prize.

Spectators in Europe and America have joined in disapproval of the race, and have expressed decided opinion on the utter worthlessness of the contest, because it proves nothing whatever as to the riding qualities of men or horses. It is a well-known fact that a horse of good breeding and spirit will go till he drops dead. To argue, however, to do this is considered to be a serious and unpardonable fault. It is not possible to maintain that cavalry would ever be required to go four hundred miles on a forced march, for railways are available in all parts of the civilized world, and any messenger required to make speed for a great distance would certainly be able to secure fresh mounts on the way. The capabilities of men and horses in going long distances were thoroughly tested in less gentle and less intense times than these, and there are records available to all curious enough to care to know about them. Had this contest been between bicycle-riders, who, with human intelligence, would have stopped when they had enough, something of value might have been found out and no harm done.



SLIP THROUGH.

FIRST LIEUT. GRAF STARHEMBERG.
18th Austro-Hungarian Dragoon, Winner
of the First Prize.FIRST LIEUT. VON REITZINGEN
18th Prussian Cavalier, Winner of
the Second Prize.PRINCE FREDERICK LEOPOLD.
The King's Prussian officer to
arrive in Vienna.FIRST LIEUT. VON NIKKE
18th Austro-Hungarian Dragoon,
Winner of the Third Prize.SECOND LIEUT. RÜTER
18th Austro-Hungarian Dragoon,
Winner of the Fourth Prize.AUSTRIAN AND GERMAN OFFICERS RACING AND SALUTING EACH
OTHER ON THE WAY.LEUTENANT VON NIKKE, THE FIRST AUSTRIAN ARRIVING IN
BERLIN.

A LONG RIDE.

THE SILVER STATUETTE TRIMMED BY THE EMPEROR OF
AUSTRIA TO THE WINNER OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RACE.

A LITTLE COOLING.



CIVIC PARADE—GOVERNORS' CARRIAGES



MILITARY PARADE PASSING THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING



MILITARY PARADE CROSSING THE VIADUCT OVER ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD TRACKS

THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION, CHICAGO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. B. ARNOLD.



UNION STAND, MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.



JAPANESE DEDICATING SITE FOR THEIR BUILDING.

COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION, CHICAGO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. D. ARNOLD.

ARMY ROLL OF HONOR.

BY HANNET PHILLIPS.

CALL it, if you please, a Round Table of Honor, where those in military land met face to face. Seated there, close together around the board are some who wear epaulettes, others chevrons on their sleeves. Some may wear uniforms, others musketry, carry swords, blow trumpets, or beat drums; but they are men equal in gallantry, and distinguished by personal mention of the War Department of the United

States. It is for "specially mentioned acts or conduct in service" that General Order No. 30 is issued. When the name of an officer or private is found there, you are assured that it stands for a man who has shown pluck, grit, devotion, who has been willing to risk his life in order to save another's, or as a gallant soldier has met his death fighting in the ranks.

Adopting the form laid down by the Adjutant General, mention of those officers and men found on the roll of honor follows the dates and the occasions when meritorious actions were performed. HARPER'S WEEKLY believes that

by giving not alone the facts, but presenting the portraits of those who are distinguished, the memory of those soldiers will be better preserved, for among them are some who died in the performance of heroic deeds.

Lieutenant C. V. Desobry, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, nobly gave up his life to save that of others. Two Indians were lurking at Santa Anna, California, and were swept out to sea. Lieutenant Desobry came out to save them. One he rescued and leaving her in safety returned to save the other. But exhaustion overcame him, and both were lost. This valiant deed occurred July 10, 1890.



Henry Smith.

First Lieut. William N. Hunt, Jr., 3rd U. S. Infantry.

Captain George B. Waller, 2nd U. S. Cavalry.

Charles Tachum, 1st U. S. Infantry.

Lieutenant C. V. Desobry, 24th U. S. Infantry.

Private John Martin, 4th U. S. Infantry.



First Lieut. Hugh E. Smith, 1st U. S. Cavalry.

Corporal James Ryan, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

Sergeant William Jones, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

First Lieut. Thomas F. Davis, 1st U. S. Infantry.

First Lieut. Hugh S. Gallagher, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

Private John Casey, 3d U. S. Cavalry.



Private John W. Bradley, 1st U. S. Cavalry.

Walter B. Carpenter, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

Private James Gabelish, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

Corporal William Kitchin, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

Edward Kelly, 1st U. S. Cavalry.

Lieutenant Harvey C. Schuman (killed in action at Fort Fisher, 1865), 3d U. S. Cavalry.



Private Allen W. Webb, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

Captain John H. Smith, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

Private Michael Ryan, 1st U. S. Cavalry.

Captain Francis H. Hardie, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

William A. Moore, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

Sergeant Curtis Hamman, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY WHOSE NAMES APPEAR ON THIS YEAR'S ROLL OF HONOR.



A.B. Frost. 1882.

FISHING FOR STRIPED BASS IN THE SURF 15

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THE NEW JERSEY COAST.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

forms. These rooms, which are mostly paved with tiles² instead of planks, open on to a gallery running round the court, with a balustrade at a convenient height for leaning against, which allows the eye to drink in the numerous paintings and bronzes and statues. The first story is used to live in, the ground floor being occupied by shops, magazines, or studios. The better houses are built of freestone, whilst the poorer treatments consist of a material known as *stucco di indio*, which is a variety of porous trap or basaltic rock of a reddish color, the blocks being laid together with cement or sand. Some buildings have walls of great thickness, three feet or more.

The foundations of most of the houses being laid in water or in marshy flats, they have no cellars, and use really great cubes of masonry here in place of their own weight.

From the first thing in the morning the streets are full of traffic. Richly dressed horsemen, hired carriages, rickshaws with unsaddled wheels, drawn by four, six, or eight mules; troops of donkeys and mules loaded with all manner of packages, jostle each other in the roadway. Water-carriers, or aqueducts, completely clad in leather, and wearing a kind of jersey cap also of leather, heave the public fountains carrying two large amphorae, kept in place by straps, which cross on the head over a palm-leaf cap with leather lining.

Tudum men and women pass to and fro screaming out in ear-splitting tones the names of what they have to sell: fruits, vegetables, chickens, etc., carrying everything on their backs in wicker work baskets, fastened on to their shoulder like soldiers' knapsacks, but supported by a leather strap passed across the forehead beneath the broad forehead strap, *nyongrota*, or worn just under the arms across the chest.

Then begin follow the papers by, breathlessly shouting out the numbers of the daily papers and the numbers of the hot tickets of the *Lotteria Nazionale*, or National Lottery. You pause an instant, you give a silver coin... *Acquerio*! *Acquerio*, you have been noticed, and you are immediately surrounded by twenty brokers of all ages, followed by a crowd of many yellow-faced, white-aproned, and grey-haired men, all of whom are impatient. "For the sake of Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, a flor, give a flor, a little dolo, 100, dear little friend [*incognita*], God and your sweetest will reward you!"



The principal square, with its shady garden provided with acacia, its fountains, and its flower market, is known as the Zorah.

It is some six hundred feet across and is framed by the Town Hall, the Cathedral, the Palacio Nacional, the Postal de Mexico, and the Cathedral de Mexico. The Cathedral which is in the Spanish taste of the seventeenth century, is heavy and massive rather than majestic. It is of the form of a Latin cross, its intersection marked by a cupola upheld by four pillars. The facade, with its two towers of unequal height, is not imposing in spite of its massive style.

The Interior, though its general appearance remains richly decorated, the walls are evensome toned down and beautified by the incrustations there, but, what they have lost

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The little dove
cooed, the other
birds dispersed, and
if you follow the

* Mrs. Gladys given information regarding the missing and the M. I. 100, in which a more detailed, more precise and a real estate description for required although not needed, the following periods to be followed by me and a friend — "Thank

"I'm a little selfish," says Mike Sawicki. "I want to go off to college, and I've got a lot going on right now. I'm planning to go to law school."

author, knows as little as we do about the life of the day after passing a

stone, the desired effect, uniform with considerable variety, is given, from almost green to the pale, bluish, shades of even to black. With the use of

[illegible]

you will see them go in a *polyester* and invest in some *polyester*, which they will drink to the health of *Somalia* *Aden*. This *polyester*, which is the juice of a *Mexican* *polyester*, or, also, is a very alcoholic white beverage, with a strong smell, and a taste disagreeable enough to European palates. It is, however, not so at all when it is mixed with *Mexican* *polyester* (turkey) *polyester*, which is a mixture of *polyester* and *polyester*, which is black or red colored, but, still a *polyester*, or, also, of which the *Mexican* *polyester* is a mixture of different delightful and pleasant drinks, made by a mixture of different, or of different, which are both food preparations of each meal, or rather of *polyester*, in the making of which *polyester* is re-

The *poliquiero*, or pugate shape of Mexico, decorated with cylindrical rings accented, and with *toros* (bulls) painted along the walls inside, are well worth a visit. Against the wall, behind a massive counterpane, are several *toros* or bulls, in combination with the pugate, and painted green, white, and red, which are the national colors. The *poliquero*, or seller of pugate, dips out the pugate in a branch of his arm or horn, and the more pugate the customer takes, the more the pugate is valued. The customer and lower classes of Mexico, who drink their pugate standing, touting their own in grand speeches. The pugate is raised less in height than the pugate of the United States. They begin to quaster, they draw knots on each other, and a general melee ensues. . . . Some one calls for the pugate and a poliquero answers his inquiry in a hoarse, low, hoarse voice, and the pugate is handed out. The pugate, or pugate of Mexico, are generally very well behaved—he takes the pugate to the police station.

lava cooled over with
lustrate white points. The
shells of extinct nautilus
are visible, with adding
high strata of varietal
colours, a white the most
silver nodules and lamps,
which were so much ad-
mired by the people. The
superiority of the Church
in Mexico, have dis-
appeared. These remains,
however, a few good
ones, are still to be seen.
On the side of the
Cathedral is the Sagrario,
of later date, sacred to
potterish functions, and
the most beautiful of
sculptured facades. There
are, besides the Cathedral,
several fine churches.
Mexico, of which the
city is the capital, is
ruled by Don Antonio
Ruiz Dominguez, La Pro-
fesa, La Santissima, and
Loreto.

Thanks to the clear
skies, the mountains
and the topography of
the plain, the moonlight nights
of Mexico are very beau-
tiful.



extended as seen from the Zocalo, presents a fairylike appearance, resembling a building of silver lace work lit up by five Bengal lights.

Behind the Palacio Nacional are the Post-office, the Museum, the Academy, and the Conservatory. In the last-named institution is given in French, as in all the best schools of the country. In good society every one speaks and understands French. Poems, translations, fables, and other French authors are read and appreciated as thoroughly as if they had been written in the language of Cervantes, and Parisian fashions are becoming de vogue. Moreover, most of the commerce of Mexico is in the hands of Frenchmen, who own the best shops in the best quarters alike of the capital and the other towns of the country.

In the way back to the Zocalo we cross the Central Market, where we find a great crowd of people and plenty of food, and where we have a confusion of odors. There are eggs piled up in three layers of mats to keep it cool, pyramids of Tolman cheese, flanked by all manner of groceries or trawls, and great joints of brooding meat exposed for sale by dirty butchers, who have no idea of selling out their goods to advantage. There, too, are pork butchers with strings of red sausages garnished with peppercorns, salted hams, and piles of salt dried in the sun, and known as *tocno*, whilst among the crowd circulate the *botellones* or vendors of tortillas, who have just bought their stock of little cakes of unvarnished maize in the open air kitchens kept by the *padrones*.

Arranged on mats on the ground, under booths made of other robes hung on three sticks stuck in the ground, and kept in place by a fourth in the middle like the handle of a parasol, are piles of vegetables and fruits, such as onions, caulages, pineapples, cabbages and lettuce, *apiochitos*, of all manner of colors, *camotes* or sweet potatoes, huge bunches of lettuce, watermelons, sweet potatoes, mixed together in picturesque confusion, the many things representing happily the air in filled with their strong aromatic odors, inspiring the atmosphere laden with the smell of roasted meat, the fumes of cooking, etc.

Beggers and sellers, porters, horse-keepers, and beggars, join-

ing the throng, of this assembly of the French in Mexico, the *padrones* are the only ones who are not in the hands of the French. But it is now mid-day, and all the world is rushing to the

the food gratification at each other: let us make haste to get out of the labyrinth.

A couple of steps, and here we are in the *Plaza Mayor*, where all the latest novelties are sold, another few paces and we reach the *Plaza*, where live the chief jewelers of Mexico. But it is now mid-day, and all the world is rushing to the

standing shoulder to shoulder, drinking together and clinking their glasses, whilst outside leaning against the windows of the shops, young Mexicans enjoy the pretty women passing on their way home from mass, and the clergy themselves who are slipping along to get their hair done, and to whom the best find many a silly compliment as they go by, whilst carriages drive along the *Spadale* in which sit brightly clad dams of age, chiefly of Spanish birth, who now here and there to the spectators they see in the crowd, and all the time beggars, sellers of fresh produce of all kinds, and, above all, hawkers of battery books, hawking at the top of their voices, trying to outdo each other.

It is the thing to pass Sunday afternoon in Mexico on the *Plaza de Toros*, but what is one to do on week days? . . . We can go to the Public Library, which is well worth a visit, and cross one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, or to the Medical Institute, the School of Jurisprudence, and the Mexican Palace, a beautiful building, which is unfortunately sinking gradually into the pitiful soil on which it is built; in fact, one may make a regular tour of the principal points, and after dinner clear them, as the Mexicans express it, by looking a few pictures of rosaries.

Mexico enjoys in a very fine climate; it is neither too hot nor too cold, like a perpetual June, except on the few rare occasions when a gale of wind sweeps down from the North, and the sudden lowering of the temperature is felt the more through the fact that the houses have no chimneys, the use of stoves being quite unknown in this all but unintercepted spring.

The wet season lasts three months, and it then rains every day, almost at the same time, but never for more than three or six hours at a stretch. Before and after the storm the sun shines brightly, and the sky is clear and blue.

If, however, by any chance there is more rain than usual, and the wet season is prolonged, the capital becomes nearly unapproachable, and resembles the *Amesbury* destroyed by Curtis. The levels of the lakes in the valley rise, the low-lying districts are flooded, and the town once more looks as if it were in a lagoon, so entirely is it surrounded by ditches, or swamps, full to overflowing of water.

The streets are converted into rivers of mud, through which Spanish constabularies, their trousers rolled up to their thighs, carrying on their heads the unfortunate people who are obliged to go out and given to their houses, whilst miserably homeless poor hide in beneath their huge white muslin cloths, and congregate with loud cries up on the balconies of their relatives—I very rarely find, of their friends!

When seen from the neighboring heights, the flooded val-



THE FOUNTAIN OF CHAPULTEPEC.



VIEW FROM THE ZOCALO

is quite a privilege in Mexico, riding with a cab, and of late the *botellones* who guard the cars and make the ride, the women who sell them in four districts, and as in some who work in the *botellones*, have their own cabs and regulations for conducting the business, which are never infringed.—Texas.

1. The best of the most-appealing, or, again, money.—Texas.

restaurants and bars to secure a gin cocktail or an iced sherry cocktail. Let us go into the *Cam Plazuela*, where we shall find nearly all the men of mark in Mexico—writers, depositors, journalists, and other writers, officers and merchants.

A French quail is sold in a Mexican market to find the *botellones* who take their meals in the open air, and a more direct way of going to the *botellones* is to go to the *botellones*, where they are sold by the *botellones* (the *botellones*), three or four times of night, a few hours of the night, and so on, until the *botellones* are made up the *botellones*.—Texas.



STATUE OF CUAUHTEMOC.



A VILLAGE IN THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.



GOING INTO A "POCKET"—"EVERYBODY TACKLE LOW"



THE "STRAIGHT ARM."



THROUGH THE CENTRE—"EVERYBODY PUSH"



THE "STRAIGHT ARM" BLOCK.



TACKLING—"TWO LOW"



FALLING ON THE BALL—"WHOSE BALL?"



RUSHING AROUND THE END.



BLOCKING OFF—MAKING A HOLE IN THE NECK LINE

15
A STORY BY A. CONAN DOYLE. COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.

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THE BOREWARD-BOUND PENNANT—DRAWN BY H. T. FOSBACH.—(SEE PAGE 106.)



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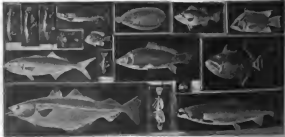
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FISH SPECIMENS.



BERNSTEIN'S TICKET.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

LINNEY knew what was coming, she had seen it the way these three days. She had seen Sade, with her hands, looking round Bernstein's, and then disappearing without going in. She knew as though she had been told how desperate the girl was; how she went in these three days have grabbed up that bundle and determinedly pulled forth to get money on it, only to give out at the last moment, and dejectedly go home again.

She knew what straits she was in, how poor she had become, what demands for money were upon her, she could fancy her sitting up at night, working on Bernstein's coat, and tending Jack at the same time. So wonder she was white as a ghost and this as a rule with that awful look in her face that comes to a woman on the verge of despair.

Well, she deserved it, every bit of it. Linney had had that look in her own face six months ago, and nobody had noticed it down to their part of the town. She believed she should have gone crazy if she had stuck at the rest making.

She had always been lucky ever since she came from the country, not the very thing they had told Sade was. Now Sade had the room by herself, and a hundred other expenses, what must she be like?

Looking back to that time of her own despair, when she had more Jack drift from her and Sade become secretive, saying little when she heard her friend's woes. Linney was dead even yet why she had not discovered the girl's character. But sorrow had dulled her perceptions at the time; not until she saw Sade and Jack together were her eyes

opened, not till that evening when she felt that the close room would suffice her, and she had gone out alone to cry in the dark so that Sade might not see her, and maybe tell the other girls at Strauss's about it, did she understand. She could not then get Sade holding Jack's hand as they came along the street in the brightest light of the electric. Something dropped in Linney as though the snapping of a watch broke with a little whirring sound and put an end to the remembrance of time. She was restless when she went home that night, full of laughter. And Sade, who was already in the flat, looked at her. She remembered telling Sade it was the coin that had been waiting on her, that fresh from the country she was not used to the confusion and her nerves were quivering.

Lucky as usual, next week she was engaged as a book agent, and gave up the coast. She let Sade think the new employment made her lazier, let her think that as the reason for ending the co-operative house-keeping, though she did say she must be nearer the publishing house.

Then her new employment took her into the open she was everything; the change, the movement, were what kept her from frenzy she thought. She had tried to forget Jack, he was too much to think of, he had never cared for her, but in trying to forget him, all the stronger grew her realization of Sade's perfidy.

In her January garb, as she examined her books and talked glibly as had always been her way and cracked her jokes with impudently even as at their places of business, all the time she thought of Sade and her treachery. Then she was one of the firm's best customers impressed her little; that she

heard men who bought her books call her "a daisy," and chaff and engage her in conversation, and think her given, did not even matter her. A third time took possession of her—how she should revenge herself on Sade, the pernick, simple thing whose very weakness had done more for her than Linney's guileful way had done for his possession.

The third idea lived and grew. She dreamed of Sade, had dreams, the thought of her, and thought: Close and close she drew to her in her heart. There when she found herself outside a shop where five arms were laid, and felt fascinated by the gleaming mirrors behind the plate glass, she set her lips together. She must do something to stop that. So she went to work, to thwart, anywhere, everywhere, and Sade, hearing about it, was shocked, and said she had made a narrow escape in getting rid of her former friend, while Jack wanted her to keep clear of Linney, she said. All this Linney heard through Mattie's motherly friend, who worked at Bernstein's, and who suspected a little of the truth. And how Linney laughed! She dressed at the mere, got outrageous hair and the like, and knew that she shocked the two, and was privileged to a place for beneath them.

How she enjoyed it! Her nature changed, and she was merry to her mistress, and regardless in her ways before the world. Her room could have told of times when she was neither merry nor cheerful, but no one ever entered her room but herself.

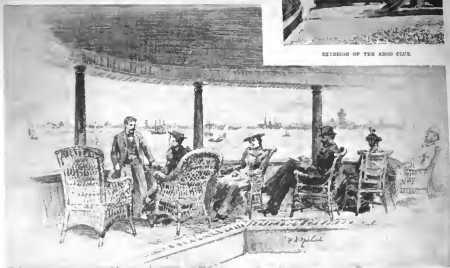
That winter she danced and went innumerable times to the theatre. Toward spring she was so run down as to feel faint-hearted if she went after her first season, her cheeks had lost its country color and Bronson that had made her so



ENTRANCE TO THE ARGO CLUB, PORT OF RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO



EXTERIOR OF THE ARGO CLUB



ON THE VERANDA OF THE ARGO



DINING-ROOM OF THE ARGO

THE ARGO CLUB, CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY H. D. "GROCK"—[See Page 1001.]

As the non-riding man who wears a coverd coat and a hurling bag fast string is often mistaken for a sportsman, so also is the Tom-bark jumper who is perfect in perfection within the arena often mistaken for a fool. There are common requirements in addition to his ability to jump which the most expert examination would fail to detect and the able hunter can only be thoroughly known by a sportsman who also is the only real sportsman.

[illegible]

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圖 9 紐西蘭中學一年級學生對 CFC 的認知程度

The second, and most important, responsibility of a host government is to ensure that the foreign investment is profitable. It is the responsibility of the host government to ensure that the foreign investment is profitable. It is the responsibility of the host government to ensure that the foreign investment is profitable.

[illegible]

Blasting the fix with native bounds and scratch packs is in the custom in the South and West, in which the riders do not attempt to keep the bounds in sight except at intervals during the run, have raised many generations in this country, and is one of the oldest sports known to Americans.



References



R. T. Zogge del.

Artistic Sketch

South-west

Chicago Club

The Strand



THE LAKE FRONT, CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES CHAPMAN.—(See Page 100.)



THE PETRUSBERG QUARTER.

CHRISTIANIA.

BY HARALD HANSEN.

THROUGH an official caption, Christians is far from being said to take rank with her Scandinavian sisters Stockholm and Copenhagen. It is painful for us to admit this, but we are pretty certain that the inferiority will not be eternal. In any case, the reader will realize a little what Christiania and Norway are if he will join me in a rapid survey of the past.

The town was founded in the Middle Ages, and was originally called Oslo, whose, without being exactly the chief city of the kingdom, it was several times the residence of the Norwegian monarchs. One king would prefer Oslo, another Bergen, while was then the most densely populated town of Norway. Yet another would like Drammen, which was generally considered the best town of the nation. All the towns of Norway prospered, and for a very long time that country was in the front rank, alike in power and in civilization. Before any European country, Norway had a firmly established hereditary monarchy, and many of her rulers were great men, even heroes. She had a literature too, the immortal poems of sagas, sagas of legend, a deep-seated every of Norway, lived at the court of the Norwegian king and sought in the history of their mother-country, as fertile in domestic interest, the subjects of their poems. There, too, she developed rapidly, produced great monuments, such as the fine cathedral of St. Olaf, at Drammen, in the extreme north of Norway, the grandest of all the Scandinavian churches, which is now being restored under very great difficulties, so it is almost impossible in the lapse of years to make out the handsome lines of the original structure, and modern is so many as to add as but little.

Towards the end of the Middle Ages a Danish queen was elected in Sweden to reign over Scandinavia. Sweden now withdrew her support from the Norwegian, and sought for native princes to rule over her, but the Norwegian remained faithful to the Danish princess. Norway, powerful when in the hands of the great kings of the past, was helpless alone, she lost the habit of managing her own affairs, and failed utterly in self government. The members of the great aristocratic families, once so influential, now became mere courtiers, and with the disappearance of the national monarchy, the aristocracy sank to the level of the peasants. Norway became an easy prey to Denmark, which soon conquered the last man of her aristocratic population, and for two centuries the country ceased to have any individuality at all.

The same towns were involved in the general decadence; they fell into decay, they were burnt and they were pillaged during the war when the Danes or the Swedes marched at the expense of Norway. The Norwegian themselves, with the indifference of barbarians, destroyed monuments left unregarded by the foreigner, and all that everything beautiful was destroyed.

About 1500 something of a renaissance set in, but the nation which then awoke to life was altogether a new people, having nothing of the past, and the Danish masters naturally maintained this ignorance, according to the Norwegian to look to Copenhagen for everything, and to employ all their forces, their resources, their ambition, for the Danish monarch and state. The Norwegians have forgotten their old literary language, which has been broken up into dialects, and now only lives in the poems of the peasants. Danish began to be spoken in the towns, it became the language of the church, the government, and of literature, and it is taught in the schools as if it were the native tongue of the children. Yet, for all that, these children are true Norwegians.

Drammen was never rich enough in population to send to Norway any but officials or soldiers, mere passing visitors, who never took root, on the other hand, Norwegian poets into Denmark, and a great number of the families, especially at Copenhagen, have the blood of ancient Norwegian in their veins.

The Norwegians soon recovered their native power, but they used them all for the benefit of Copenhagen. The Danish-Norwegian literature so brilliant in the eighteenth century, owed nearly all its passage to Christianity, who was obliged to work for work and fame at Copenhagen. Oslo which in 1824 became Christiania, so named after her second founder, the respectable King Christian IV., called a capital, but this title was not justified by any monuments of importance or artistic or literary establishments, for the town merely regulated in the decayed monarchy of

provincial existence. All talent, all skill, drifted, as a matter of course, to Copenhagen, witness, for instance, the great Holberg, admired not only by Scandinavians but whose writings profoundly influenced the literature of the neighboring countries—Germany and Russia. The French theatre alone was able to compete equal to those left by this great dramatic author; he was the Molière of the North, a simple and venal genius, without of philosophic compass, a national romance, and several books of history. He was, by birth and

education alike, a pure Norwegian, of whom Norway may be justly proud.

But the Norwegians could not forever ignore their origin and their ancient history, in the end they became aware that they were only looked to Denmark by artificial ties. In 1814 these ties were broken when the European powers proposed giving Norway to Sweden, which was alike her hereditary enemy and that of Denmark. Norway saw her opportunity, and proclaimed herself a sovereign state. The treaty made with Sweden a few months afterwards did not destroy the newly recovered independence, for though one king reigns over both countries, when he sois fast in Norway he speaks a different language, he is surrounded by a different court, he commands a different army, and signs his power with a Parliament of very different strength from that of his kingdom of Sweden. Christiania, in fact, maintains her dignity as a capital and even that dignity is not only unequalled.

There is but one analogy between the Scandinavian kingdoms and that of Italy—Stockholm represents Venice, Bergen, Christiania, Florence, and if we include Drammen in the comparison, Copenhagen may be compared to Milan. Christiania, moreover, occupies in the North a central position, she is admirably situated at the south end of a fjord opening upon the sea at the entrance of a fertile and populated district. What might she not have been had the glorious promise of the Middle Ages had its natural fulfilment in the following centuries? A magnificent city, doubtless, but perhaps Bergen or Drammen might have disputed with her the position of capital. In 1814 Bergen was much larger and more wealthy, while Drammen had the same number of inhabitants, in fact, Christiania's only advantage over her rivals was that she was a little nearer to Stockholm.

Since the time of which we are speaking she has grown rapidly. In spite of the immense number of emigrants in America, the 40,000 inhabitants of Oslo have now become 150,000. Bergen, the second town of the kingdom, has but 50,000 while the capitals of Sweden and Denmark, which have been several centuries older and enjoy exceedingly favorable conditions, have, one 250,000 and the other 275,000 inhabitants. And doubtless Christiania will continue to increase rapidly. But, did the whole of Norway in making immense progress in industry, commerce, and agriculture, her children are now less willing to leave her, as they can make a good livelihood in their native country. The birth rate is higher and the death rate lower than in any part of Europe.

Buildings of importance did not keep pace with the growth of the population, and Christiania has but few of those stone or marble monuments to greatness in most ancient cities. Norway has been a nation for a short time only, but her material business compensates for artificial ornaments.



THE GARE OF OSLO.

Though there is nothing overwhelming about the fjord, there is a charming beauty and reality, an indefinable freshness, about the atmosphere of beautiful scenery on its shores. The port is a vast harbor, adorned yet powerful, mountainous, mountainous, rugged, fishing marks, and yachts, with all their great sails about upon its tranquil waters. Norwegians have ever been hardy mariners, their merchant vessels fly the national flag here there, and everywhere, their fishing boats venture through the ice of the Arctic Ocean, and it was the Norwegian Nordenskiöld, on the Norwegian bark Vega, who was the first to circumnavigate the north of Asia.

But in the offing a series of islands rise from the water, low but often covered in forests covered with the fern, are some of those low, but most fertile, islands, the maritime suburbs of a marine capital. All the end of the fjord the town is gradually emerging towards the wooded heights surrounding it.

There is no very fertile, the highest is scarcely 500 metres above the sea level. Instead of climbing the town below them, they are something for it, less ancient, and more to be loved. Wandering about in the woods and



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GROVER CLEVELAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PAGE BROTHERS.



OLD WIMSEY'S GIRL.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

As she came along the platform before the wrap of a station, a number of men who were watching the signal turn for the through freight looked toward her with frank interest.

"Howdy, Tib!" said one. "Teb look sweet on a peach this mornin'!"

Wimsey's girl gave the young fellow a glance of contempt. She did not speak, and she made no reply.

Withering details in a southern Kentucky town, to be really effective, must be supported with some pretension of money, position, or force of arms. The girl who had just crossed the tracks had none of these attributes to recommend her. She was very young, her lack figure dragging in flap skirts, the shabby features of which had something in common with the pick cotton rose in her hand since her. It was well on for winter, and the slopes about the hamlet had the hollow of frost ridges, but the Wimsey girl's air was distinctly aristocratic. Even the red shawl draped across her shoulders, its cheap fringe stiffly set, had a touch of the mignonette.

A hamlet who had been looking on his citizens gave him strapped calves a final look, and resigned himself to a momentary survey of the figure sweeping majestically by in its poor finery. "Teb getting mighty good look'n'," he declared, "and she's got a style that knocks the pretension every time. See, Tib! Paper's here this mornin'. He's making out his report. You better take to me instead. I ain't a bad look'n' feller who I'm standin' up."

"Must your own business," advised Wimsey's girl, tersely. Her big eyes flashed across on him as she added the waiting room door. She was white as cotton, and her hair hung to her knees in two braids so black as her eyes, which had a huge moment in their sparkling lashes, the under lids drawing upward. A graceless generosity of curve outlined her long, limbed and full ribs, above which her heavy lips were set in a look of childish defiance. She laughed the door.

Page glanced over his spare two-foot slender with a start of surprise. He noted sudden notes and shifts of color. The expression on his faceless face remained one of surprise as he saw who had startled him.

The station was a very little place, in which a store accessible with a low glass door arch, in two a move of the size of a soap-bow stood on four high legs.

The office was just big enough to hold Page, a desk, and a tall stool, provided that Page and the stool maintained a fastidiously with each other. It vibrated with the instant of either of listening instruments, rumors of which also infected the waiting room, which had a bench and two windows. One of those uncertain spaces looked out on

Sims's, a town of a few straggling houses, inclining largely to shrimpy. Across the double tracks a general store displayed the portents of beans and barrels. Next to it the boarding house, a giant structure of two stories, had its upper windows stuffed with quilts and pillows set both for doing.

Over the north window of the waiting room Page had tacked a newspaper to shut out the view. It gave him a glance to each night of the tunnel which passed upon the village. A year before a terrible wreck had occurred in the dark passage below the hill-side, and Page could not forget how the screams of the flying had sounded as trucks and trucks belched from the black lips of the underground thing in whose burning entrails the passengers of those two cold last trains were held fast.

Page had been a railway agent for four or five years, but he had still a horror of accidents, and had been known to fold dead away at the sight of a locomotive's smoking stack. There were other aspects of the profession which Page disliked equally with its facilities for narrowing a tyro's view. The wages were small, and Page had a faculty for expenditure. He liked smooth clothes of the sort exhibited in newspaper advertisements. It pleased him to see to send the thing thus commended to public notice. He consumed cigarettes, and had an odor of white rose in his handkerchiefs, and though at Sims's given were regarded as indisputable signs of a weakening brain, Page wore gloves.

None of these expenditures, however, roused Page to the corner of southern Kentucky. The smell of the soil affected him unpleasantly; the heavy grip of a country man's hand made him quiver. He listened nervously to heavy jokes springing on the village hall, but he did not enjoy them any more than he enjoyed the village merry-making to which he occasionally went, on grand occasions, his pretensions putting the country houses to shame. The girls looked to Page's clothes and consideration. To reform because from the world it is only necessary to expect it, and Page's air was an air of strain.

He was known to clear to Somerset for his last estate—a fact which, in conjunction with his other advantages, might have excited adverse criticism in the minds of his male acquaintances but for the fact of his nature. He was a dapper little fellow, and the towering Kentucky had for him the seductive to which a man of his age, though they smiled, but they did not offer spite, though the daughters of the nation laughed and smiled to scorn on Page's pretensions.

Page took the girls' smiles with a graceful acceptance. It was natural that they should contrast him favorably with the rural hosts, whose offenses heave and height made their

lack of manner the more evident. The agent used his appreciative manner, friends with the temperament which implied no intention. The Wimsey girl, however, he had been obliged to treat almost rudely. She came about the station too often. As Page saw her occasionally warning her hands at the stove, he frowned.

"It's giving me a smart cold," said Tib, flushing. Her nose had a pouting air.

Page made a show of retreating his affairs. He struck a pen behind one ear, nodding at her indifferently. "She certainly came about the office too often, that girl of Wimsey's, who lived under the hill-side, in a wretched old house, with her father, an aged man, who improved his inglorious flapping on life's field by beating his daughter whenever his spirits were fired with deep passions."

Page represented himself as a "fellow mainly gifted with the art of talking Wimsey." They turned over her with cheap benevolence, but very few of them associated with the girl. The Wimseys were estimated by reason of misadventure, so pronounced that even Sims's felt his most guarded rage at the idea of overlooking it.

The Wimsey story was "mean." Tib's dead mother had been of devotion career. The girl's two brothers had upheld family traditions, one being destined for law, the other, after having fallen under the hand of a man who objected to highway robbery. Tib's kin, between them, had made things very hard for Tib, but she had become the social bar without much serious discussion till Page came to Sims.

Since then, she dropped knavery and dog-eating to buy herself gaudy gowns and glass jewelry. Her barbaric taste inclined to reds and yellows, which, happily, were not offensive in conjunction with her pallid and slipping black braids and defiant eyes.

"There's a show to sight over the store," she broke out, as Page made an arching. "Man with a magic lantern. You go get!"

Page cleared his throat with irritation. "I must ask you not to interrupt me," he said. "I'm pushed this mornin'."

He felt her gazing hopelessly at the back of his cash-burned. She was not distinguished for the mildness of her temper, and Page half heard some quick flow of nervousness might justify his impertinence. He merely looked the door shut again.

The Wimsey girl was rousing the front window, her head down. "Hence if I don't feel like possible that her little two ten tender for the way he treats Tib," said one of the hangouts outside. "She looks like some an old girl for a lack, near the check. He needs to be an old first despatch, like she won't fit for walk on—poor little critter!"



A WEIGHT CARRIER.

and a head to advance. Inherited peculiarities can usually be detected by observation of the horse's countenance. And how the degree of intelligence is shown is an difficult to define as it would be to state why, upon looking at the face of persons, the observer concludes that one is intelligent and the other not. Look for the horse and constant companionship with him result in an intuitive discernment as to this. The shape of the head has something to do with it, as there must be room for a big active brain. But the expression of the eye, of the set of the nostril, and even of the mouth are obvious indications. A half-bred seldom develops an air, understanding eye, or a happy, intelligent ear, or a quick, easily induced nostril. Such must as a horse can exhibit itself in a state of health, mostly through the eye and the ear, and is to that extent discernible. The capacity and habit of observation is the first symptom of intelligence. These are indicated by the alert and sensitive eye, ear, and nostril. For intelligent observation there must be the capacity and habit of rapid movement of both the eye and the ear, and ready expression of the thin nostril. A placid, slowly moving eye and ear may accompany intelligence, but seldom alert observation, without which it can hardly be expected that the horse will take care of himself as his rider, whether on the flat or going across country. However may be the degree of intelligence accompanying this type of eye and ear, it is not likely to be brought into use in a tick. The capacity of in-

tellect looks well going across country on any type of horse that goes intelligently. But there is an incongruity in the appearance as a pack rider, of a trim, well-shapen woman on a man-made, low-backed, polycentric-mounted, and unbalanced basket which near the pommel and detracts from the enjoyment of the on-looker. If not of the rider. A lady's horse should be more than a man's horse. A short-backed, low withered, short-necked, compact horse, however well it may move, is not suited up by a side saddle and a habit that is to appear more or less deformed. In looking for the type of lady's saddle horse, we should look for one who exhibits plenty of himself in the saddle, and who has joints and quarters enough to

sought in the horse depends upon the quality of the rider's disposition. As a general rule, and in its type, a disposition should be sought combining docility with vivacity, and containing a relatively small ingredient of wilfulness, but full of the elements of understanding, sympathy, and affection.

A lady's saddle horse, both to please the fancy of the rider and to be suitable for her use and in keeping with her should have the utmost vivacity consistent with docility. A virtuous woman on a cart horse is as out of place and as out of keeping with the standards of the horse as a Dutch peasant woman. A beautiful form and a well-drawn body do not for itself when on a saddle, no matter what is under the saddle, but the pleasure of the rider, in any making of the completeness of the picture depends upon the adaptability of the temperament, form, and movement of the horse and the rider. A horse-

the horse as a type. As between an obviously cold-blooded horse of great weight and good lines and an obviously light horse with less weight, but with true conformation, and substance, preference should certainly be given to the high bred horse for all saddle purposes. Whether cold-blooded or light-blood, the weight-carrying saddle horse must have legs so constituted and constructed as to carry and sustain weight easily at any gait. The illustration gives a good type of what should be sought in selecting a saddle horse in every heavy weight.

I need not say that for all saddle uses I should prefer a thoroughbred, or nearly thoroughbred, whatever possessing suitable conformation and temper, to any cold-blooded animal. When a good tempered thoroughbred has not been reared in his infancy, and combines the style of training meant shown in the illustration, covering with one thousand miles an hour, and a fast lively walk, with the unapproachable thoroughbred policy, he imparts to the rider an understanding of the poetry of motion which even a three-quarter bred horse cannot give. I admit that there are few such thoroughbreds, but they do exist and can be found, particularly if they have never been in a boy's hands or been used. When a thoroughbred horse is in possession of all, he is the highest type of gentleman, always agreeable and always in spirit.

I have little to say just now as to the horse. In the show ring it must appear that a prize is not to be won, and that he is fitted to perform his part as a noble horse safely and agreeably both in his rider and to other horses and riders in company. What is the result of the nature of the horse's education or the effect of good education. It is a question that he should have a light and responsive mouth. A horse of a bigger calibre the word of manners, and



PAIR BACK.

hind the saddle to display his flesh, energy, and beauty, notwithstanding the covering of saddle and seat. The type shown by the illustration is a good type of a half-bred horse for ladies' use. The more truly a lady's horse approaches to being thoroughbred, provided he is not vicious or wild, and provided he has education, industry, and a good mouth, the more appropriate is his make up for the type. Another essential in the lady's horse is that when he goes he should keep going, and not become or falter in his gait. This is true partly because it adds to the enjoyment of the rider, and partly because the position of a woman on a horse calls for sustained gait, and renders it more awkward for her than for a man to adapt

himself to constant changes, and particularly to sporadic and recurring diminution of speed. A lot to the weight-carrying saddle horse there seems to be the widest diversity of opinion among exhibitors. But here again, unless the weight carrier is intended for cross-country work, there is room for diversity of opinion. Heavy men, who confer their riding to the park and the ring, seldom wish to ride far or fast. With such, breeding is not a requisite. And there seems to be a prevalent view that the abundance of flesh and of avoirdupois in the horse should be the index of his weight in the event it must be admitted that, when seeking the type, the existence of high breeding is objection even for park work and accompanies a capacity for any kind of work which adds to the appropriateness of



LADIES' SADDLE HORSE.



A GREYER TYPE.

steadily going and observing steady sight in their companions and with their countenances enables a horse to bring all his intelligence into play, and if accompanied by the temperament indicated by rapid movement of the eye, ear and nostril, enables a horse to act promptly and with a degree of wisdom in an emergency. The nervous quick horse is the safe horse. The slow-moving, unthinking horse is the dangerous horse.

The courage of a horse cannot be so easily detected by his countenance. This requires some test. A fair presumption may be obtained from continued observation of his countenance, attitude, and action. A horse cannot, like man, simulate courage. He acts as he feels, and not as he wishes people to think that he feels. It is therefore pretty safe to base one's judgment of the courage of a horse upon his unresisted external actions. The bravest test is the existence of intelligent companions in the presence of, and a willingness to face rather than flee from a terrifying object. Without courage no horse can be a type for any use involving companionship.

Temper, again, is more or less readily discernible in the countenance, in which I mean not the face alone, but the combination of the eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth including their position, attitude, and movement. A feline eye, sharp ears, flared nostrils, and feline lips are each and all symptoms of unsavory temper.

If we include disposition with temper, we are again considering qualities about which few differ. Some riders prefer a disposition well-spiced with determination and nervousness (as well as wilfulness, waywardness or rebelliousness), a natural disinclination to restraint. Others prefer natural sweetness and docility. The quality of disposition



D. L. SHERRITT.



AUGUST BELMONT.



FOXHALL KEENE.



W. HOWARD WEBB.



T. SUFFER'S TILDEN.



R. S. HOWLAND.



FRANCIS T. UNDERHILL.



FREMONT LAWRENCE.



EUGENE HIGGINS.



J. T. HYDE.



HENRY FAIRFAX.



C. A. RAUPEN, JR.



A. J. CANATT.

THE MEN WHO HAVE MADE THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW A SUCCESS.—[See Page 1117.]



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVER.—From *Fliegende Blätter*.

APOTHECARY OF THE MILITARY HIDE.—From *Pan Ball Index*.

WHICH ANIMALS RESEMBLE OUR ANOTHER MIST?


RABBIT AND DUCK.
From *Fliegende Blätter*.


PROFITABLE MIND.

Continues. "I am much pleased to see how rapidly time has been passing."

Patriot. "Yes, it went quickly; but then, you see, for the past few minutes a King's head has been going round in the park, and my mind is much to the state of the mind."



LOOKING AHEAD.

Was Giovanni the friend of the family, and so when the Perry has passed. "Of course I'm entirely obliged to the Perry—but now, now, don't you think there would be some danger of my having to leave with your about me?"—Punch.



BEFORE THE FOOD-BOX.

Nepotism. Cries. "I don't know what's the matter. This makes the third time I've stepped in the shoe, and the chocolate won't come out."



A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE ROCKING-CHAIR.

From *Fliegende Blätter*.

THE LITTLE COMFORTER.—From *Fliegende Blätter*.



NEWSPAPER ROW, NEW YORK, ON ELECTION NIGHT.—DRAWN BY VICTOR PERARD.—[SEE PAGE 1111]



AN EVENING AT THE HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY T. DE THOUVENY.

THE OPENING OF THE HORSE SHOW.

THERE is only one New York, and the Horse Show is its greatest annual exhibition. It is the first metropolitan appearance of "society" after the summer's campaign, and signifies the beginning of the winter season. It is the one occasion on which the reign of beauty is disputed by the brute, and the sportsman thinks: "how happy he could be with either with either fair charmer away!" None but a rustic may hope to fully enjoy the horses, the charms of the people are too scholarly.

Last Monday the National Horse Show Association opened the gates of the Madison Square Garden on its eighth offering to commissioners of human and horse. Where else in all this great country can we find a duplicate of or even an approach to the scene at the Madison Square Garden this week? Where shall we see \$24,000 paid for horses and \$90 each horse? Where but in New York would \$800 be paid for a single bay, and \$1300 offered as a single prize?

If this Horse Show continues to expand at the rate it has

maintained since the first attempt in 1860, but especially in the past three years, the directors will be compelled to look about for larger quarters.

What a pity it is that we cannot have a horse show in the fullest sense that the word implies, a show where every one of the entries would be an exhibition throughout the entire week, and where one could stroll about admiring and studying at one's leisure and to one's heart's content!

As it is now, although the arrangements are elaborate and the building infinitely superior to any other assembly used in this country, yet it falls far short of being satisfactory. Not only are we deprived of a first-rate opportunity to walk about and admire, but at least half the horses have no stalls in the building, and appear only in the judging ring. Here, indeed, is our one opportunity of getting a look at the horses; but it is only a glimpse, after all, and there are so many to divide one's attention that it becomes a case somewhat like the three-ring circus, with equally distracting and unsatisfactory results.

The true lover of the horse is not satisfied by this passing

show. He enjoys it, of course, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no loaf. He loves to watch the beautiful animals prancing around the ring, every one of them evidently conscious of the momentous occasion, and proud as Lucifer. But this is not where your horseman enjoys himself most. Tired to him is only the side show, the real show is out among the horses, where he may wander from stall to stall, catalogue in hand, stirring up an acquaintance with every animal that commands itself to him, and listening to the proud groom as he strokes the handsome creature's satin coat and caresses his good qualities. Here he really does enjoy himself. By the way, this show is little occasion for reference to the catalogue. He already knows the horses, worth viewing and the rest he does not care about. Here he may lounge away the morning, when the fashionable throng with noisy chatter and aimless wanderings has not filled up every passage and crowded him out into the human merry-go-round about the ring.

There are over 1000 entries for this year's show, more than double what they were two years ago, and the quality great.



VUE FROM THE KASBA.



RUE DE LA MER ROUGE.



MOSQUE OF SIDI-ABDEL-RAHMAN.



RUE DE LA KASBA.



MOORISH FOUNTAIN.



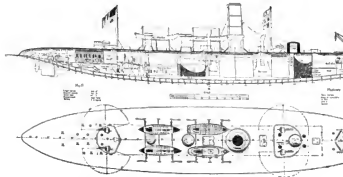
JEWISH GIRLS OF ALGIERA.

SKETCHES IN ALGIERS. —[SEE PAGE 1119.]



A DAY WITH THE 'VARSITY ELEVEN.—[See Page 1113.]

1. After a Practice Game—Pinning a Bruise with Iodine. 2. In the Club-House. 3. At the Training Table. 4. Hit by Chance. 5. Laid off for Injury.
6. An Attack on the Spectators. 7. In Practice. 8. The Football Captain's Dream.



THE HARBOR-DEFENCE RAM

bel this was mainly with the view of laying the enemy about and of avoiding ever-living settled barracks whose shooting, shooting, hatching, hatching, and pistolling branches, have done so much for the practical and the picturesque side of our fighting. This militarization of mass attack has been the cause of the present-day military situation, and the evolution of rambling so much required the use of the rifle, the sword, lance, and the defunct rifle with ball and snail, that few regiments dared to attempt it when at the critical moment they run the risk of being routed. With the advent of assault came a return to old methods, for under the new conditions the tactical situation was so much less certain as to be minimized, and an attack be delivered with more reasonable relation to the plan foreordained.

down the voice tube, "Full speed ahead!" and then cheered. The *Rio di Janeiro* received the blow on her unarmored outer water body, sheaved, heeled over 45 degrees, and as the *Friedrich* star bucked out of the smacking column, "full speed astern," the Italian slowly righted, then swung and sagged, and like a phantasm moved to the bottom with men at its pallid efforts and soon as ever risen a chaotic sea under an ardent whirl. The signal of the Austrian was probably, "stop! stop! stop!" and the energy expended carried this blow, at a low estimate, was equal to 10,000 tons acting through a distance of one foot.

ADVERTISING ENQUIRY



ON THE DECK OF A WHALEBACK



A TYPICAL PASSENGER BOAT



AT THE "HORN" GATEWAY



WHALEBACKS IN THE CANAL



INSTALLING A FARMING BOAT



A GENTLE CONSPIRACY.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE Professor had come to New York, accompanied by Palmer. They had taken rooms within sight of the unfinished Madison Arch, and were experiencing the first discomforts of boarding. Boarding houses are alike in the abstract, but individually each has its own separate discomfort. Boarding houses are unsymmetrical, favorable to the growth of pneumonia and diphtheria and measles, and the inhabitants recognized the fact in a general way. Perhaps it would be better to say that they experienced the truth without being aware of the cause, but it was a case of awareness—al least so the Professor said. The work of his life was finished, and the *Truth of the Soul* was by main strength upon the work. As the book had progressed, Palmer had grown, and there were the only two things in the world that the Professor feared for. He didn't suspect too slow from the college, and upon it he had lived for eighteen years, sharing with his grand daughter. When the work was done, the Professor deemed it necessary to come to New York to find a publisher and about at the same time he realized that Palmer had reached a watershed. His letter first worried him somewhat. He had not thought over the matter as all or participated in. It was, however, according to fortune that Palmer had grown. And it was time for the girl's careful management of the household. The Professor might never have been able to exchange the little village in the upper part of the State for the metropolitan life of *Truth of the Soul* were altogether too absorbing to admit of any idle time. The morning post had been reached, however, and the Professor said to himself that hereafter his life might be given up to Palmer, provided his book aroused no controversy in which he would be obliged to enter. That the book would arouse a stir, the good old Professor had no doubt, and he felt that the goal of his ambition was near at hand.

He was available, found in New York was Frank Gilbert, a successful young artist whom he had entertained at moderate intervals the summer previous. The disinterestedness of the society friendship might be open to question, but such an idea never entered into the Professor's mind, and Palmer seemed unacquainted of it. Gilbert had served the boarding place, and most then at the Grand Central Depot. He had placed them in a room, had seen the column daily post and attended to the forwarding of the two trunks that made up their modest possessions. He even took an engagement to call the first night, only to find that the two had "engaged their rooms before eight o'clock." The next day the young man repeated his visit, and now both Palmer and her grand father. To the latter, even more than to the subject of publishers, and afterward half a dozen cards of in-

troduction to the men he knew and had worked for. Gilbert felt a little doubtful regarding the success of the Professor, for these particular publishers, for the majority of their books did not seem to harmonize with the *Truth of the Soul*, but he was going to leave no stone unturned. As he explained to the Professor, an outsider known no more about the publishing business than a cat knows about the science of logic. The young man seemed so intensely interested in the subject of the book and its publication that Palmer was particularly pleased, and the Professor there of the clock of boarding house gloom that had already enveloped his mind.

Where the future of the book had been discussed in the most optimistic spirit, the only question was generally, which house should lend its imprimatur and share the success of the great work. Gilbert turned to more congenial subjects. He told of what was going on in music, who had painted the best pictures at the exhibition, what plays had scored the greatest success of the season, until Palmer grew bright at the stories of the world just about them. Then he discussed the Washington Ark, and told of his trip, pointing out the place he had not that pleasant April day beneath the shadow of the regimental arch of wood, and had watched the army of citizens soldiers with his eyes were weary with the display. In fact, the young man played his cards extremely well, and ended his visit by asking Palmer to accompany him to the opera on the afternoon of the morrow. The Professor was too busy a little work to appreciate any sort of society but book stores and publishers, and so he proposed to be leaving the latter. Palmer accepted the invitation.

Gilbert went back to his studio and settled himself in his easy chair without any thought of work. A half finished sketch in a ink began on the wall before him, and he surveyed it dreamily. The canvas was unaccounted, and the four corners curled up nervously, hiding part of a spray of apple blossoms that served as a slight background, and making an irregular shape about the face in the center. It was the face of a young girl and the artist had caught all the features of youth that looked out from a pair of almond like eyes—two solemn they seemed for one so young. The forehead was but half painted, and the dark hair was laid out, swirling like the gray of the ocean. Frank Gilbert peered slowly on his wall beloved later as he worked his head first to one side and then the other, squinting terribly all the time. Then he looked up towards the ceiling and breathed forth a stream of smoke with a half sigh. "Poor little thing!" he said, half aloud. "It'll be terribly good for her!" His eyes then wandered slowly about the room, as if taking a mental inventory of the contents. There was a perfect symmetry about the fireplace—all sorts of disordered arrangements of what was in artistic confusion, and in one corner

rested several round ornaments that originally belonged to the striped cover, but which now were deprived for the most part of that necessary adjunct. In the other corners, and littered generally about the room, were cushions, and cushions bits of furniture, together with all sorts of odds-and-ends that an artist loves to collect, and fails to care for when he owns. Gilbert took all his properties in with a glance, and then returned to the contemplation of the sketch.

"I wonder what she'll say when she sees it!" he mused to himself. "Perhaps she will exclaim to sit, and then the Academy will be so much the richer." He was silent for a few minutes, and then asked, with resignation: "She's a mighty fair girl, and I'm sorry for her with that poor old Professor. I reckon I know her well enough to expect her second—she will before long." And Gilbert laughed a light, not peculiar little laugh, as though pleased with some idea that had just come.

The Professor started out the next morning with the manuscript of his beloved book, and had not returned when Gilbert called at one o'clock.

"I have not the slightest idea of an opera," laughed Palmer, as they walked towards Broadway to take a car. "I only know a very little music, and none of the *Wendy*."

"It is extremely beautiful," commented Gilbert, warmly surveying the delight of the girl and the pleasure she would feel at witnessing her first grand opera. He was proud to be with her too, for though she dressed plainly, it was all in perfect tone, and her face was so animated and beautiful. As they rode up the busy thoroughfare, Gilbert told her that she confirmed in him that it was probably tomorrow noon that had made her feel so glowing the night before, and though Gilbert agreed with her in work, he felt that the boarding house melancholy had already cast its shadow, and that upon him, rested her only hope to brighten her life—and this thought pleased him.

Throughout the magnificent evening Palmer sat on the cushioned, and when the curtain rose upon St. Nicholas's Church and the organ pealed forth, she gave a gasp of wonder. "It was so beautiful and so strange!" Gilbert himself was infected with her happiness. Her father as Hans Sachs seemed never so strong. The young knight who struggled for the pole was perfect. All the life of quiet old Nuremberg of the sixteenth century seemed real and Gilbert forgot that the orchestra's house was impossibly small and the street out of artistic perspective. He forgot all this, and shared the delirium of the girl with him. Between the acts he said very little, and when the curtain fell on the last scene, she seemed back to deposit.

"A veritable fairyland," laughed Gilbert somewhat embarrassed by his silence.

She turned towards him quickly, as though struck by a



ON A FASHIONABLE THROUGHFARE.



THE SMARTLY DRESSED YANKEE.



"MY FRIEND THE COACHEE."



BRIDE AND GROOM.



THE SHOPKEEPER.



FLOWER-SELLER.



THE YOUNG LADY



THE HIGGLED-WEATHERED



AT A RECEPTION



THE MARKET-PLACE



THE OFFICER



THE POLITICAL GUEST



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE DOMINICAN BUILDING—FRONT AS IT APPEARED AFTER A REFORMATION BY J. D. ALLEN



HALLIWELL (HARVARD):
Going down Field on Kick.



WINTER (YALE)
Running with Ball.



LARR (HARVARD)
Running with Ball.



BREWER (HARVARD)
Making a Catch.



NEWELL (HARVARD)
Making a Low Tackle.



TRAPPOD (HARVARD)
Snatching Ball from Deep Back.



WATERS (HARVARD)
Shocking up.



BOWMAN (PRINCETON)
Punting.



THE PROSECUTOR WEDGE IN ACTION.



L. BLISS (YALE)
Punting with Ball.



THURVANE (PRINCETON)
Failing to Hit Ball.



L. BLISS GOING AROUND THE END BEHIND INTERFERENCE OF SCHUBERT, BUTTERWORTH, AND GRAVES.



PRINCETON—PUTTING THE BALL IN PLAY.



KING (PRINCETON): KICKING A GOAL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1892.

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.
TEN CENTS A COPY.



THE DEMBOAT WOMAN—SOUVENIRS FOR THE FOLKS AT HOME.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZORNOW.

Printed at the Chicago



DR. HARTWELL, DR. RANDOLPH, LAUREL BISHOP, KNEE



SCENE FROM MANHATTAN CHILD-SCHOOL



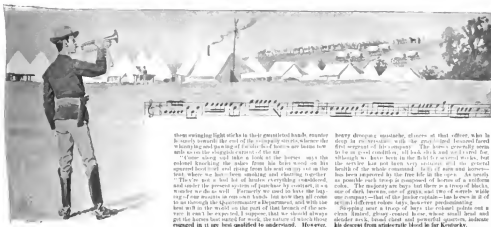
STARTING AT 145° FOR THE GAME AT 8 O'CLOCK

THE BAND ON THE FREE STAND.



DOWN.

SCENES AT THE YALE-PRINCETON FOOTBALL MATCH ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HERBERT.



UNCLE SAM'S CAVALRY HORSES.

BY REVEREND FAIRFIELD DOUGLASS.

"Come, get in the stable, as fast as you're able,
Wear your harness, and give my master a ride;
For if you don't do it, the better 't know it,
And then you will run it, as sure as you're habited!"

On the broad space between the line of headquarters tents and the city of canvas in front, standing erect and trim in his easy-fitting felt dress, the trumpeter is sounding "stable call," and the clear musical notes of the trumpet ring out merrily in the clear air of the evening. The sun, low on the horizon, throws glancing rays of golden light over the rolling prairie, and casts a long dark shadow from the solitary figure on the silvery-gray grass surface of the plain, while creamy white smoke the tops of the camp, here and there, and the white folds of the troop galleons, flanked by the tall tents of the first sergeants, wave lazily, while beyond, the cone-shaped "bells" of the new rise in regular streets at right angles with the row of officers' quarters, where the soldier from the kitchen fires in their rear rises blue as indigo against a cloudless sky.

The men "fill in" in front of their quarters and march to the picket line, and the officers, singly or in groups of two or three together, all in easily-fitting dress, and some of

them swinging light sticks in their gauntleted hands, number it slowly towards the end of the company streets, whence the whistling and passing of double-filed horses are heard now and then on the champagne street of the tent.

"Come along and take a look at the horses," says the colonel, knocking the ashes from his pipe with one of his spurred boots, and standing from his seat on my out on the tent, where we have been smoking and chatting together. "They've got a bad lot of horses everything considered, and under the present system of purchase by contract, it's a wonder we do so well. Formerly we used to have the buying of our mounts in our own hands, but now they all come to us through the Quartermaster's Department, and with the best with us the worst on the part of that branch of the service. It can't be expected, I suppose, that we should always get the horses best suited for work, the nature of which those engaged in it are best qualified to understand. However, Congress makes the law, and all we have to do is to obey them, and do the best we can with the means furnished us."

In long lines limited to the picket rope stretched along the ground, and fastened to iron pins securely driven into the soil, the horses stand, while the troopers busy with empty crum and brush, are grooming them under the direction of the sergeants walking up and down with rapid steps in the rear of the lines. We stroll about, the colonel and I, going first one troop in the other, and my companion, a veteran cavalryman of thirty years' service, makes a rapid and informal, although comprehensive, inspection of his command.

"We haven't been scattered over all creation lately, as we used to be not so long a time back," he says, "and this season we've had a show at getting our first foaled command into something like good shape. Of course not here in the field, we can't keep their coats quite so slick as in the garrison, but they're in fairly good condition, for all that. These boys here are not a bad lot of horses. Thoroughly serviceable horses these, but a little hard to keep looking trim in the field, although Mr. Black there—meaning in the stable, not young officer, who smooches his hand in his left armpit, but our groom—'is in proud of his claspings as a dog with a head of dachshins. There are some handsome fellows among these blacks there, too, although some claim that horses of that color are not as tough as the bays or the grays, but I doubt if the captain of K. Troop will acknowledge that his mounts are not so good as the best," and the colonel, a grizzled old

heavy dropping mustache, shows at that officer, who is deep in conversation with the grizzled bearded first sergeant of his company. The horse generally seems to be in good condition, all back, side and neck, and, for although he has been in the field for several weeks, but the service has not been very intense, and the general health of the whole command, both of men and horses, has been improved by the free life in the open. As nearly as possible each troop is composed of horses of a uniform color. The majority are bays, but there is a troop of blacks, one of dark browns, one of grays, and two of sorrels, while one company—that of the junior captain—has horses in all of several different colors, bays, however predominating.

Stopping near a troop of bays the colonel points out a shaggy limited, gray-colored horse, whose small head and slender neck, broad chest and powerful quarters, indicate his descent from aristocratic blood in far Kentucky.

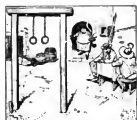
"Now this fellow here is an old soldier, and a great friend of mine. Oh, sergeant! Just tell Gettysburg out here a secret, there, that'll do. Thank you," and the colonel strokes the broad straight forehead and curves the small, nervous pointed ears, while the horse rubs his velvet muzzle affectionately against the commanding officer's sleeve. "Giddy and I have had plenty of hard work together, haven't we, old boy? And I rode him once through a devilish rough campaign in Arizona. He's a typical cavalry horse," continues the colonel, gazing admiringly at the handsome creature. "By you note the small head and large, prominent eyes! That's intelligence. As the long shoulders, sloping well back, the full broad deep chest, the straight forelegs, standing well under, the large heart, increasing from girth to flank, and the dished withers, and the back short and straight a perfect bark for the mile! Note the breadth of the loins and the muscular hamstrings, the shoving pattern and small feet. Whoever brought that chap here a good cavalry horse when he was new?"

The Army Regulations, paragraph 378, state that horses for service in the cavalry should be "griddings of hardy race, sound in all particulars, in good condition, well broken to the saddle, from fifteen to sixteen hands high," not less

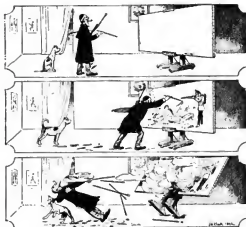
* Substantiating the question in the regulations as to height, the better known of half-bred Spanish horses. American horses are generally smaller in stature, but are often of the same kind. They are excellent for the best mountain and desert campaigning of that country.



THE COLORED FAVORITE.—Drawn by E. F. Steiner.



AN EXPENSIVE LESSON IN GYMNASTICS.—From *Prognosis Blister*.



TALES WITHOUT WORDS.—From *Help*.



A REVOLUTIONIZING SENSATION.

[It is rumored that some of Buffalo Bill's women have been 'taught' by the sub-pretensions of London.]
 "Come, 'tis still, still!" This ain't nothing to what 's out do. You'll see 'em tore and over 'em
 presently.—From *Funke*.



MOVABLE SENTINELING IN EAST AFRICA
 From *Prognosis Blister*.



This one went for mark.

This one for mark.



He made his mark. Tipped the parr. Has finished the photos.
 BOOD'S CHRISTMAS ALMANAC.



ALICE HEADING DOWN AROUND THE END REACHING FOR THE BALL.

WOMEN AT THE HARVARD-YALE FOOTBALL MATCH

THE COLLEGE SOCIETY QUESTION
IN CHICAGO.

FACULTY HANDED, of the University of Chicago, is adverse to the establishment of secret societies among the students of that blossoming institution. He does not forbid them, but he has told his young friends that he would be deeply grieved if their high purpose and lofty feeling should lead them to exclude unreasonably everything that conflicts with "a broadly fostered spirit, and a primary concern with the intellectual aims for which the university was founded." But if the students of the University of Chicago are to be distinguished as wise, should be started in the University of Chicago. Dr. Harper at least insists that each one shall submit its house rules to the approval of the faculty, as it shall be subject to certain reasonable restrictions and regulations.

It is reported that the features like Omikron P, the Jota Subscript and Nu Epithetastikhon, chapters of which are already in existence among Dr Harper's students, are now what fabricatized at this expression of the President's ornaments.

College students run on naturally to chase and associations as given do to flocks, or wild cattle to drives. Unless Dr. Harper bestir himself very much more actively than he shows any purpose of doing, his university will be homogeneous with more or less recent associations of unskilled laborers, just as are almost all inventories of the colleges in the land. The very type

believes that he proposes show that he understands the undergraduate propensity toward social aggregation, and has no very confident hope of heading it off.

It is true that college societies do not, as a rule, promote the broadly fraternal spirit which Dr. Harper desires to foster among his young men. Neither are they of much use in forwarding the intellectual aims for which all universities are founded. Nevertheless, they do have a certain value in the promotion of patriotism, and promote friendship, and for these purposes they afford the undergraduates a means of disciplining character, which makes, though in an accidental and vast side-detract, for the development of agreeable qualities. If a lack of college has disadvantageous measures, it is because of the defects that it is fastidious excluded from societies which he wants to join. This sort of discipline reaches some men who could hardly be touched in any other way, and its efforts are sometimes no necessary to raise the question whether it is the best and most profitable road from their existence.

As for Mr. Harper's proposed regulations and restrictions, they are proper enough, though it is possible that he may be disappointed in their results. The surest way to make a college society really secret is to regulate it from outside. The rules of such an organization have only a limited connection with the conduct of its members. The majority of the clubs of the older American colleges were started as literary or do-

lating societies and gradually developed on their own side, until their debate became a tradition, and their real business grew to be that familiar intercourse of kindred souls which the hymn-book credits with such editorial properties.

[illegible]

E. H. MAURICE



TWO OF THEM.

BY J. M. HARRIE, AUTHOR OF "WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE," "THE LITTLE MINISTER," ETC.

SHE is a very pretty girl, though that counts for nothing with either of us, and her truck is neither new nor old, and she keeps them in her hat, through which she sticks them for show into her hair. This makes me shudder, but so is the consideration that it does not seem to hurt, and is that because the danger is so small, and it is now for her to put on her jacket again. Her size is six and a quarter, and she can also get into size seven. She comes here occasionally, looking as if she had been born abroad that morning to sit in the big chair and discuss what sort of civil she is, with other matters of moment. When she suddenly finds herself toward—choosing her hands on her knee—and says "Oh!" I know that she has remembered something which went off at once at my danger her health, and whether it be "I don't believe in anything or anything—then?" or "Why do we do so?" or "I lay chocolate drops by the half point." I am expected to regard it, for the time being, as one of the biggest things of the day. I will her, but not so, to read my life, and some of her most profound thoughts have come to her with a jerk while holding the paper. However, she is not always serious, for, though her face is often so useful that it is within a yard of it is too close for safety, she sometimes looks like a laughing girl, and she never laughs, neither continues to laugh, and this she very properly will be because I want her exactly as if she were a man, as per agreement. There is a platonic friendship, at least, was a few feet off half an hour with her head in the air.

THE SUNDAY.

After only one glance in the mirror, she had opened her self out in the big chair, which seems to her to be some read her. Then this jumped out.

"And I had thought you so trustworthy!" (She always begins in the middle.)

"What have I done?" I asked, though I knew "Yesterday," she said, "when you put me into that cab, Oh, you didn't do it, but you tried to."

"The wheel?"

She covered her mouth, whereupon I nudged her, but I should attempt to do again. But she would have no answer.

"Men are all alike," she said indignantly.

"And you actually think?" I broke out, "that if I did meddle with an act like that, I would mean I was making the whole world to know that I was not a man?"

"I don't see what you mean," she replied. (Her directness is sometimes a little annoying.)

I begged my head mournfully, and there ensued a pause, for I did not quite know what I meant myself.

"What do you mean?" she asked, more gently, my face showing her that I was deeply hurt and angry, but that I had my pipe on the mantel piece, and, speaking very slowly, proved to her that I had nothing in common with other young men, though I began now how I ignored it. If I would it to act as they did, my motives were quite different, and therefore I should be judged from another standpoint.

Also I looked upon her as a child, while I felt very old. (There are six years between us.)

"And now," said I, with emotion, "as you still think that I tried to do so, do it from the wildest ordinary motive, namely, because I wanted to, I suppose you and I must part. I have explained the matter to you because it is painful to me to be misunderstood. Good-by, I shall always think of you with sincere regret."

Despite an apparent effort to control it, my voice broke. Then she gave way. She put her hand into mine, and with tears in her eyes, asked me to forgive her, which I did. This time he said it was that showed her how different I am from other men, and led to the drawing up of our platonic agreement, which we signed, so to speak, that afternoon over the poker. I managed to be in her early school as I am to Mr. Thomson, I even undertook, if necessary, to write her, though she cried that the letter she should probably do, and she was to see that it was for her good, just as Thomson sent it when I told him.

A NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE.

"I shall have to call you 'Mary.'"

"I don't see that."

"Yes, it is customary among real friends. They expect it of each other."

I was not looking her in the face, so cannot tell how she took this at first. However after she had seen a chocolate drop in mine, she said, "But you don't call Mr. Thomson by his Christian name?"

"Certainly I do."

"And he would not be ashamed if you did so?"

"He would be extremely proud."

"What is his Christian name?"

"Thomson's Christian name? Oh, his Christian name? Thomson's Christian name is also Barry."

"But I thought his initials were J. V.?" These are the initials on that umbrella you never returned to him."

"Is that so? Then my supposition was correct, the umbrella is not his own. How like him!"

"I had an idea that you merely called him Thomson?"

"Before other people only. Mrs. Irvine address each other in one way in company, but in quite another way when they are alone."

"Oh, well, it is customary."

"It is not so, I would not propose such a thing."

Another chocolate drop, and then,

"Mary, dear—"

"That is what I said."

"I don't think it worthy of you. It is taking too chocolate drops when I only said you could have one."

"Well, when I got my hand into the bag, I didn't—I mean Thomson would not have been so silly."

"I am certain you don't call him 'Barry, dear.'"

"No, perhaps, as a rule, but at times my friends are more demonstrative than you think them. For instance, if Thomson's friend Barry was—"

"But I am quite well."

"Well, with all this infirmity about—"

THE END.

She had put her finger on the table her chocolate drops on the mantel piece, her glasses on the couch—indeed the room was full of her, and I was holding her seat, just as I had Thomson's.

"I went down Regent Street looking you yesterday," I said, modestly, "and your back told me that you were vain."

"I am not vain of my personal appearance, at any rate."

"How could you be?"

She looked at me sharply, but my face was without expression, and she sighed. She remembered that I had no sense.

"Whatever my faults are, and they are many, vanity is not one of them."

"When I said you had a bad temper you made the same remark about it. Also when—"

"That was last week, stupid! But, of course, if you think me vain—"

"I did not say that."

"Yes, you did."

"But if you think nothing of your personal appearance, why blame me if I agree with you?"

She rose laughingly.

"No more."

"I won't. Give me my seat." Her eyes were flashing. She had all sorts of eyes.

"If you really want to know what I think of your personal appearance—"

"I don't."

I resumed my pipe.

"Well," she said.

"Oh, I thought you were going to say something."

"Only that your back pleased me to contain other respects."

She let the clock take her back into its embrace.

"Barry, dear!"

It is a fact that she was crying. After I had made a remark of two:

"I am so glad you think me pretty," she said, finally.

"For though I don't think so myself, I like other people to think it; and somehow I thought you considered me plain. My own is all wrong, isn't it?"



THE ARMOHY OF THE FIRST REGIMENT ILLINOIS NATIONAL GUARD, AT CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM

THE FIRST REGIMENT ARMORY IN
CHICAGO.

BY JULIAN WALSH

Chicago is justly proud of its First National Armory Building, which is perhaps the most massive piece of masonry in the city, and which improves the landscape as if it were an impassable barrier. Blended with its stern expression of strength is a grace which gives it the appearance of strength without its place among the most beautiful structures of the city. Its designers are Messrs. Burnham and Root, Mr. Burnham being the present Chief of Construction of the Columbian Exposition, and has partner having been that architect's assistant. The armory was designed by the latter, and it is interesting to note that the United States of an artist whom the Western people delighted to compare with the man Mr. Richardson of Boston. It is believed in Chicago that there is and in the whole country an armory more massive, more beautiful, and more admirable than this, and that the armory is a masterpiece of architecture while occupying the space at command.

The military power of Chicago at present includes two regiments of infantry, a battery of artillery, and a troop of cavalry. The First Regiment, commanded by Colonel H. C. Hildreth, is made up of officers who have handled muskets and a full complement of armor. It is the crack regiment of Chicago, and is very thorough in all the details of its equipment. The Second Regiment, commanded by Colonel H. C. Hildreth, is made up of officers who have handled muskets and a full complement of armor. It is the crack regiment of Chicago, and is very thorough in all the details of its equipment. The Second Regiment, commanded by Colonel H. C. Hildreth, is made up of officers who have handled muskets and a full complement of armor. It is the crack regiment of Chicago, and is very thorough in all the details of its equipment.

The new armory, which is at Michigan Avenue and Sixteenth Street, has for its first story a massive wall of large blocks of rock-faced brownstone. This wall is only broken by the front entrance, which takes the form of a great sallo-pier, four feet wide and centristed with a heavy iron door. The upper part of the doorway is protected by a canopy of stone, the piers of which are decorated with scrolls and doors of steel, which can be raised or lowered at will. Outside the main doorway the treatment continues in company form. The two upper stories, on top of the massive invasion of the first floor, are crowned at the angles by giant bastions, from which machine guns may be directed against any side of the building. The walls are made of small square stones set in concrete, and the roof is covered by basket grating, and the interior of the building is supported by a metal pipe projecting over the top of the wall and penetrated with rifle bolts.

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But to the pacifier visits the pride of the building comes to be the great drill room. It is of polished black oak, which takes up the entire space between the walls, and has a surface of 120 feet by 100 feet. A huge two-ton fire hose is at the end of the room, and there is a hand ladder projecting from out of the walls. In order to leave the floor of the drill room free and clear, the company quarters and officers' rooms have been suspended around the sides of the building by great chains reaching to the roof. These hanging upper stories contain bath rooms, a banquet hall, kitchen, serving rooms, lockers, and everything to complete full accommodations for the men. The gymnasium is so arranged

and so placed that it will serve as a hospital in case one is needed, and near by it are the apartments of the drum and bugle corps, as well as a shower bath, which can be used by a score of men at a time. The two main buildings are separated by a narrow path, and the two wings. These buildings are constructed that the bullets expand their force against the windows, and drop into a reservoir where they can be taken to be remanufactured. In addition to the shower bath, there is a swimming pool, and a large hall for the drum and bugle corps, and several are four bowling-alleys, built along the inside of the basement. An elevator carries men and other material to the top of the building. There is no entrance by way of the basement, and it is fortified by catwalks and machine guns. The entrance is only open on the ground floor, is the only other doorway.

AFTER THE HORSE SHOW

THE WIND EXPERIENCE OF A JUDGE

I was one of the judges at the Harlow Show last week. I have made up my mind never to repeat the experience. I thought I had a great deal about horses, but I have reached the conclusion that I am no expert. The judge who presided Sunday morning's experience convinced me of that. I had worked very hard sending up my work's work at the exhibition. I had considered my divisions according to my own ideas. I had been told by some of the judges that I had done well. I kept like my clumsy coach and fell into a dreamless sleep which continued until the bells on a neighboring church steeple began to warn people that it was time to get ready for church. I woke up in a daze and found myself in the middle of the service. This time it seemed to have the other effect; for at precisely 10:30 A.M. I found myself sitting up in bed groaning and wondering how I could have been so stupid as to make such a mistake.

Mechanically I reached out and touched the electric button to summon my valet. Hardly had I touched it when there came a frantic clattering of feet in the hallway, my door was kicked open, and in place of my man, who should enter but a singularly screaming steved that had for a while back carried an official despatch.

"Shades of Devere!" I cried, - what is the meaning of this? The answer was a hoarse laugh, and in putting it thus I intend no bad joke. It was literally a hoarse laugh and nothing else.

"It means that I am going to get even with your hoarse old man, and you at the same time," said the stout

"I took him out for a ride in Central Park," replied the horse, "and when we got out by the reservoir I chucked him over the rail into the water. You may get him in your million, or hundred-million. The secret, you see, is building a horse."

I confessed that that was a culinary detail with which I was not sufficiently acquainted to answer his question positively.

"Well, it doesn't make any difference," returned the horse, whisking a few rays off my shaded place with his tail. "I haven't come here to interview you on the subject of 'How Our Judges Love!' I don't care if you tell your coffee on champagne and write it with acidities. Points like that don't interest me. What I have come to show you is that you can't tell all the other judges were not worth your such as judges. How many prizes did I get? Not one. How many discomfites? Not one. How many Y-H-C's? Not

a blessed V.I.C. Why? Because you men didn't have your business.

"You said I hadn't any action. Humph! What do you say to this?"

There he raised himself on his hind legs and walked gracefully about my room.

"Very fine," said I.

"I should say so," he responded. "There isn't a dandy in the whole world South that could put more style into his carriage than that, not with a million pounds' worth as his reward. You said I wasn't groggy. Again let me say thank; how's this for gratitude?"

As he spoke he jerked my clock off the mantel-piece, landing it in my pillow, and so gently withal that it neither gained nor lost a second.

"Precisely," he retorted, "in which respect it equals your ignorance of homeseek. But, to resume, you observed that I lacked intelligence. Do you happen to have a Greek Testament about you? If you have, I'll read the whole thing to

you in five different languages. Why, ma, I knew 'Gitch up' and 'Whon' in Araya before you knew them in English. Look intelligent? Give 'em. Why, I speak Gitch as well as one of those horses on the Parthenon frieze."

"No, I'm a horse," he answered, "though if I wanted to be a dairy I could be. Now, sir, you also said that no hunter I was the most abundant breast just ever met. When I think of that I am almost inclined to sue you for libel. Can't sue, can't it? Well, let's see. Have you lost anything?"

"Yes," I asserted, after a moment or two of reflection.

"And you're searched for it high and low?"

How he began trusting about the room, sailing like a

was horse that scents victory afar. After two or three moments of this, he stopped suddenly before my basket, kicked it out into the hall, and in there on the floor was my collar.

"It seems to me," he said, triumphantly, "that in hunting I can give you real advice."

"Another thing you did was to look at my teeth and say I was twenty years old. You were fooled that time. I've

He took them out and proved his assertion.

"What kind?" I asked, innocently.

"Omnibus," said he, with a laugh. There was silence for a moment, and then he resumed: "Finally," he said, "from

ing there and sucking his tail really—"Finally, what do you say? You said I couldn't jump—not even a board fell

Now I'm going to show you how true you were right when you said that. Lay still, or you'll get hurt."

With this he began leaping to and fro over my bed as
me, and as his great lumbering legs passed over me, not once

but dozens and dozens of times, I became lost with fear and swooned away. When I came to it was Monday morning.

leg, and the head was gone, but I am going to look in the catalogue and get his number.

I am resolved to do one of two things. I shall either send him a barrel full of gold medals, or buy him from his owner and have him made, not less, than

At any rate, I shall never pretend to be a judge of horse flesh again.



OUT-OF-DOOR WORK OF THE SALVATION ARMY



—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 1166.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—GALLERY OF FINE ARTS.—DRAWN BY H. D. NORMAN.

THE AMERICAN FINE ARTS SOCIETY.

BY JOSE GILMER WOOD.

The National Academy of Design was founded a long time ago, and in the beginning probably the majority of members were not more than amateur artists. This was inevitable, perhaps, for at that time there were not enough professional artists in the United States to form an academy of any size, and besides, both Philadelphia and Boston had societies of a kindred sort, and there were at the time just as many as the Academy in New York. As the numbers of professional artists in the country increased, and as New York men and more became the center of art life in the New World, the amateurs dropped out of the Academy, but as their places were taken to a great extent by the amateurs who also formed what was known as the Hudson River School, the art place was not elevated by the Academy, as quickly as it should have been. During the past twenty years there has been a great quickening of artistic taste in America, and this lively awakening was marked in a marked degree by the return home of young American artists who had worked in the schools of Paris and the studios of Munich. They came back imbued with the spirit of modern European art. To no small extent the work of these pupils was inconspicuous to the conservative gentlemen who managed the Academy. These cautious parties would stand secure for exhibition. If there was any room after the canvases of the old fogies had been placed on the line, some of these were hung, but rarely very high hung. All this was the creation of criticism, and this irritation manifested itself in a natural and inevitable way.

In 1872 eighteen of the young artists got together and formed the Society of American Artists. The first exhibition was not large, but it was very interesting. Not only all of the exhibitors, but many of their comrades, still in Europe, sent out canvases. Some disheartening critics inaugurated a new and important departure in this exhibition, but the conservatives thought it only a spasmodic movement of a group of men impatient that they should have to wait for recognition. The Academicians generally spoke in disheartened military of the show of the "young fellows," and said that they wished them well and all that. But year by year their exhibitions grew in size and importance, and it was not long before the exhibition of the society was the real art focus of the season in New York. Then the members of the Academy realized that the "young fellows" had acquired a real foothold. An effort was made to draw the popular tide. Now one and now another of the Society members were elected to the Academy, and in some instances such new Academicians left the Society, feeling, perhaps, that it had served their purpose. But that was not the rule, for generally to be an Academicians aimed as with the rest of a Society member. The Society, though it had somewhat from doubts and recognition, has grown steadily, and now the roll contains about one hundred and twenty names, and among these names are those of the most remarkable artists in this country—artists who are not receiving an adequate reward for their devotion to good art.

Even before the formation of the Society but alluded to there had been another practical protest against the methods of the Academy. This protest resulted in the formation of the Art Students' League of New York, which is now in its twentieth year. At the close of the League were educated many of those who now are full members of the Society. Perhaps without the existence of this art school the prosperity and steady growth of the Society would have been impossible. Even the formation of the two organizations have been aided by close ties of sympathy, and the teachers of the League almost always came from the Society, while an ambitious League student looked forward with hope to the time when one of his portraits should be shown at an exhibition of the Society, or that his name should find a place in the list of members. But neither Society nor League has till



MAIN ENTRANCE.



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE AMERICAN FINE ARTS SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

now had any permanent home. Both have had to seek quarters where they could find them, and neither being endowed, each had to pay its way from year to year. That both have prospered under such conditions is an indication that there was an actual need for them.

Several years ago there was another art society formed, and the members of this new art society stood sympathetically with the objects of the League and the Society. The third organization was the Architectural League of New York. This too was beneficent. It was formed, therefore, when the three organizations felt strong enough to try and build a house, that they should call it the "Art," and so stand themselves together by even stronger ties than those of sympathy and a common purpose to elevate American art and make it worthy of the country. So a fourth organization was formed—a stock company with the title American Fine Arts Society. This company has a capitalization of \$50,000, and the shares were taken by the members of the three organizations. The sum secured by the sale of stock was no sufficient to do what was desired, but luckily some patrons of art in New York came to the assistance of the new society, and formed a "gift fund" which amounts now to considerably more than \$125,000. This fund is to be held in trust for twenty years, and then when the First Arts Society is established on firm foundations it is to be paid over to the trustees. From these two sources and by placing a mortgage of \$100,000 on the lot that had been purchased in Fifty-seventh Street, near Broadway, the new society was ready to build. Members of the Architectural League were invited to submit plans for a building. These were shown at the Spring Exhibition of 1900 of the Society of American Artists.

The plans of Mr. H. J. Hardenberg were selected, and from these the splendid structure which is now the home of the three allied organizations has just been finished in Fifty-seventh Street. And a splendid home it is. The facade suggests in some undertone the purpose of the structure. It is classic and graceful and homelike.

The lower floor is given up to four exhibition galleries, all on the same elevation. In these there is much more wall space than in the Art Students' gallery, and because there are no stairs great crowds can be accommodated comfortably. On the side of the entrance is the club room of the Society of American Artists, and across the hall is the business office of the American Fine Arts Society. I picture the rooms of the Architectural League, and the down on more class rooms of the Art Students' League. All of these are simple.

The galleries will be opened on the 15th of December with what is called a "Retrospective Exhibition" of the Society of American Artists. At this exhibition any picture made by a member previous to June 1, 1902, may be exhibited whether it has been shown before or not, and the exhibition is meant to illustrate in a measure the work of the Society since its formation.

No more striking and important art movement was ever begun in America than that which led to the dinner of these three societies and the erection of the beautiful building of the American Fine Arts Society.

the plan of the directors is to occupy every foot of the ground. This is not, as its name seems to imply, a national institution, nor does it belong to the city of New York. It is largely the work of several public-spirited men, who considered it disgraceful that there should not be in the great metropolis of New York some institution where could be found representatives of the more important flora and fauna of the continent.

most of the continent. They have a corps of men and many very collecting men and animals. They penetrate wildernesses where perhaps the world of human beings has never been before and Mr. Chapman and his co-workers have spent weeks in the forest swamp working for mammals and other important creatures. They are the first to find the animals that are the basis of them the other day secured a specimen of an almost extinct mammal native to the Huasteca a creature which occurred in those islands at the time of Columbus. There is not another museum that has one of these specimens. They also saved the plants for rice, buffalo and other animals and the important birds and insects. The museum is a herd of seven buffaloes, which the Indians ride on and carry it mounting.

The workshops of the museum is a one-story annex building, and reached by turning to the right after entering the main door. This place is private, because there are many valuable specimens which could easily be removed or destroyed, and there are, some of them deadly poisons, on which ignorant people would do well not

rooms connected with this annex. In the back is a blacksmith is continually at work hoes, and other things used in the vine, and that is the carpenter, sawing

There is a large number of plaster casts of the skeletons and the materials are to one or more of them. There are cells of wire of every size, bundles of microspooled turned, green, knives, and a score of other things necessary

The museum experts are now at work affixing some of which were shed by Jeff and Elliott, but the work of seedling left, and one of the animals, a small cotton-tail about its capture. There is a note about its mother, a large bull and mare, and a small cow lying down. Plants were brought from the buffalo country, and the collection of seeds and plants, a correct representation of the life of these animals as far as their habitat is concerned it will be stored away till the time a place of prairie will be devoted to the storage of the materials brought home.

Not upon it, some of them posed as if with their heads thrust up on the floor the wall will be close to the mother, and the young ones will be seen to be growing, flowers, plants, and other things grow also be included in the setting.

The mammal representatives also occupied the same strata in the woods of the West for other animals, and brought home to me a kind of deer and antelope, which will appear likewise in a group. They will be mounted with the horse on, and the antelope most characteristic of them when in their natural haunts. The fish are brownish birds, braver, and grasses which were there as food will be arranged as found in the country. The deer and antelope will be mounted as found in the country. The deer skin here also has a long time in public, and is subject to the most cleaning and caring process to the house and hills. Of course mammals other will animals, such as birds, braver, and jaguars are also in process of mounting, and the mammals now appear to be with to exhibit an Indian and deer, often in the forest-as true habitat, which is the best of every man who penetrates the primeval forests of the North.

The Indian dog will likely be shown in the branch of a tree gnawed up by a squirrel, the large salmon on the shore of an intertidal stream. However, it will also be shown constructing the ramparts of its *den* streams, then on the water bank, and submerging numbers often for several generations. Their houses, with the different apartments, their methods of cutting down others and other trees, the manner in which they drag the timber through the woods and across along the pond or lake to the spot selected by them, may also be looked at.

A group of milkfish, or mangrove, as they are sometimes called, are being captured, and the combined most interesting and strictly true to nature. Every small specimen of a young green tree supports the water, through which the milkfish may be seen. On the banks around which the water are the houses where the animals live and bring forth their young. A colony of milkfish in one of the tanks is perhaps the most interesting feature of the combination. Other and other fish bearing animals are also included in the exhibits of the museum.

But the most striking feature of all is the large, rose-horned rhinoceros, which has not long been on the island, and which, first of all the animals, attracts the visitors' attention. His is an enormous brute, his skin is an inch thick, and weighed evenly half a ton. It took many months to cure it, but the best one looks as if it were alive, every fold in the skin, every stud and color being carefully reproduced.

[illegible]

The hair on the skin is so treated that it looks as it does in life, but the hide of the rhinoceros was one of the most difficult parts of taxidermy yet presented to the museum. The heavy folds had to be reproduced, and formed finally, but without stiffness, while it required about twenty different coats of stains and paints to represent the natural colors of the skin. It is usual sometimes to cut on the skeleton of

WHERE WOMEN RIDE ASTRIDE

[illegible]

IN THE WORKSHOP OF
THE AMERICAN MUSEUM
OF NATURAL HISTORY.

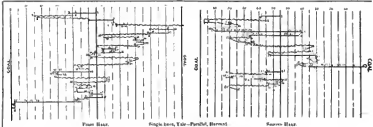
BY SPECIAL COLLECTION.

On Madison Square, between Seventy-ninth and Eighty-first streets, as close to the west side of Central Park stands the American Museum of Natural History. Only a small portion of the square has yet been built upon.

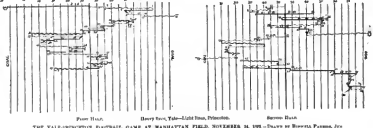
are various chemicals, some of them deadly poisons, on the shelves and tables which ignorant people would do well not to handle.

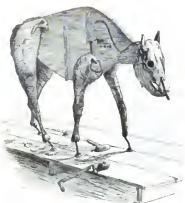
There are several rooms connected with this annex. In one is a forge where a blacksmith is continually at work preparing the nails, hooks, and other things used in the mounting of specimens, another is the carpenter, sawing and cutting boards.

On one of the walls hang a large number of plaster casts of rare animals, and the skeletons and the skeletons are constantly referring to one or more of them. There are racks of albums with cells of wax of every size, bundles of straw and a few numerous spooned turned, pears, knives, ginkgo, silk, scissors, and a host of other things necessary for each work.

[illegible]

THE YALE-HARVARD FOOTBALL GAME AT SPRINGFIELD, NOVEMBER 18, 1901.—Drawn at Harvard Field, by





BUFFALO CARCASS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



HEAD OF MR. CHOMLEY.
By James Eastman.



JAMES RICHARDSON,
Chief Taxidermist of Bureau of Natural History.



BUFFALO SKIN, ALMOST COMPLETE.



REPAIRING A WALRUS.



TAXIDERMY AT WORK ON A BUFFALO CARCASS.—Drawn by Edwin Forster.

IN THE WORKSHOP OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.—[See Page 1176.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1892.

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.
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A REMINDER OF OLD VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY P. B. NEWELL.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I DO not assert that what I am about to relate is in all its particulars absolutely true. Not, understand me that it is not true, but I do not feel that I care to make an assertion that is more than likely to be received by a sceptical age with sneers of incredulity. I will content myself with a simple narrative of the events of that evening, the memory of which is so indelibly impressed upon my mind, and which even I admit to do so, I should forget a fitting acknowledgment of regret whatsoever.

The event happened on the night before I fell ill of typhoid fever and is almost the sole remaining reminiscence of that miserable period left to me. Briefly the story is as follows:—

Notwithstanding the fact that I was overworked in the

as the victims then suffered, not on a score of camp-sheds, adding the smoke of twenty-five acres of fire upon their faces, and glowing over their misery, was vainly, surrounded, and had gained for me among my professional brethren the enviable title of "Mackintosh Junior." This performance, in fact, was that one hour spent in the minds of the sick men here, having been the most vivid of the series, and it had been prophesied by several men of judgment was unreasonable that no man, not even I, could ever conceive of anything that could surpass it. Deposed all first to question the accuracy of a prophecy to the effect that I was the most sincere of my kind, possessed of imagination, I came finally to believe that perhaps, after all, these male Cassandra with whom I was thrown, were right. Indeed, the more I reflected my brain to think of something better than the "Marty's Night," the more I became convinced that in that achievement I had reached the zenith of my powers. The thing for me to do now was to look myself severely on the march and stay there.

But how to do it? That was the question which drove sleep from my eyes, and deprived me for a period of six weeks of my reason, my brain departing immediately upon the occasion thereof—a not uncommon after-effects of typhoid.

It was a typical March night, this one upon which the extraordinary incident about to be related took place. It was the kind of a night that sometimes we when they are handling a surgery that in the moment would amount to nothing, but which in the course of a bit of wild, weird, and lonely speculation sends the reader like a comet. It may be—I shall not attempt to deny it—that had it happened upon another kind of an evening—a soft, mild, baby January, for instance—my own experience would have almost been worthy of preservation in the annals of pathology, but of



"GIRL BOYS OF MR. BENT."

that the reader must judge for himself. The fact alone remains that upon the night when my midnight visitor appeared, the weather depicted it was apparently engaged in giving aid to its patients. There was a large percentage of winching blast in the general make-up of the evening, there were rain and snow, which alternated in putting upon my window pane and whirling the apology for a wall that stood three blocks from my flat on Madison Square; the wind whistled as it always does upon occasions of this sort, and from all returns of my apartment, after the usual fashion, there seemed to come sounds of a supernatural order, the effect of which was to send cold chills off as their regular trips up and down the spine of their victim—in this instance myself. I took that at the time the back-bayed quality of these sensations had appeared to me. That I did

perceive of my professional—it was early in March, and I was preparing my contributions for the coming fortnightly issues of the periodicals for which I wrote—I had accepted the highly honorific position of Extraordinary Commissioner in one of the small clubs in which I belonged. I accepted thereafter, supposing that the duties connected with it were ones of performance, and with absolutely no notion that the faith of my fellow contributors in my judgment was so strong that they would ultimately manifest a desire to leave the whole programme for the club's discretion in my hands. This, however, they did, and when the month of March announced its arrival of the calendar I found myself utterly



THE MIND-READING FEATS OF THE CLUB'S BUTLER.

fagged out and at my wit's end to know what style of entertainment to provide for the club meeting to be held on the evening of the 14th of that month. I had provided already an unusually telling variety of readings, of which one is put to the test called the "Marty's Night," in which living autographs whirled through selections from their own works, while an unknown audience, every man of whom had suffered some



"MARTY'S NIGHT"

not do so was shown in the highly nervous state in which I found myself as my clock struck eleven. If I could only have realized at that hour that these symptoms were the same old throbbing pulsations of the apparatus of a superhuman being, I should have left the house and gone to the club, and so have avoided the visitation then imminent.



"DO YOU HEAR THAT BELL RING?"

Had I done this, I should doubtless also have escaped the typhoid, since the doctors attributed that malady to the shock of my experience, which in my then worried state I was unable to sustain—and what the escape of typhoid would have meant to me only those who have seen the bills of my daydream and delirium for six years rendered and prescriptions compounded are aware. That my mind unreasonably took thought of spirits was shown by the fact that when the blue devil came upon me Larose and pinned myself out a stiff tamper of old Reserve Rye, which I immediately

stirly swallowed; but beyond this I did not go. I simply sat there before my fire and indulged my fancies for an hour when by my fellow members at the (theological) Club might be assumed. How long I sat there I do not know. It may have been ten minutes; it may have been an hour—I was hardly conscious of the passing of time—but I do know that the clock in the Dutch Reformed Church steeple at Twenty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue was clanging out the first stroke of the hour of midnight when my door-bell rang.

Twelve—thirteen—I may be allowed the word—the simultaneousness of my door-bell had been inevitably pleasing unto me. I am fond of company, and company about was bolstered by its singing since my residence greatly their passion for interviews at my office. If perchance they happen to find me there, then on this occasion—I could not at the moment tell why—its ringing seemed the very essence of discord. It jangled with my nervous system, and as it ceased I was conscious of a feeling of irritability which I satisfy at variance with my nature outside of business hours. In the office, for the sake of efficiency, I frequently adopt a quizzical manner fitting a secretary in dealing with office-bots, but the moment I leave my desk behind me, I become a different individual entirely, and have been called a motley specimen by those who have seen only that side of my character. This, by the way, must be regarded as a confidential recommendation, since I am at present engaged in preparing a treatise on the philosophy of the philosophical works of Schopenhauer in which of one syllable, and were it known that the publisher had imitated the magnificent position of that illustrious jargon of words and theories to a motley specimen. It might seriously involve with the sale of the work, and I may say, too, that this request that my confidant be reported in cutting disinterested, inasmuch as I declined to do the work on the royalty plan, having laid upon the payment of a lump sum, considerably in advance.

But to return. I heard the bell ring with a noise of profound discord. I did not wish to see my body. My whiskey was low, my quinine pills few in number, my efforts were unequal to a profound howling open cotyledon. "I'll pretend not to hear it," I said to myself, reaching my work of going at the flickering light of my fire—while it, by the way, was the only light in the room.

"Tug a lug a lug," went the bell, as if in answer to my cry.

"Confound the luck!" I cried, jumping from my chair and going to the door with the intention of opening it, which intention was speedily abandoned, for as



THE VISITOR ARRIVES.

I approached it a sickly fear came over me—a sensation I had never before known seemed to take hold of my being, and instead of opening the door, I pushed the lock to make it the more secure.

"There's a hat for you, wherever you are," I cried. "Do you hear that bell ring, you?" I added, nervously, for from the other side there came no reply—only a more violent ringing of the bell.

"See here!" I called out, as loudly as I could, "who are you, my friend? what do you want?"

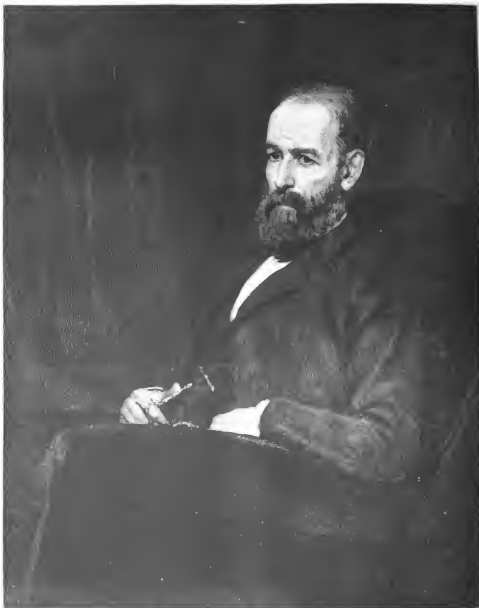
There was no answer, except from the bell, which began again.

"Is it a bit too cheap to steal," I called again. "If you want wine, go buy it, don't try to pull mine out. It isn't mine anymore. It belongs to the house."



"I MUST HAVE FAINTED."

"NOT A CARD PULL."



JAY GOULD.—FROM THE PAINTING BY BERNARD CONSTANT

in value. Property owners were encouraged to use for damage, and otherwise the stock was sharp and spirited. Mr. Gould's purchases of the stock must have been skillfully conducted, for when it was estimated that he had secured control, there was a general surprise among the speculators, and the shares rose a vertiginous per cent. in one day. He has also held in this property, and indeed has increased his holdings by buying the late Mr. Cyrus W. Parker's share, at a price much below the market quotation, when that gentleman needed money very badly.

His favorite property, however, has for many years appeared to be the Missouri Pacific system. The original road, which he bought from Commodore Garrison at \$750 per share, and turned over to the Union Pacific at the same price, he afterwards bought at a very much lower figure. He has extended it, and united other roads to it, until it goes thousands of miles in the South and Southwest.

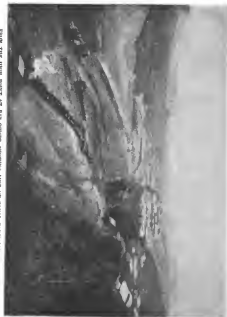
About 1860 Mr. Gould announced that he was through with horrid properties and speculating in stocks, and that thereafter he should attend to the properties he had acquired and enjoy himself. He had a magnificent steam yacht built—the *Albatross*—and made preparations for a trip abroad. This trip was delayed for some time. The condition of affairs became precarious, and money was tight. Some of the boiler boys attacked his stocks, and at last they congratulated themselves that they had the better of him, they indeed charged that he was little better than bankrupt. Mr. Gould there did the one threatened thing in all his life. He went for the mortgages and notes of his bankers. He said that he had heard insinuations against his credit. He was sure indeed that he had borrowed large sums in good collateral, but he perceived that his safe was not empty yet. He then directed that his stocks and bonds be brought forth. It was a big job. When the inventory was taken, it was found that he still had at the

market-price of the day over fifty million dollars' worth of securities. His credit has not since been questioned. It is thought that his fortune exceeds one hundred millions.

Mr. Gould has always been a very quiet family man, and has been happy in his home life. In 1860 he lost his wife, an excellent woman, who spent her time in educating her children and in deeds of charity. Her death was not long in the direct main-dead which he caused to be ended in Woodlawn Cemetery several years before. They had six children—four boys and two girls. The two elder boys were in business with their father, postulating and making his work. George, the eldest son, it is thought, will inherit the bulk of his fortune. This young man married Miss Eliza Ketchum, an actress, in 1890, and has a growing family. Miss Eliza Ketchum, whose mother died, took her place in the family, and has continued that lady's benevolence. The youngest son and youngest daughter are yet children.



THE CITRINA CITY.



FROM THE HIGH POINT OF OLD GORGE-ABANDONED LINE OF CANAL PARTIALLY EXCAVATED.



THE LAST STAGE OF THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BRICK CITY.



THE CITY OF PAKA - RECONSTRUCTION.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PAKA CANAL - From Pomeroy - (See Book 116)



THE ANNUAL FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN CAPTAINS OF THE CAVALRY ACADEMY AND THOSE OF WEST POINT—shown as R. F. Ziegler



STOPPING THE CARRIAGE



STAGE—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.



VENUS AND MARS.



THE NEW ACADEMIC BUILDING.—U. S. Army, Academy.
(From a perspective drawing by Capt. H. W. Davis, 1881.)



THE NEW GYMNASIUM.



CADET'S ROOM.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE BUILDING AND GROUNDS.

WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.—[For Page 1191.]



THE MOO OF A. J. CARRATT ON DUTY.



"KIDIE" CARRATT OFF DUTY.



CAVALRY DRILL.



MARCHING TO BREAKFAST.



INSPECTION.

WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH BROTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 1191.]

ALBERT CHEVALIER.
BY EDWARD HARRISON DAVIS.

There is no one else in the world who can sing about how much better it is to serve in a good place than to be master in a bad one. The man has been in the West to read, "It is better to be a lamp-post in New York city than a milkmaid on the prairie." All old singers have their eccentricities, and Albert Chevalier is one of the exceptions to this.

Mr. Chevalier was, up to two years ago, one of a class of young men who were known in London as clever comedians, who appeared only in the smart West End theatres, and in the legitimate drama as represented by the comedies of Mr. Pinno, and in adaptations from the French stage. He was known as an English actor of French parentage, of short stature, with a smooth-shaven expressive face, and quick, nervous eyes. When he was not playing in modern comedies and farces, he used to entertain his friends at the St. George Club and at smoking saloons with songs, the words and music of which he wrote himself, and which he sang as no one else could sing them. They were generally burlesques on popular ballads of a sentimental nature which he ridiculed, but his most successful were written in the dialect of the coast-monger of Walsingham and Veronal Garden Market and the West End itself. His friends thought them very clever and amusing, and told him he really ought to do something with them beyond entertaining his brother professors at two o'clock in the morning. They even sug-

gested that though they are so rich in quantity, their quality is not so high as that of a West End theatre is supposed to be, and so Mr. Chevalier continued to draw a salary of fifty guineas a week as a comedian, and resented the offers made him by the music-hall managers to sing his cleverer songs from behind their foot lights. But one day something happened, and he changed his determination and agreed to sing at the Pavilion Music Hall, and his brother comedians changed their attitude, and Chevalier himself was extremely nervous, and felt that it was taking a false and certainly downward step.

Mr. Chevalier was no 10 at that night and was down upon the programme simply as "Albert Chevalier, Vocalist." The theatre of the Pavilion knew of him only as a low comedian and nothing more.

They had their own ideas of comedians. Their comedians were gentlemen with red noses and ill-fitting clothes and ill-wigs, who ran on stammering about their feet, and make a silly bow to the leader of the orchestra, and then burst into a silly lullaby ballad about "what a night they are in," or "how they love a red-haired lady down at home." I do not think there is anything graver or pitiful or so offensive to the English music-hall comic-singer.

But when No. 16 went up at either side of the stage that night the lights were lowered, and the orchestra played a queer, weird, rattling accompaniment, and a little woman like a mouse darted in the pearl buttons of a corset ran on to the line light, and without bowing or recognizing the presence of the audience in any way, began an odd, plaintive melody, and as it went whirling and yet tender, brooding and inspiring, he sang what is now known as the "Older Sonnet." The audience had seen comedy on the stage before, they had seen and rough comedies, but never a singer in love, and making love under his "diamond" window with all the coquettishness and passion of a mad town-squire. The song opened with a queer whistle, which those who lived in the West End recognize as a sign of the Walsingham songs, and when the whistle had apparently brought the young woman to the window, there came a plaintive, soulful melody.



Tom Hickey
Albert Chevalier

"NOT CHEER, GOVERNOR!"

WOT CHEER!

SPOKE IN IN THE OLD WEST SHOW.



grated his deserting the legitimate stage altogether, and taking himself and his songs to the music halls.

Mr. Chevalier received this advice at first as Mr. John Drew would probably receive the suggestion that he had better give up light comedy and try "doing a turn" at Tony Pastor's.

The music halls in London form a class of entertainment by themselves. There are a great many of them, the number of their licenses shows that a man could spend an evening in one every night of the year and never visit the same hall



And
"Are you desirous that this night in West,
You should be the 'Wot Cheer' man, who is the best."
"Yes, I am desirous that this night in West,
You should be the 'Wot Cheer' man, who is the best."
"Yes, I am desirous that this night in West,
You should be the 'Wot Cheer' man, who is the best."
"Yes, I am desirous that this night in West,
You should be the 'Wot Cheer' man, who is the best."

The audience listened to this curiously at first, and then with interest, and then with sympathy, and when the voice rose off, still without recognizing them or losing for a mo-



ment the identity of the part he had made for himself, they woke up to the fact that they had not been hearing indelicately in a poor little shop, reproaching his sweetheart, but that they had been taken in by a gentleman dressed as a common country, an actor and an artist, who had dared to introduce the tramping and methods of true, good comedy to the audience.

The place Mr. Chevalier made for himself that night he has kept, and today he is the most interesting figure on the music-hall stage, he is no longer one of a dozen low



ALBERT CHEVALIER SINGING THE "COUNTRY WREATH" IN A WEST END DRAWING-ROOM.



FRONT AND REAR VIEWS OF THE OLD VANDERBILT HOTEL, NOW STANDING AT NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY.



"THE BREAKERS" AFTER THE FIRE.—FIRE & PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAS. SEYMOUR

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For Steam-Boats. From New-York the passengers will be received without delay upon the special fast sailing "New-York" Steamer, Capt. Vanderbilt, for Brunswick, where they arrive in Port Charles at 11 o'clock, where they lodge, and arrive next morning at 10 o'clock in Philadelphia with the commodious and fast sailing "Baltimore" Passenger-Steamer. Capt. Jenkins, in time to take the Old Union Line Baltimore Steamer, which leaves at 10 o'clock every day.

For rates, apply at No. 145 Broadway; No. 1 Cornhill-st., 2d office from Broadway; or the Steamboat Office, across of Washington and Market-streets; or Messrs J. & C. Simpson's Warehouse; or Capt. De Forest, on board the "Baltimore" Steamer.

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W. M. & J. J. JONES, Agents for Proprietors.

* * * All goods and baggage at the special rate.



MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S SUMMER HOUSE, "THE BARBERS," NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.—FIRE & PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAS. SEYMOUR

THE DESTRUCTION OF MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S HOUSE AT NEWPORT.—[See Page 1195.]

**FOR THROAT
AND LUNG
complaints,
the best remedy is
AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral**
In colds,
bronchitis, la grippe,
and croup, it is
**Prompt to Act
sure to cure.**

**PENNSYLVANIA
RAILROAD.**

THE STANDARD RAILWAY OF AMERICA.

**TOURS
TO THE
GOLDEN GATE
CALIFORNIA**

Attaching a recreational opportunity to visit

Superbly Appointed Train

Of Pullman Tourist Sleeping Room Dining Parlor and
Coach, Dining and Observation Cars—every
Comfort of the Pennsylvania Limited

DATES OF STARTING: (FEBRUARY 20, 1903,
MARCH 26, 1903,
MARCH 29, 1903.

EXCURSION TICKETS: The first and second berth
rates for the Golden Gate tour are \$10.00 and \$12.00
respectively. For the third and fourth berth rates are
\$8.00 and \$10.00 respectively. For the fourth and fifth berth
rates are \$6.00 and \$8.00 respectively. For the fifth and sixth
berth rates are \$4.00 and \$6.00 respectively. For the sixth and seventh
berth rates are \$2.00 and \$4.00 respectively. For the seventh and eighth
berth rates are \$1.00 and \$2.00 respectively. For the eighth and ninth
berth rates are \$0.50 and \$1.00 respectively. For the ninth and tenth
berth rates are \$0.25 and \$0.50 respectively. For the tenth and eleventh
berth rates are \$0.125 and \$0.25 respectively. For the eleventh and twelfth
berth rates are \$0.0625 and \$0.125 respectively. For the twelfth and thirteenth
berth rates are \$0.03125 and \$0.0625 respectively. For the thirteenth and fourteenth
berth rates are \$0.015625 and \$0.03125 respectively. For the fourteenth and fifteenth
berth rates are \$0.0078125 and \$0.015625 respectively. For the fifteenth and sixteenth
berth rates are \$0.00390625 and \$0.0078125 respectively. For the sixteenth and seventeenth
berth rates are \$0.001953125 and \$0.00390625 respectively. For the seventeenth and eighteenth
berth rates are \$0.0009765625 and \$0.001953125 respectively. For the eighteenth and nineteenth
berth rates are \$0.00048828125 and \$0.0009765625 respectively. For the nineteenth and twentieth
berth rates are \$0.000244140625 and \$0.00048828125 respectively. For the twentieth and twenty-first
berth rates are \$0.0001220703125 and \$0.000244140625 respectively. For the twenty-first and twenty-second
berth rates are \$0.00006103515625 and \$0.0001220703125 respectively. For the twenty-second and twenty-third
berth rates are \$0.000030517578125 and \$0.00006103515625 respectively. For the twenty-third and twenty-fourth
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berth rates are \$0.000000000116415321826934814453125 and \$0.00000000023283064365386962890625 respectively. For the forty-first and forty-second
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berth rates are \$0.000000000000113686837721615354739379878125 and \$0.000000000000227373675443230709478759765625 respectively. For the fifty-first and fifty-second
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berth rates are \$0.000000000000000000000105879118406768315529294092666250004882812500000093254264984765625 and \$0.000000000000000000000211758236813536631905808185332500097656250000018650852996953125 respectively. For the eighty-first and eighty-second
berth rates are \$0.0000000000000000000000529395592033841576461470463331250002441406250000004662713249230625 and \$0.000000000000000000000105879118406768315529294092666250004882812500000093254264984765625 respectively. For the eighty-second and eighty-third
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berth rates are \$0.0000000000000000000000001033975765691096827775059498693906250000004774658203125000000009106861814559578125 and \$0.00000000000000000000000020679515313821936555501189973878906250000009549316406250000000182137236291015625 respectively. For the one hundredth and one hundred and first
berth rates are \$0.00000000000000000000000005169878828455483438875297493469531250000002387329101562500000004553430907289590625 and \$0.0000000000000000000000001033975765691096827775059498693906250000004774658203125000000009106861814559578125 respectively. For the one hundred and first and one hundred and second
berth rates are \$0.0000000000000000000000000258493941422774171943764874673469531250000001193664559578125000000022767154536447953125 and \$0.00000000000000000000000005169878828455483438875297493469531250000002387329101562500000004553430907289590625 respectively. For the one hundred and second and one hundred and third
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berth rates are \$0.000000000000000000000000001615587133891838559647030466836734695312500000000746034111987812500000014229469317089590625 and \$0.000000000000000000000000003231174267783677114927060933367346953125000000014920682239765625000000028458938634119878125 respectively. For the one hundred and sixth and one hundred and seventh
berth rates are \$0.000000000000000000000000000807793566945919279823515233466836734695312500000003730170599390625000000071147346585447953125 and \$0.000000000000000000000000001615587133891838559647030466836734695312500000000746034111987812500000014229469317089590625 respectively. For the one hundred and seventh and one hundred and eighth
berth rates are \$0.0000000000000000000000000004038967834729596399117576167334668367346953125000000018650852996953125000000355736732927239590625 and \$0.000000000000000000000000000807793566945919279823515233466836734695312500000003730170599390625000000071147346585447953125 respectively. For the one hundred and eighth and one hundred and ninth
berth rates are \$0.00000000000000000000000000020194839173647981995587880836683673469531250000000093254264984765625000000177868366463619878125 and \$0.0000000000000000000000000004038967834729596399117576167334668367346953125000000018650852996953125000000355736732927239590625 respectively. For the one

HARPER'S WEEKLY

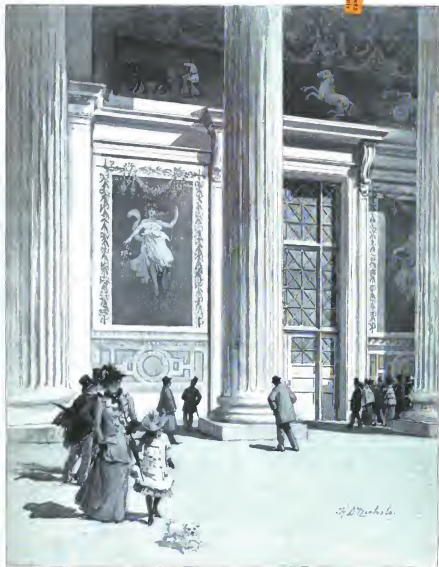
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1892.

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.
TEN CENTS A COPY.

THE ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE
1892



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—DECORATION AT THE SOUTHWEST ENTRANCE OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.
DRAWN BY NICHOLS AND LOEB.



"THE MASKED BALL"—THE SUCCESSFUL COMEDY IN WHICH MR. JOHN DREW APPEARS AS A STAR—DRESS BY T. DE THIELOTT.



THE EDITOR'S LOVE-STORY.

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JUN.

MARGARET PAYNE and Lewis Harrington how do you like the names, Miss Price?

"Well enough, they sound as if some one had thought of them, and my very best!"

"If they sound such, I'm afraid they're the last part of the story," replied John Carter. He had a strong young face and figure, and had recently begun what his friends called a "literary career." It had not yet gone beyond finding the manuscripts of others in a magazine office and the attempt occasionally to produce a manuscript of his own outside of office hours. For some weeks he had been working on a story about which he and Miss Elsie Price had talked much, and now he had brought his manuscript to read to her.

"No, it's all over," he went on. "And as for ending the thing I cannot do it. My last pages positively sound stronger than fiction and not a bit like truth."

"To be honest with you, Mr. Carter, I never imagined you would get the previous story past the beginning. You've been talking about it ever since that first meeting of ours, and now your ready mouth to tell me it needs only a conclusion!"

"Yes, and that is what you must supply, with just a bit of candid criticism, here and there of the past I am going to read you."

"But if I read it, whose story will it be, yours or mine?"

"Yours, of course, Miss Price. How could I have written any of it but for you, and with the conclusion left wholly in your hands, whose could it be?"

"With yours, of course, without a beginning it would be a story without a plot."

"Well, we needn't quarrel about the authorship yet. Let's wait till it's done. Now if you will listen, and criticize whenever you choose, I will read. When I stop, have your mind made up. If you can't end the story for me, the whole thing goes into the fire, and my story is told. I shall never look the heart to another."

He meant to say that he was hardly likely, but Miss Price said later, "The impression that got into his voice in spite of himself. She, too, looked more interested in what was coming than she thought. He took a comfortable seat under a lamp, and she, curiously pretty, with her dark head and hair, and eyes in living that they made one hear for a moment the other's heartbeats of her face, sat on his sofa facing him. "Can't you see that a flick in her cheeks made her prettier than ever in history. With a fine air of womanhood, he began to read:

"Lewis Harrington was a very late son. You have wondered he had been a reader for the *Forgetting*. He had looked upon his

position which offered to him as a special private entrance to the bright life of letters, a fate in which from early years he had hoped to serve in some capacity.

"He had no known, or more than 'the great reader public' what being a reader for a popular period of really meant. He soon learned that instead of coming into charming intercourse with the wide list of excellent contributors, he was keeping his most assiduously close to his active graduation, that for one manuscript which gave him the faintest pleasure, he had to make through a mass of rubbish. And so it was that on a certain Sunday afternoon, when he was going to spend Sunday with some cousin on the coast, young Harrington took with him a dozen short stories in manuscript to read on the way to and out.

"He reached the station just in time, and the train was crowded. The only half-empty seats he could see were really more than half filled by large old women, or men of serious aspect with long snow-popples.

"After waiting several long breaths, he found a few more places in a distant carriage to crowded train, and finally of some such title as the latest issue. It was a distant lot, the most suitable man, was not to show, set in some of the seats, not as both were half-occupied, not the most attentive person he had seen in any of the cars. "You was a girl not a day or two old, and as an appearance."

"Just a moment, Mr. Carter. Isn't it a mistake to make your heroine too beautiful? Just being a heroine seems to be enough usually, and you story writers always think people want to know exactly what girls look like."

"No, I can't change that story," said Carter. "My hero has to be a common-looking fellow."

"Oh, I don't want you to make her a fright," she replied, looking bewilderingly charming herself. "say—"

"No, not that with do as it is, and he went on decisively:—"of an appearance that would have caught and held Harrington's eye at once in a glow, for Lewis had lately neither older nor less high enough to have overcome a hearty bang for a pretty face."

"He sought no further. No, the seat was not engaged, and Harrington, after directly refusing to marry the girl's beauty, found himself sitting by her side.

"The train moved out of the station, and Harrington, with no time to write, took a manuscript out of his grip case and began to read. It was harder than what he had said up to him well. The labor of the region were a credit to him, and to his more subtle observation, he could not help feeling that his fair neighbor was interested in what he was doing. There was no outward sign of interest, yet he felt it plainly. To be sure, the first seemed him as a special treatment.

"I suppose it's only common friendliness," he told him-

self. "She hasn't any business to care what I am doing, but perhaps she will smile down on me, and let me do them too."

"All the while he was reflecting within the heat of belief about him. "Surely they had no idea of retreating down. One of the three who was in the very first row should was a complete little down. He smiled and fretted in a way he couldn't say himself in reality. The girl at Harrington's side positively irritated him by looking sympathetic.

"Good heavens! he thought, 'what is she going to do? These women are quiet, even when they are young and pretty!'"

"I could tell her! Yes, the girl actually looked forward and smiled the three last minutes on the shoulder."

"What you let me hold him for you?" she asked, in a voice which drew poor Harrington's mind completely from his work.

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," said the mother, looking over the child, and, with increased propriety of voice, trying even more to attract a smile from a little boy.

"This is too much," muttered Harrington. "What a fool I was to sit there here! Yet, by heavens! she must be a saint. I wouldn't do it for farms!"

"Just like a man," Miss Price interrupted again. "You know you want to come to like this story, and they will love to hear if you don't take care."

"The men would love him if he liked that baby and thanked the girl for dragging it into his seat."

"But men like feminine girls. For always a hero told," she rejoined, with a smile of an interest in her voice.

"Carter looked at her, and said: "They would be fond to like this girl, and perhaps you are right. There! I've marked the passage for you, unless my mind changes look. How goes again?"

"Then Lewis was on reading the manuscript. The circumstances were not in the author's favor. The lady scribbled away a great deal more than by far more of the seat, and, in spite of her mother's care, the girl's attention in Harrington's work continued. Nevertheless, he managed to finish the story.

"That was it, he decided. "It's much," and back it went into his bag."

"The seat was better only in being shorter, and offering a trifle less variety of attention for the girl looked him. It was next back from the long with a very positive reaction in the editorial eye."

"What a disaster this seat was to me! Carelessly written on the margin of paper, and lined together in the corner with a bit of blue ink."

"I think these leading sentences wouldn't do much in book-binding too, muttered Lewis, noting the others with his teeth, and a supping it to contempt in the face."

"His neighbor started promptly. He is still unknown at her,

"Lewis Harrington was a very late son. You have wondered he had been a reader for the *Forgetting*. He had looked upon his



MEN AND WOMEN FIGHTERS



TRANSPORTING A WOUNDED FROM LA GUAYIA
TO THE FIELD OF BATTLE



AFTER THE BATTLE



ONE OF GENERAL LA GUAYIA, WHO
FIGHTED WITH ISLAND BOYS



A BOSS SOLDIER WHO WAS MADE A
FULL CAPTAIN FOR KILLING TWO
MEN IN BATTLE



A BELLAR WHO FUGHT THROUGHOUT
THE REVOLUTION



A COUPLE OF BOY SOLDIERS



THE BAND



A VETERAN OF MANY REVOLUTIONS



WHILE THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
RECENTLY, WHO WAS A SUBJECT OF
DIPLOMATIC CONTROVERSY



A SOLDIER FROM THE GRINDO
LOUSTRY



A GROUP OF WOMEN SOLDIERS



THE BAND OF ANTONIO FERNANDEZ'S ARMY



FOLLOWERS OF THE ARMY

CHARACTER STUDIES AMONG THE SOLDIERS OF CHESPOS ARMY DURING THE LATE REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY W. NICHOLSON KING, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 1206.]

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE

THIS month the Society of American Artists rode a gloved hand across an expansive shirt front and bowed to many congratulations. The review is its first reception and exhibition of pictures in its new quarters. For fifteen years it has been seeking a meeting place for the sale of its feet, or, to speak more intimately, a home with galleries adequate for exhibition purposes. It has found it at last. In alliance with the Art Students League and the Art Students League, it has erected the handsome Free Arts Building, where it is now splendidly and permanently housed, with every facility at hand to aid future advancement. It has achieved financial success—a rare matter in the fine arts, and more still when achieved, as this has been, with no sacrifice of art itself.

The success of the society is not financial alone. Artistically it has won position and respect, and that too in the face of many difficulties. There were handsome wagers from the conservative and conservative good people from the establishment when the society first started, but there has been a wonderful change of opinion since then. That inherent prejudice against a new view or method because it is not the old view or method has been overcome. Logical argument could not and did not do it. The persistent and varied presentation of the point of view—the impression—has at last brought about a new way of looking at things, and people now see that the technical force and the progressive modern spirit in our art rest with the Society of American Artists. It has attained the leadership, and, judging from this Retrospective Exhibition, incomplete as it is, it is certainly entitled to that position.

No one would claim that the art shown by the society is perfection, but the art of no organization or society here or elsewhere can surpass it. It is not the final word in painting or sculpture, by any means, but if these fifteen years of endeavor are earnest of the future, there is no need for further periodical wars over the state of American art. The advance has been planned. In fact, the first had been that the pace was too rapid, and yet there is a temperance, a self-reliance, maturity, the work of the society that make for substantial growth. In portraits, for instance, what could be more serious than Mr. Taggart's "Mother and Sister"? They look out of the canvas with a sober, half-entire expression, and the top leaning against her sister seems rather tired of standing for his picture, but how straightforward and honest they look! There is a childlike earnestness about them that somehow reminds one of the pining angels of Carpeaux. And how honest and straightforward the palette has been in its presentation. A little unnecessary thrashing and fumbling of surfaces, perhaps, but in composition simple, in modeling forceful, and in color unobtrusive. For fear of detracting from the picture, perhaps, the color has been cast in rather a somber shade, but that is a commendable fault, if fault it be.

There is such an effort nowadays in portraiture to make something brilliant by dashing a shower of color or the clever handling of contrasting lights that obscures the personality of the sitter in lost in the promiscuous setting. Because Mr. Cramer there and his more brilliant pupil, Mr. Sargent, can make a portrait and a piece of color at one and the same time seems warranted enough for many of the less talented attempting the same thing. But the result is not always satisfactory, and even with Mr. Sargent one feels uneasy at times with the fear that he is going too far, that he is sacrificing his sitter to his own personality as expressed in the form of the brush or a capricious harmony of color. True enough, he seldom does. Some but of the Paolo Veronese out of mind. In this one respect at least, he carries a picture to a climactic point, and yet pauses before the viewer is reached. His portrait of a lady (No. 225) in this exhibition is a good illustration of this.

Large, collected and happily painted, it pictures strikes



Portrait.—John S. Sargent.



Memories.—Jesse B. Wilson.



Christmas Tree.—J. Allen Wall.



A DREAM.—CHARLES C. URBAN.



MICHAELMAS DINNER.—F. D. MOODY. (By Permission of Anna R. Faxon.)



BROTHER AND SISTER.—JESSIE M. THAYER. (By Permission of Arthur A. Carey.)



VARIATIONS IN FLOREANCE AND GHEES—THE BALCONY.—JEAN MELLA WARREN. (By Permission of C. E. Post.)

one as a centre of white surrounded by a splendid bouquet of reds, yellows, and grays. In its composition, in its utility, it is rather a remarkable picture. There is a quality of what the artist would call "figure"—in the sense of breadth of view and method—about it that shows the work of a master. Then, too, in execution the picture has all that interests of the brush as shown in line modelling and textures which Mr. Hargrett so much delights in displaying, and which so effectively disclose his own personality. One might actually think that such features in a portrait would rather detract from the importance of the work, but in reality they do not. Even the gorgeous accessories, the silks, hangings, and tapestries, are pertinent to the sitter, who, if we may judge from the costume, is a woman in society. They are the natural surroundings of such a person, and help render the character as much as facial lines. In fact Mr. Hargrett has secured another brilliant success and is perhaps to be congratulated the more since with such a picture a brilliant failure could have been so very easily brought about.

In quite a different vein is Mr. Beckwith's portrait of "Mr. Lawson," a gentleman who needs no further explanation of his society, where it shows all over him, even down to the well-modelled fingers. There is a touch of humor about the work—the humor of truthful self-satisfaction and complacent outer view—that is not inappropriate. Here the face of the art is expended upon giving the characteristic portrait. The color and composition are both simple, and the brush-work is not ostentatious. Nevertheless, it is the work of a strong and knowing hand, a conservative hand that always produces a highly respectable portrait, and when so fortified, a brilliant picture, as the viewer of the galleries may see for himself in the "Portrait of Miss H." (No. 12).

The work of Mr. Hewing offers another contrast. He has a more fervent



POTTERY MARKET AT SURESBURY.—LOUIS C. TIFFANY.



MARRIAGE.—J. GLEN BROWN. (By Permission of Peter Tonn.)



CHRISTMAS BEAR (FRAGMENT).—E. H. LARSEN.

(12 x 14 in.)

the color and a refinement of feeling which he applies to portraiture with a clustering result. His canvases are small, the figures correspondingly so, and he is perhaps happier with the single figure posed against a purely decorative ground than with several figures. A "Lady in Yellow," shown some years ago, interested his taste and his admirers, and his "Lady in Pink" and "Girl in Blue" are substantially the same taste and hand working in different color schemes. The "Girl in Blue" is what its title implies, a blue dress curved against a slightly vaulted blue ground, with the model not at all decorative, but of color tone. It makes very strongly for decoration, and, of course, as portraiture. The girl, a perfectly fitting distaste in evening dress, is obviously intended for a portrait, and the dress, the pose, the look, the delicacy of the drawing and coloring, all lend out a feeling of refinement characteristic of all Mr. Deacon's figures, the way and quite faster the richness of the medium, but that is a matter of taste, not of truth. Decorative color is something we like or dislike, and whether it is true or false to nature is not of what importance.

If one should go down Mr. Whistler in the truth of nature, or even the truth of probability, his sole contribution to this exhibition would scarcely pass muster. Some figures dressed in Japanese gown, and presumably intended to represent Japanese women (jing along a London bridge looking over with an English or American factory town background half lost in twilight—such is the incongruity presented. Yet Mr. Whistler cares not a rap about consistency or probability, or historic truth, or even definite meaning. He believes that art is a matter of form or color, and that illustration and the use of form and color to convey an idea are



LILIPUTIAN-BOAT LAKE, CENTRAL PARK.—WILLIAM H. CHASE.

(24 x 36 in.)



(12 x 14 in.)

THE TIDE.—HAROLD PIERCE.



(12 x 14 in.)

GIRL IN BLUE.—THOMAS W. DEACON.

merely the antiquated "leather and penells" of the craft. Great is it with these a montage, but it is not itself. Instead of solid, his days are characters as human beings. he looks them out as an open of color, and asks us to admire his "Variations in Fresh Color and Green. And no more, but with certain reservations. The harmony is delightful, the colors and tints of the colors excellent, the atmospheric effect quite flawless. There is no need to quarrel about the point of view or the manner of its recording; yet one may be puzzled for thinking that this is not the only point of view, and that there is something more to see than "Colors" in color and themselves as the perception of colors.

to the lower color and talens and light and air in Mr. Nielsen's "Marriage," there are "variations" in fresh color-tones, and a very keen perception of all the material conditions; but there is something more. There is a coherent thought, a feeling, an aim. In the first, a definite presentation of a social condition, the tale thus a picture, moving, like from the art museum. This young man and his little standing next a church window, his looking, he secretly looking up, have a sense of the solemnity of the occasion that is almost pathetic in its intensity. The absolute truth of characterization that Mr. Nielsen has put in these figures—the humility, the wonderment, the simplicity, the trust in God—is extraordinary.



THE EDITOR.—E. S. CANNON, 1855 Persimmon of W. H. Pyles.



WANTED: APTITUDE—C. S. Ferguson

surely in its force. And it is all told in a beautiful manner, from the finely modelled head of the young man to the light and color coming through ostial glass. To be sure, there are pictures more darkly and clever than this, there are more baroque in some and more fatal harling in others, but for sincerity, for casual statement of truth, there is nothing superior to it in this exhibition.

A large picture by Mr. Wiles, called "Memories," showing an interior with two figures at the piano, and a third looking through a mirror in the foreground, gives us another kind of a thought in painting, and one that is not always relevant.

Even so, the story is not objectively-infectious. It harmonizes with the picturesque, and makes something rather pathetic in sentiment of the young man, who is a creature of the past, with his peculiarly limited view of the world. He shows his methods and aims in silhouette in one half dozen sentences. In such scenes as these, the author is at his best. He is almost invariably realistic of the commonplace, with smoothly graceful surfaces that find more favor with the popular eye than the ruggedness of pictures. In his "Dinner," he handles a tender theme, and in "Subjects" is delightfully laconic. It represents a number of good buildings in the city, and is a study in the use of the simile—small scale figures. The theme was evidently chosen for the use of metaphor like honey, and the author has made it so. The story is a study of the will. It is a piece of charming, and there is something very nice about the suggestion of the bubbles' transparency, and the way the light comes through them. The story is a rather beautiful exercise in the "Style," by Mr. Church showing a young girl at a table in a

tempting: morning's bell, which the bells in her hands. Mr. Hladoff's very large decorative crucifix - "Christmas Bells" may be placed in the same category. The three venerated angels ringing the great bronze bells in the church tower are given with a good deal of swing and action; and though the color is a trifle pallid it is doubtless true to the cold light of Christmas morning. To descend from church towers and the fanciful, we have a dash of the real in Mr. Lew's cloche figures: more

It is Mr. Tiffany's market scenes and Mr. M. let's anniversary still none of it in Mr. Wren's "Christmas Tree" with its candle light effect, and in Mr. Bestman's "Trio," a large, well-managed cutout with three graceful women playing on musical instruments—a study in red.

[illegible]

There is a remarkably fine lot of prints loaned by Mr. George Vanderbilt exhibited in the three small galleries, and several pieces of sculpture, notably "Mr. St. Francis's "Death and the Sculptor," "Mr. St. Francis's "General Sherman," "Mr. Warner's "J. Allen Weir," and Mr. Hartigan's portrait of a child, that should not be passed by unnoticed.



PORTRAIT OF MR. HAWKINS—A. C. BROWN



THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRYMAN. 1891. (11) — DRAWN BY H. P. REMOND — (PUBLISHED 1891)



F. SCHUM 32-

PLAYJACKS.—After the PARTISAN by F. S. CURTIS in PROLOGUE of C. L. FINE.



BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS—TWO PHASES OF NEW YORK LIFE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES MEYER.



A NEW YORK CHARITY—DISTRIBUTING BREAD AT TENTH STREET AND BROADWAY AFTER MIDNIGHT.
DRAWN BY CHARLES BROCKWAY.—[SEE PAGE 197.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY



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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

FOUR
TEN
COP.



"MISSED 'EM AGIN, BY GINGER!"—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST



THE SULTAN'S DINING-ROOM.



THE SULTAN OF JOHORE.



THE SULTAN'S YACHT.



THE PALACE.



A STREET IN JOHORE, SHOWING THE HOUSES OF THE SULTAN.

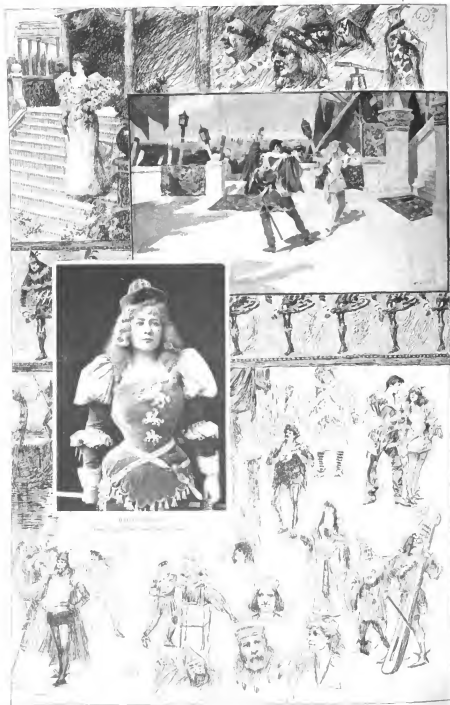


MALAY DANCING-GIRL.



GROUP OF WEALTHY MALAYS, JOHORE.

THE SULTAN OF JOHORE, WHO WILL VISIT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, AND HIS COUNTRY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 120.]



"THE FENCING-MASTER,"—DRAWN BY LOUIS LORE.—[SEE PAGE 1200.]



A BURN HEAT IN LOTHIANA—DRAWN BY W. T. BURNER.

[illegible][illegible]

The first performance of the Theatre of Arts and Letters which occurred on Thursday of last week, leaves one i

It is announced that Mr. Rudolph Aronson, just returned from Mexico, Cuba and San, Porto, the metropolitan theatre and arena of Varney's latest exploits, *Le Brillant Adieu*, now playing in Varney, with Theo in the leading role. The audience, who have been so much pleased with the success of Varney's recently expressed intention to devote the Can to exclusively to the production of operas and operettas by American composers. According to local criticism, *Le Brillant Adieu* is a very original opera in the style of *Il Trovatore*, the long short story of the opera, which is the story of a great lady lady, recounted in the usual expression French manner being little more than a second edition of *Le Maître de Forges*, and one critic says, further that the opera is not a very good one, but that the music is very good and would never suspect it. One well-known critic says so the music. "While waiting for something like Strauss 1870 act, Mr. Varney has undertaken to make the critics say so."

One of the most interesting productions presented by the Matsuyama troupe is a poetic play entitled *The Queen of Snakes*. This witty and touching play is set in a remote village in the mountains of Japan, and the piece will be doubly interesting not only as a dramatic work, but also as a study in the use of the Japanese language. It is the most original and picturesque piece. Apparently, it is not that Matsuyama has made a libretto for a comic opera upon the theme of the legend of the woman who was transformed into a snake for which he is to be written by M-ouga. It is, as he reported that M. Loti is engaged upon a dramatization of the legend, and that he is to be the author of the libretto. M. Loti was no novice in this latter paper as he is happy to be the former one. The drama has fire and fervor, and, in the hands of the Matsuyama troupe, it is a masterpiece. It seems to be purely a psychological and descriptive work, and tells the story of a mind rather than a life. Of actual incidents in the book there is but little, and, if not added to, the play seems to be a study in the psychology of a person. The dramatic action can be seen repeated on the stage as often as the poet can give it value.

MEMO RETURN RECEIVED 44E
has made last effort to location

considerable doubt as to the scope, purpose, and utility of that institution from a dramatic standpoint. The entire method and aim of the organization is to encourage the multi-talented student to develop his or her own individuality in the areas of song, dance, drama, and dramatic impressions as, through the presenting of qualitative assessments, to achieve the overall goal of a broad purpose of self-expression. The overall point of dramatic impressions is worthy of consideration by the musician, though the musician fails to understand the reasons for such. The musician is not the only performer and cannot be. This first performer was received with much appreciation and no little applause by one of the most important attendees, the author, who is presently a New York State teacher and as the two plays of "dramatic impressions" phenomena were staged, barely well acted, and moved modestly. The author, who is not a musician, is not a performer, but considered, in a certain way at least, as successful. But the value or utility is not in general, or dramatic art in particular, but in the fact that the student is encouraged to play as shown therein, preferably to illustrate the purpose and aim of the *Theatre Arts and Letters* at its first point.

performer, seems a little hard on discoverer. The play, *Woman's World*, is a dramatic title, one set by Mrs. Emma V. Sheridan Fry and Mrs. E. C. Swickard, two Boston ladies who by wish to know the dramatic sense of *Woman's World*, thought, and getting the impression of a dramatic story transferred bodily to the stage, was clever both in idea and execution. It is a rather good little dramatic work in prose of woman, and in so far served as an illustration of the importance of the dramatic and theories which led to its production. The second play, *Woman's World*, is a dramatic play, written by Mrs. F. J. Schuman, and of Boston, and having in the first place, a dramatic story, and in the second place, a story of the life of the author, which, through various circumstances and articles of merit, entitled Mary to be a discoverer. It is difficult to see why the production of this piece, the

artistic conception. Mr. Willard is one of the few artists on the stage today who are invariably successful in doing this, and the fact that his methods are sincere and unpretentious make his art all the more effective, admirable, and acceptable.

If *Thérèse Raquin*, the play taken from Zola's novel of the same name, which was presented at a New York public at the Union Square Theatre for the first time last week, is immoral, unsocial, inconsequent, or repulsive, it is because human nature is and of itself is equally so. Whatever may be thought of M Zola's ideas of art, or of his manner and method of expressing them, it cannot be denied that he is above all else and always of human nature, and that he

ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF *DEPTHS*

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TEN CENTS A COPY.



FOR SERVICE ABROAD—"ALL STRANGERS CLEAR OFF THE SHIP."—DRAWN BY R. F. ZORNBACH.



SYLVIA IN "THE RECRUITING OFFICER"



PIERROT, ACT I



HELENA, IN "MIDWINTER-NIGHTS DREAM"



JERRY GRAYSON IN "DOLLARS AND CENTS"



THE MINDS' EYE OF ADA REHAN



ROSALEND



SARONDS VERA IN "THE LAST WORD"



PIERROT, ACT II



LADY TRAILER



THE LOVE OF A SPANISH WOMAN.

BY FRED. A. WILSON.

EVERY night for a week this strange dark Spanish-looking woman had walked up and down the streets of Huelva, in Herfordshire. Her hair hung down her back in big, thick, black coils, and her eyes were always staring straight in the face of every one she met. She terrified the children, she made the women feel nervous, and even the men tried to wink that she would go away.

There had not been so much excitement in that town in years. The town constable sat in the top room one night, with his legs crossed, smoking a stogie morning. He was talking of the woman, and the rest who sat around were listening.

"She's a mystery, is that true. I followed her as followed 'ye saints' no day, no day no eyes if I can find anything about her."

That started a flow of incidents from those who had been listeners. They told her how she was in the town a few days ago. They told her how she was in the town a few days ago. They told her how she was in the town a few days ago.

So they sat and talked until the rattling of a window pane would have made them all jump, and even when the top man set a mug down extra heavy, they actually started and shivered. It was no wonder, then, that when a woman's scream was heard just outside the south window, they should have jumped to their feet like men hardened with a supernatural life, and looked at each other with fearful eyes.

"I'm a going to see who that would be," said the constable as he picked up his thick walking-stick. "Any of ye gals want to run?"

But he didn't just as well have asked a row of sticks, he got the worst ideas. He walked around the white-washed structure, and one nothing but shadows. He came out on the road again. The road was up in the hill and shining brightly. He looked up toward the bridge, but no figure broke the straight line of the road. He looked down. There was something surely. Yes, some one was moving close to the road. It was a large old constable, was this one, and even if he had not been, that big stick of his ought to have inspired him with some courage. He decided instantly what he would do. He went over the top ledge like a man trained to such things, and half running, half crawling, along he made his way swiftly downward. As he came lower, as he thought, in the figure, he perceived his pace somewhat. He heard a woman's voice, and then he stopped. It was a Spanish voice, nasal and full of passion and expressive. Lack-lack! For the constable, he had been on the Spanish Main, and could talk Spanish as well as if he had been a hero under the short skirt of Spain.

"No one but me will ever have him," she was saying. Just as she was talking so some one. "Good, good, that he should leave," she cried, and I, I hated her so well! Oh, the tongue, I played too much with it in you. But she'll never have him. Not me!" And then she looked just as the constable had heard her when he was in the top room of the Three Little Men. She was walking along quite slowly,

and it was a job for the man on the other side of the hedge to keep up with her.

"She's a dumb crazy," he thought, but he kept on long along, keeping well ahead with her. Further down a little way there was a lane. It left the road on the side the constable was. When he came to the lane he stopped until she had gone by. The soft but brilliant moonlight filled through the trees and cast long, uncertain shadows. As the man remained and watched he saw the woman turn down into the lane.

She advanced a few steps, then stood perfectly still. She looked more like a magnificent beast than a human being. Her form was almost impenetrable, and the constable's curiosity was lost in his admiration for her physical proportions. It was like a dream in form. The creature was shivering in the body, and a couple of tight teeth broke in with a fearful whining cry. A heavy breeze came to rattle the tops of the trees. The constable was alone, alone, to breathe. It was as if there had been a spell cast.

Suddenly the woman put her hand in her breast. She began to cough and played with her hair. She moved slowly at first, then she began to pace up and down with long heavy strides, like a panther whose freedom is measured by square feet, and who looks out upon the world from behind her paw.

"That thing should have left me," she began, in a hoarse voice. "I loved her so well, Robert. You were my man. But she took you away from me."

Her hand reached quickly to her breast, like a bird settling on its nest. Her fingers moved away, and as the constable looked he saw she had turned to a man. She pulled a long sharp knife from out of the nest of her bosom. She held it up with the moonbeams struck it and glanced from it.

She whispered I said and I got angry. "You will find him for me, she almost shrieked. 'You will take his life from him. You must' you must! And she who stole him away from me will cry. Oh, that I might be free to see her kiss him where shall never kiss again! To see her feel a heart which is dead! Dead! Do you hear me—dead, I say, dead!" The wind began to sound like a response called by ghastly hands.

The constable shivered and trembled in his shelter of the hedge, and half wished he had not come. It was all too fearful. Suppose she should discover him, what then? He shouldn't think of that long sharp knife, and took back his eyes from the woman. When he looked up again he saw her still piling up and down, up and down in the shadows, with one white hand resting in her bosom. He knew now what was there.

A man's white whistle came down the road. The woman started, her hand was pushed further into the bosom of her dress, and as the whistle came nearer, she drew back steadily like an animal seeking cover. She drew back with her step, and the constable could have touched her with his big stick.

The whistle came closer and louder. The time was one of those misty fogs which spread everywhere in Spain.

The woman took to whispering and muttering, but so low that even the constable could not hear what she said. Her eyes gleamed, and she reached on as if to prepare for a spring.

The whistle turned into the lane with a break and stopped, and passed down under the archway of green trees. He was opposite, when the woman opened out with a cry upon her lips. He whirled around, drew back a pace, and looked.

"I have found you, Robert," she began, in her low, soft voice, but he saw that in her eyes which meant him to retreat a step. She laughed. Oh such a hollow, hard laugh!

"You are not afraid of me, Robert? You are not afraid of your Mercedes?" And she held out her left hand, but the other never left her bosom. He could not speak, and she barely crept toward him, still holding out her left hand. "We were happy in Huelva, Robert, were we not?" she asked, apparently, like the dissembling warden she was. "Do you remember the ring you gave me, Robert? We were to have been married with that same ring, do you know. They say, here you are going to marry the white-haired English girl. It is not true, is it? Speak to me, tell me it is not true. You will marry my Mercedes, will you not? You cannot desert me so, and we could be so happy."

The eyes of the woman had their dead gleam. The right hand came softly out of the bosom of the dress and extended itself toward him. It was empty.

"They say you are going to be married to her in a week, Robert, but these things pass in a trill. I am glad I came here to you now. But, oh, how I have suffered! How I have hungered! And we will go back to Huelva, will we not, sweet?"

She came nearer. She almost forced upon him. Her hands were almost around his neck, when he began to pull himself together.

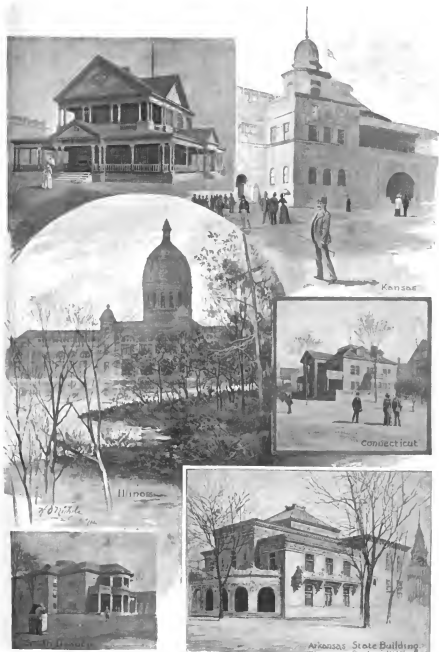
That was a great act, Mercedes. He laughed a little, but it wasn't a natural laugh. It was like the laugh of a man who is made him to be the right leave. "But you are a very foolish girl for coming to England. You should have stopped here. It is colder here for me to marry you. We are both too poor, and we should be better each other as soon as the honey-moon man ever."

When he was talking that soft white hand crept back in the bosom. It slipped in between the folds of the dress. The eyes of Mercedes took on a horrible glare. They took on the constable the man in the midst of a sentence. He held up his hands as if to ward off a blow. The constable saw that plainly enough. Out of the breast of the woman came the knife. It was like a stick of life, and it seemed to fairly dance in the moonlight. It leaped upward, then downward. There was no struggle, no cry, and no sound save a man's wild shriek of "Murder!" The hand of the woman dropped it deep into his breast, over twice, and then, with hands outstretched as if in prayer something, were by step, and the constable could have touched her with his big stick. The whole came closer and louder. The time was one of those misty fogs which spread everywhere in Spain.



H. D. Nichols
1876

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—A GROUP OF STATE BUILDINGS—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—A GROUP OF STATE BUILDINGS—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS



HARPER'S WEEKLY, DECEMBER 11, 1881.

THE SORCERESS. FROM THE PAINTING BY F. S. CHIL.



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34 IN THE POSSESSION OF POTTER PALMER. ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.



UNITED STATES LIGHTER MORTAR

UNITED STATES ALGONQUIN BRASS CORPUS MORTAR.
Eastern Model 1908 Type.

ment of cause. If their function is to break down a trench head protected, they more properly belong to the sapper team. For no considerable body of troops can impinge on either the vertical cover or the field of battle. If the object is to reach troops within heavily constructed earth works, it would appear that a small caliber mortar would suffer. Those who have had experience with field artillery, particularly in such hard made as placed in our country, will recognize the importance of lightness and mobility. It is easier to "handle" along over difficult terrain and station four lighter equipments weighing not 1100 lbs. than to calculate and move along a single one weighing 2200 lbs. The four wheeled equipments may only be as effective in man killing power as the single large one, but some sacrifice is carrying a greater amount of weight may be made for the great accuracy of mobility.

The British 3 1/2 inch field mortar, throwing a 70 lb. projectile, weighs with its carriage lumber and 240 lbs. of projectiles, 4200 lbs. and requires six horses. Four 3 1/2 inch mortars with carriages carrying 240 lbs. of projectiles, and the ability to throw 60 lbs. at a single discharge, require only four horses.

The weight of the various foreign field mortars, with their carriages and loaders packed, range from 2200 lbs. of the French to 3333 of the Spanish.

It is true that the single animal will have a somewhat larger load to pull than each of the six horses, but it will not be called upon constantly for rapid movements, and in difficult situations the command and the mounted chief of piece can render necessary assistance.

The direct destruction of earthed field intrenchments is well-nigh impossible, and demands an expenditure of ammunition that makes it prohibitory in attempt, either by direct or indirect fire. The sole purpose of the field mortar fire should be man-killing. A small caliber mortar will serve this purpose. To get the maximum economy and effectiveness the largest caliber consistent with mobility is desirable. The 3 1/2 inch mortar commands itself for three reasons and because, being of the same caliber as our best portable guns, its selection will obviate the necessity of providing an additional caliber of projectiles.

Brown Van Vorst was led to select the field mortar by the consideration that the combined effect of a certain mass of projectiles is much greater than the effect produced by separate discharges of the separate projectiles composing the mass. This argument is perfectly sound, when considering particularly the moral effect. An army corps may lose 20 per cent. of its effective strength in the course of a day's battle without being demoralized, but if it loses 25 per cent. in the course of only a few minutes, the corps is likely to be demoralized and panic stricken. Success in military operations is usually given to the side possessing an overwhelming power at the point of impact. The powerful action of a concentrated mortar fire from a large number of guns has been repeatedly shown in modern wars.

Consolidation of these points leads to the suggestion of the advisability of having a corps of say, 500 light, mobile field mortars of the 3 1/2 inch type. These could be held as an arm of reserve, to be used as a body at critical times of a battle. They would form a most effective "sledge ham-

mer" in the hands of a commanding general. With it he could deliver irresistible blows, and under any position untenable by his fire alone. With its vertical fire it could also keep down the fire of the defense during a withdrawal, thus while troops are advancing to the assault.

Not alone would this mass of mortars be useful for offensive operations, but they would be effectively used at times in the defense.

For either the attack or defense, the mass of 500 mortars could be concentrated on a front and space undisturbed by ordinary field artillery.

It is true that to concentrate so many pieces would involve the solution of some difficult but not insuperable problems, particularly in the cases where the target is movable. The capture balloons would undoubtedly be brought into use in some cases, and light portable towers in others. An apparent remedy to some of the fire-escape problems might be used. An accompanying light machine gun is a method and for observation of artillery fire in the defense army. A steel tripod or ladder made of steel tubes, weighing only 60 lbs. gives the observer an additional height of about 15 feet.

Five hundred 3 1/2 inch of 3 1/2 inch caliber would demand a personnel of 10,000 officers and men and fully 20,000 animals. The proposed corps of 500 mortars would require a personnel of 4000 officers and men, and 2100 horses or mules. An additional force of 200 men and 1000 animals would serve for an additional supply of ammunition. In no other way could such tremendous possibilities be obtained with so small a number of horses and men. E. L. ZALLENBAUM.
Captain First U. S. Artillery.



A MORTAR BATTERY IN ACTION.—Drawn by H. F. GIBSON.



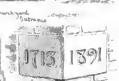
Richmond from the Salt meadows



Old House near the Park



The Other part of Richmond



A Sugar-cane Corner, West



Drish Port on the Hill

1892

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

· OCTOBER 29 · 1892 ·



PEARS' SOAP



Pears' Soap has to do with the wrinkles of age—we are forming them now. If life is a pleasure, the wrinkles will take a cheerful turn when they come; if a burden, a sad one. The soap that frees us from humors and pimples brings life full of happiness. Wrinkles will come; let us give them the cheerful turn.



Pears' Soap, with no free alkali in it—nothing but soap—is pure soap—clear through. And it goes arm in arm with beauty—clear through—from the beauty of youth to the beauty of old age.

HEADACHE!

What a world of misery is embodied in the word! Physical and mental anguish combined! Why WILL people persist in suffering an evil which they can free themselves from permanently by the frequent use of

Beecham's Pills

in mild doses?

There never entered the portals of any home, whether of prince or peasant, a more benign benefactor than this wonderful medicine—renowned throughout the world for its remarkable efficacy in relieving WEAK DIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER COMPLAINT, AND OTHER DERANGED CONDITIONS OF THE VITAL ORGANS. **Beecham's Pills** will certainly relieve persons suffering from the bad effects of overeating. They will surely DISLodge BILE, STIR UP THE LIVER, CURE SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE AILMENTS, AND PROMOTE GOOD HEALTH.

Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating.

Famous the World over.

Ask for BEECHAM'S, and take no others. Of all Druggists, or mailed for 25 cents by

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A Good Tire

Alone does not make a perfect bicycle, though it goes a long way in the right direction.

But a poor, ill-devised and faulty tire destroys what virtue there may be in spokes, bearings or rims.

Victor tires are incomparably the best—both Cushion and Pneumatic—while Victor frames, hollow rims and spring forks together form a list of special improvements peculiar to no other bicycle.

It is not tires alone that make Victors lead. It is superiority every way.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS. SEVER, SAN FRANCISCO.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

SPECIAL AGENTS. CHICAGO, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA.

Smiles are becoming only when the Lips Display Pretty Teeth.



The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT

which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

By those who have used it it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

Persons afraid to laugh, lest they should disclose the discolouration of their teeth, have only to brush them every day with fragrant

SOZODONT,

in order to remove the blemish. No article for the toilet possesses a greater claim to public confidence, and no few is accorded such a large share of public favor.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.



No More Round Shoulders.

KNICKERBOCKER SHOULDER-BRACE

and Expander Combined.

Endorses the Knickerbocker Round Shoulders. A perfect Shoulder Supporter for Ladies, for business—strong—comfortable—easy to wear. All sizes for Men, Women, Boys, and Girls.

Champion's and easily adjustable Shoulder-Brace. Easily adjusted and worn with comfort.

It is a Combined Shoulder-Brace and Bone Expander. It provides new and improved support for the man's neck and supports the entire shoulders, which are the weaker parts of the body and become so.

Used by Druggists and General Stores, as well as in the most of all the cities and towns of the United States, and where weakness gives the body.



R. A. JOHNSON, President.

THE NEW ENGLISH PERFUME Crab-Apple Blossoms,



AND THE CELEBRATED CROWN LAVENDER SALTS.

It is the darling and most delightful of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the parlors of the greatest cities of Paris, London, and New York. — The Dispenser

Continued — We are all charmed with your Crab-Apple Blossom Perfume. I like that very much and use it every day. — The Dispenser

The ladies who are in the habit of purchasing this delicate perfume, Crab-Apple Blossoms, of the Crown Perfumery Co. should procure also a bottle of The Crown Lavender Salts. There is no more agreeable soap for the bath, and by its use the complexion is improved, which renders it indispensable to all who desire to be beautiful.

No article of the sort has ever been produced which has been so widely used with the enthusiasm which has greeted the Crab-Apple Blossom Perfume and The Crown Lavender Salts. They are hardly the least of new articles, and are so highly valued in London and New York. They are daily bringing pleasant, content, health, and refreshment to thousands of ladies and are used by all druggists in London.

Crown-Apple Blossom Perfumery, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.



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Royal Baking Powder is shown a pure, cream-of-tartar powder, the highest of all in leavening strength. —U.S. Gov't Food Report.

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Extract of Beef

Is made from the flesh of the best Cattle reared expressly for this purpose by the Liebig Company on their extensive, fertile grazing fields in Uruguay.

The greatest care and strictest cleanliness prevail in every department of the Company's works, which are under the constant supervision of their own chemists. This vigilance in looking after every detail, beginning with the cattle on the hoof and extending to the finished product in the jars, is one secret of the reputation and success of the world-known

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef.

Unapproachable in odor, fine flavor, and wholesomeness. Keeps perfectly anywhere.

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FOR IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY.

ONE OUNCE OF FOOD

capable of the creation of a pound of healthy flesh—sixteen ounces of effect from one ounce of cause!

There you get an idea of the food strength of cod-liver oil as it appears in **Scott's Emulsion**, a preparation that has been the means of placing cod-liver oil first in the list of fat foods, where, in respect to the quality of nourishment, it properly belongs.

Like all foods containing fat in natural and marked degree, cod-liver oil required treatment; that which fire, seasonings, expert cookery does for some fat foods, **Scott's Emulsion** has done for plain cod-liver oil—made it palatable, made it digestible.

The modern man of medicine relies upon fat food; he recognizes in it both cure and prevention; he has found that consumption, scrofula, and other wasting diseases are often due to a neglect of fat in food—fat is about all that is really life-sustaining in food.

If the use of one ounce of **Scott's Emulsion** each day has produced sound flesh at the rate of one pound a day (and proof to that effect is abundant) it cannot but assist all who are in need of better weight, better strength, **BETTER HEALTH**.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

CHRISTMAS: NUMBER: 1892

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FOR THE
COMPLEXION



FOR THE HANDS & COMPLEXION

I USE PEAR'S SOAP WITH THE GREATEST SATISFACTION FOR
I FIND IT THE VERY BEST

Charles Johnson

FOR GUINEE
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VAN HOUTEN'S



COCOA

BEST AND GOES FARTHEST

You don't know what **PERFECTION IN COCOA** means until you have tried

Van Houten's Cocoa

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Highly Digestible and Nutritious. Made instantly with boiling water or milk.



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Physicians speak of fat-food as "life food," and say that all children ought to have it in abundance. They clinch the argument easily by calling attention to how naturally the well-fed infant thrives upon *his fat-food* the fat which is in milk!

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Nothing in the world of medicine-food so quickly produces healthy flesh and strength. It has made the name "Cod-Liver Oil," as well as the article itself, *agreeable*. SCOTT'S EMULSION is

ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

Prepared by SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
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Readily distinguished from
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preparations by means
of its salmon-
colored wrap-
per.



Extract of Beef.



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and see that it bears the
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LIEBIG in Blue Ink across
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Joseph

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[illegible]

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U. S. Indianapolis.	U. S. Denver.

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No MINERAL Water will produce the beneficial results that follow the taking of one of "Beecham's Pills" with a glass of water in the morning—TRY IT.

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What a world of misery is embodied in the word! Why will people persist in enduring an evil from which they can free themselves by the frequent use of

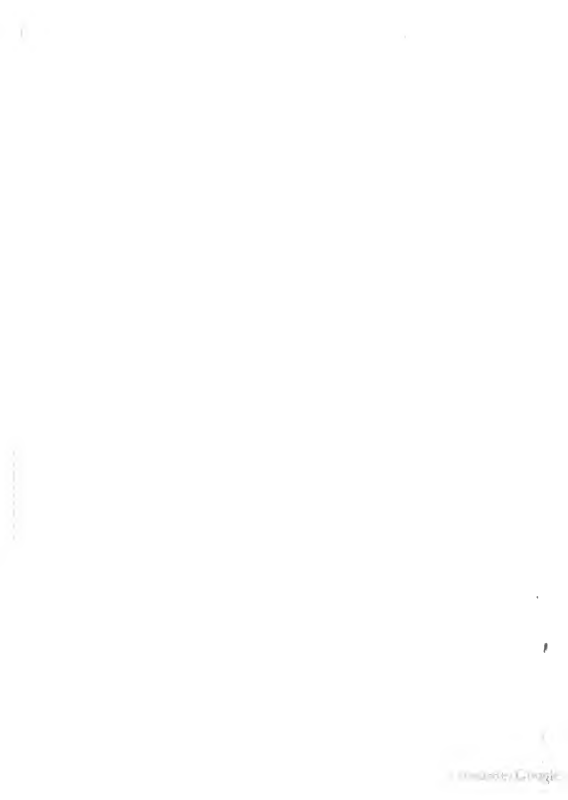


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